AP5 E83
xx fol Reserve

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Price 75 Cents a Year APRIL 1915 Single Copies 10 Cents

Continental Publishing Co. Limited Toronto, Canada

Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, by Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada.

Royal Vinolia TOILET GUIDE

The woman who entrusts her skin and her complexion to the "Royal Vinolia Family" will never have cause to regret it.

THE Royal Vinolia Toilet luxuries bear the Vinolia Company's well-known motto: "All Alike Perfect." They are distinguished by the refinement and purity with which the word Vinolia is always associated. Because they are the best, they are the most economical, yet the prices are the same as you have been used to paying. Will you scan this list over so you will be able to order clearly from your druggist or store? See our free sample offer below.

Royal Vinolia Talcum Powders

In addition to their delightful, absorbent qualities, they have mildly antiseptic qualities, which are very valuable. Moreover, they are unimpeachably pure. In four varieties:

"**Royal Vinolia,**" an exquisite talcum, with the odor and delicacy of the new Royal Vinolia Perfume. In extra large tin of Wedgewood design, 25c.

"**Bonnie Prince Charlie,**" peculiarly grateful to a delicate skin, perfumed with real Scotch White Heather. Extra large tin, 25c. Medium size tin, 20c.

"**Wild Geranium,**" a subtly attractive Talcum, perfumed with a delightful rose odor. A new Vinolia offering. Per tin, 20c.

"**Liril Violette de Parme,**" a refined Talcum that makes an irresistible appeal to lovers of the beautiful Parmesan violet odor, per tin, 20c.

Royal Vinolia Cream—For beautifying and preserving the skin. Sold in two sizes at 35c. and 50c.

Royal Vinolia Face Powder—Imparts to the skin the velvety appearance of a well ripened peach. 50c. a box.

Royal Vinolia Dentifrices

These are more than mere teeth cleansers. They are decidedly both teeth and gum preservers. By superior science they succeed in combining that most useful of all cleansing agents, that arch-enemy of decay, OXYGEN! They come in three forms, one of which is sure to become your favorite:

Royal Vinolia Tooth Powder, metal box, patent top, 25c.

Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste, very popular, tubes, 25c.

Royal Vinolia Liquid Dentifrice, per bottle, 25c.

Royal Vinolia Cream Soap—A pure white soap containing all the valuable medicinal properties of Royal Vinolia Cream. An incomparable Toilet Soap. 50c. per box of three tablets.

Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream—A cooling and refreshing cream that vanishes from the skin as soon as it has done its healing work. In jars and tubes, 25c.

Royal Vinolia Perfumes—Have individuality and distinctive odours that make them leaders in Paris itself.

Royal Vinolia Lypsyl is an exquisite toilet preparation for keeping the lips in a healthy rose-like condition, 15c.

Booklet, "The Care of the Skin and Hair," and Sample of Royal Vinolia Cream Soap for 2-cent stamp.

VINOLIA CO., LIMITED
Toronto

London *Paris* *New York*

SOAP MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING

Vinolia Company, Limited, hold the Royal Warrants of Appointment to their Majesties the King and Queen, and to the Royal Family of Spain, etc.

Made in England and in Canada

CANADA GOOD GOODS Quality Guaranteed

To inform over 400,000 good Canadians and their friends, as to good goods Made-in-Canada, Canada's Great Home Magazine is glad to publish of its *own free-will*, without compensation from the firms herewith represented,—this list, or Roll of Honor, of Good Goods Made-in-Canada. Each manufacturer listed herein has signed and returned to us the following Declaration:

We, the undersigned manufacturers of the Made in Canada product (or products) specified, and briefly described on our letter head attached, do hereby declare our faith in this product (or these products), knowing it (or them) to be good value at a fair price.

We stand back of our goods, knowing our goods to be right. And in case there should ever be any dissatisfaction with any of our goods we would welcome the customer to take the matter up with us direct, so that it may be adjusted to the entire satisfaction of the party concerned.

It is not presumed that this list is in anywise complete, but it is as representative as the general interest of the more progressive Canadian firms, having general distribution, made it! Upwards of 800 individuals at a very considerable expense to Everywoman's World, were, by individually directed letters and circulars, each twice advised of this feature. Although every reasonable care was exercised to not overlook advising any Canadian manufacturer who should be interested, some may have been overlooked. We should be pleased to hear from any such firms and publish later in Everywoman's World a list supplementary to this one with even greater prominence. Some few individuals whose goods ought to have been represented in this list may have mistaken our motives, or for reasons best known to themselves, have cared to pass over this opportunity. For the cause of good goods Made-in-Canada we regret this fact, but we have done our part as best we could.

We are glad, even through very considerable cost aside from this valuable space to have been able to render this service to the 400,000 and more good Canadian people and their friends reached directly by Everywoman's World, Canada's Great Home Magazine. We know you will be glad to save this Directory for reference, since the guarantee as signed by each of these firms is absolute and is further strengthened by Everywoman's World advertisers' guarantee (see page 34) covering all advertisers permitted to use space in the advertising columns of this great Canadian Home Magazine.

Chas. C. Tilton
Vice-President and Advertising Manager
Continental Publishing Co., Ltd.

Beds and Bedding
Mattresses (including the famous "Ostermoor") couches, cushions, pillows, beds, springs, etc. Alaska Feather & Down Co., Montreal, Que.
Cushions, tea coseys and feather pillows, cotton-felt mattresses, down and batting comforters. Canadian Feather & Mattress Co., Ltd., Toronto.
"Neverspread" mattresses, ideal hammo-couches, mattresses, beds, springs, couches, cushions, etc. Ideal Bedding Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Chairs, beds, Davenports, and couches. Kindel Bed Company, Ltd., Toronto.
Sanitary mattresses. Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Bicycles, etc.
Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Cycle Specialities, tires, etc. Hyslop Bros., Toronto.

Biscuit Manufacturers.
Fancy biscuits, sodas, etc. Telfer Bros., Ltd., Toronto.
Fancy biscuits, etc. McCormick Manufacturing Co., London, Ont.

Brush Manufacturers.
Hair and bristle brushes, paint brushes, brooms, etc. Boeckh Bros., Ltd., Toronto.

Building Materials.
Asbestolate shingles. Asbestos Mfg. Co., Ltd., Montreal.
Cement. Canada Cement Co., Ltd., Montreal.
"Eastlake" metal roofing, siding, ceilings, etc. Metallic Roofing Co., of Canada, Ltd., Toronto.
"Preston" Metal roofing, siding, ceilings, etc. Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Ltd., Preston, Ont.
Metal roofing, siding, ceilings, etc. Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ont.
Readi-Cut houses. Sovereign Construction Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Denison Hollow Tile. Sun Brick Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Cereal and Flour Manufacturers.
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Ltd., London, Can.
Tillson's Oats, cereal products and flour. Canadian Cereal and Flour Mills, Ltd., Toronto.
Shredded Wheat. Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Niagara Falls, Ont.
Ralston Wheat Food. Chisholm Milling Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Five Roses Flour. Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Montreal, Que.
Reindeer Flour & Cereal Products. Peterboro Cereal Co., Peterboro, Ont.

Cheese
Cream cheese, chile cheese and Pimento cheese. Ingersoll Packing Co., Ingersoll, Ont.

Chocolates and Candy
The Cowan Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Patterson Candy Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Clothing and Furs.
"Ceetee" pure wool underclothing. C. Turnbull Co., Ltd., Galt, Ont.
Furs. Holt Renfrew & Co., Ltd., Toronto.
"Fit-Reform" clothing for men. E. A. Small Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.
Hosiery and underwear. Mercury Mills, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

Cocoa and Chocolate Manufacturers.
Cowans Cocoa and Chocolate. The Cowan Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Coffees, Teas, Spices, Extracts, etc.
Coffees, spices, extracts, baking powder, etc. Dalton Bros., Toronto.
Coffees, spices, wholesale teas and general commission merchants. S. H. Ewing & Sons, Montreal.
"Red Rose Tea." T. H. Estabrooks Co., Ltd., Toronto, St. John, N.B. and Winnipeg, Man.
Melegama Tea and Coffee. Minto Bros., Ltd., Toronto.
Salada Tea, Toronto.
Shirriff's vanilla, jelly powders, etc. Imperial Extract Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Collars and Cuffs.
Challenge Brand Collars and Cuffs. The Arlington Co., Toronto.
Kant Krack collars and cuffs. Parsons & Parsons Can. Co., Ltd., Hamilton.

Condensed Milk Products.
Condensed milk, evaporated milk, condensed coffee, etc. The Malcolm Condensing Co., Ltd., St. George, Ont.

Corset Manufacturers.
Crompton Corset Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Cottons, Prints, etc.
The Dominion Textile Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.

Dress Form Manufacturers.
Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co., Toronto.

Dyes.
"Dy-o-la." Johnson-Richardson Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.
"Bull Dog" dye. Jno. B. Paine Co., Toronto.

Electrical Appliances.
Electric irons, heaters, toasters, percolators, etc Renfrew Electric Mfg. Co., Renfrew, Ont.

Family Medicines.
Chester's Cure and Edwards' Harlene. Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal.
Dr. Chase's Ointment, kidney liver pills, nerve food and household remedies. Edmanson-Bates & Co., Toronto.
Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, and McKenzie's Deat Shot Worm Candy. W. H. Comstock Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.
Fruitatives. Fruitatives, Ltd., Ottawa, Ont.
Zam-Buk ointment and "Peps" cough cure. C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Toronto.
Mentholatum ointment for catarrh, colds, chaps, burns, etc. Mentholatum Co., Bridgeburg, Ont.
Gin pills for the kidneys. National Drug & Chemical Co., of Canada, Ltd., Toronto.
Proprietary Medicines. Northrop & Lyman Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Zutoo Headache Tablets. B. N. Robinson & Co., Montreal, Que.
Foot remedies and orthopaedic appliances. Vermilyea Co., Ltd., Winnipeg.

Family Medicines—(Continued)
Mother Seigel's curative syrup. A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.

Fertilizers.
Commercial fertilizers. Ontario Fertilizers, Ltd., West Toronto, Ont.

Food Choppers, etc.
David Maxwell & Sons, St. Mary's, Ont.
Peerless Cooker & Specialty Co., Berlin, Ont.

Food Products, etc.
Bovril. Bovril Limited, Montreal, Que.
Pickles. H. J. Heinz Co., Toronto.
"Easifirst" shortening, "Maple Leaf" brand pork products, Gunn's Quality brand, lard (kettle rendered), "Pi-Crus," brand mince-meat. Gunn's, Limited, West Toronto, Ont.
Mince meat, pickles, marmalade, olives, olive oil. Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd., Guelph, Ont.
Jams, jellies, grape juice, fruit, canned goods, pickles, etc. E. D. Smith & Son, Limited, Winona, Ont.
"Swift's Premium," bacon and ham. Swift Canadian Co., Ltd., West Toronto, Ont.

Freezers.
Dana Peerless freezer. Wm. Cane & Sons Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

Furniture and Furniture Specialities.
School desks, maps, globes, charts, opera and assembly chairs, and artistic church furniture. The Globe Furniture Co., Ltd., Waterloo, Ont.
Peerless folding tables. Hourd & Co., Ltd., London, Ont.
Kitchen cabinets. Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co., Ltd., Hanover, Ont.
Sliding Furniture Shoes. Onward Mfg. Co., Berlin, Ont.
Folding bath tubs. The Robinson Cabinet Mfg. Co., Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.
Ladders, lawn swings, folding chairs, tables, kitchen cabinets, etc. Stratford Mfg. Co., Ltd., Stratford, Ont.

Hardware Specialities.
Extension ladders, ash sifters, etc. Berlin Woodenware Co., Berlin, Ont.
Pails, tubs, washboards, clothes pins, etc. Wm. Cane & Sons Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.
Screen doors, hinges, etc. G. W. Mallory, Blenheim, Ont.
Refrigerators, screen doors, window screens. Sanderson-Harold Co., Ltd., Paris, Ont.
Stamped, pieced and japanned tinware. Soren Bros., Toronto.

Hat and Cap Manufacturers.
Wolthausen Hat Corp., Ltd., Brockville, Ont.

Kitchen Cleaners.
"Old Dutch" Kitchen Cleanser. Cudahy Packing Co., Toronto.

Kitchen Cleaners (Continued)
"Dustbane" sweeping compound. Dustbane Mfg. Co., Ltd., Ottawa.
"Panshine" kitchen cleanser. Lever Bros., Toronto
"Bull Dog" ammonia. John B. Paine Co., Ltd., Toronto.
"Wondershine" silver polish. Wondershine, Limited, Toronto.

Kitchen Utensils.
Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Peerless Cooker Co., Berlin, Ont.
David Maxwell & Co., St. Marys, Ont.

Kodaks, Camera Supplies, etc.
Canadian Kodak Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Linen Manufacturers.
Cream damask tabling, bleached damask tabling, huck towels, crash towellings, dowlas, emb. linen, etc. Dominion Linens, Ltd., Guelph and Tillsonburg, Ont.

Machinery.
Pumps, windmills, water systems, etc. Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Millinery. Feathers, etc.
Ostrich plumages, millinery, etc. London Feather Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Mops, Oils, etc.
O'Cedar Polish Mops and O'Cedar Polish. Channell Chemical Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Ornamental Fencing, Gates, etc.
Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd., Hamilton.
Dyer, The Fence Man, Toronto, Ont.
Page Wire Fence Co., Walkerville, Ont.

Paints, Varnishes, Wall Coatings, etc.
Alabastine. The Alabastine Co., Ltd., Paris, Ont.
Paints and Varnishes. Benjamin Moore & Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Paints, dry colors, varnishes, lead products, etc. Brandram-Henderson, Ltd., Halifax, N. S.
"Maple Leaf" varnishes, paints, etc. Imperial Varnish & Color Co., Toronto.
"High Standard" paints, varnishes, colors, etc. Lowe Bros., Ltd., Toronto.
Paints and varnishes. Martin-Senour Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.
Paints, varnishes, color makers, etc. Sherwin-Williams Co., of Can., Ltd., Montreal, Que.
Ruberoid roofing and P. and B. products. Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, Que.

Pianos.
Gerhard Heintzman Piano Co., Toronto.
Heintzman & Co., Toronto.
Sherlock-Manning Piano & Organ Co., London.

Pleating, Hemstitching, Covering Buttons, etc.
Toronto Pleating Co., Toronto, Ontario.

Polishes.
U.N.O. and "Trilby" shoe dressings. Blacking & Mercantile Co., Amherst, N.S.
Black Knight Stove Polish, "2 in 1" Shoe Polishes. F. F. Dalley Co., Hamilton, Ont.
"Bull Dog" stove, shoe and metal polish. John B. Paine Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Sultana stove polish and sweeping powder. Sultana Ltd., Montreal, Que.

Poultry Foods and Supplies.
"Purina" chick feed and "Purina" chicken chowder. Chisholm Milling Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Incubators and brooders. Gunn-Langlois & Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.
International Poultry Food Tonic, stock food tonics remedies, etc. International Stock Food Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Poultry specifics. W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London.
Incubators and Brooders. Model Incubator Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Ontario Fertilizers, Ltd., West Toronto, Ont.
Stock and poultry regulators, etc. Veterinary and poultry remedies. The Pratt Food Co., Toronto.

Printing, Books, Etc.
Continental Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
Mount Royal Press, Montreal, Que.

Razors.
Auto-Strop Safety Razor. Auto Strop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Gillette Safety Razors. Gillette Safety Razor Co., of Can., Ltd., Montreal, Que.

Scale Manufacturers.
Scales for all domestic and commercial purposes. Aylmer Pump and Scale Co., Ltd., Aylmer, Ont.

Seeds.
John A. Bruce & Co., Hamilton.
Darch & Hunter, London.
Geo. Keith & Sons, Toronto.
Kenneth Mc Donald & Sons, Ltd., Ottawa.
Wm. Rennie Co., Toronto.
J. A. Simmers, Ltd., Toronto.
Steele Briggs Seed Co., Toronto.

Sewing Machines.
Singer Sewing Machine Co., Toronto. (Factory at St. Johns, Que.).
Williams Mfg. Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.

Shirt Manufacturers.
The Deacon Shirt Co., Belleville, Ont.

Shoe Manufacturers.
"Canadian Boy" shoes. Reliance Shoe Co., Ltd., Toronto.
"Invictus" shoes for men and women. Geo. A. Slater Shoe Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.

Soaps, etc.
"Baby's Own." Albert Soaps, Ltd., Montreal.
"Mother's Favorite." Dominion Soap Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.
"Lux," Sunlight Soap, Lifebuoy Health Soap, shaving soaps, etc. Lever Bros., Ltd., Toronto.
"Quick Naptha" and Richards laundry and toilet soaps, Richards Pure Soap Co., Ltd., Woodstock, Ont.

Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.
Hecla Furnaces, Peninsula Ranges, etc. Clare Bros. Co., Ltd., Preston.
Galt Stove and Furnace Co., Ltd., Galt, Ont.
Pandora & Saskatta Ranges, stoves, Sunbeam Furnaces, etc. McClary Mfg. Co., London, Ont.
Ranges. Moffat Stove Co., Weston, Ont.

Sugar, Starch, Syrup and Salt.
Corn Starch, Crown Brand and Lily White Corn Syrups. Canada Starch Co., Montreal, Que.
Sugar. Canada Sugar Refinery Co., Montreal, Que
Windsor Salt. Canadian Salt Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.
Sugar, potash, etc. Dominion Sugar Co., Ltd., Wallaceburg, Ont.
Sugar. St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.
Purity Salt. Western Salt Co., Ltd., Courtright, Ont.

Talking Machines, Records, etc.
"Victor" Records. Berliner Gramaphone Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.
Canadian Vitaphone Co., Ltd., Toronto.
"Columbia" Records, also Columbia Graphonolas. Columbia Graphophone Co., Toronto.

Telephones.
Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Toilet Preparations, Perfumes, etc.
Princess Toilet Preparations. The Hiscott Dermatological Institute, Toronto.
Gouraud's Oriental Cream. Fred. T. Hopkins & Son., Montreal, Que.
No-Mo-Odo toilet water. Wm. H. Lee, druggist, Toronto.
"Royal Vinolia" perfumes, vanishing creams, tooth paste and toilet luxuries. Lever Bros., Ltd., Toronto.
"Royal Rose" talcum powder and Na-Dru-Co. tooth paste, toilet preparations, etc. National Drug & Chemical Co., of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.
Ideal Orchid Perfumes, talcum powder, etc. Sovereign Perfumes, Ltd., Toronto.

Vacuum Cleaners.
Hand and electric vacuum cleaners. Clements Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Invincible electric vacuum cleaners. Invincible Renovator Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Washing Machines.
New Century Hand Washer. Cummer-Dowswell, Hamilton, Ont.
The "Easy" Vacuum Washer. Easy Washer Co., Toronto.
Power washing machines. Geo. C. Kaiting & Son, Galt, Ont.
Maxwell Excel-all Washer. David Maxwell & Sons, St. Mary's, Ont.
Hand and electric washers. "1900 Gravity" Washer. Nineteen Hundred Washer Co., Toronto.

Corns
Show That You Don't Know This

If you have a corn it clearly shows that you don't know this fact:

Blue-jay removes corns without pain or trouble. It ends them in 48 hours.

Apply it tonight, and tomorrow you won't feel the corn. Day after tomorrow you can lift it out.

Nine times in ten one application ends the corn forever. One time in ten it requires two applications.

Blue-jay has done this with sixty million corns. It does it every day with half the corns that develop. The other half are suffered by people who merely pare corns, or use some old-time treatment.

Let every corn pain remind you that 25 cents will end them. And the way is easy, quick and painless. It's the scientific way.

Blue-jay
Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Samples Mailed Free
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

The Choicest Perfumes of all are
Corson's PERFUMES

Preferred by dainty women everywhere because of their exquisite and lasting fragrance. Remember, too, that when you buy CORSON'S PERFUMES you are buying genuine **"Made in Canada"** Perfumes—prepared by skilled chemists in the laboratories of the Sovereign Perfumes, Limited—the only house in the Dominion exclusively devoted to the manufacture of Perfumes and Toilet Requisites.

You not only secure the most delightful of all perfumes, but you loyally support the "Made in Canada" movement whenever you ask for,

Corson's Perfumes

Two favorites:

CORSON'S "IDEAL ORCHID"
CORSON'S "POMANDER"

Sold by all leading Druggists

Sovereign Perfumes, Limited
TORONTO - ONTARIO

FOR YOUR 3 BEST RECIPES

Handsome "Pandora" Range
A Sanderson-Harold Refrigerator
And $200.00 IN CASH
GIVEN AS PRIZES

Canada's Great Home Magazine To Tell Its Hundreds of Thousands of Canadian Women Readers of the Best Well-Tried Recipes in use in Canadian Homes. Tell us how you make the dishes your family like best. Big Cash Prizes for the best Recipes Received.

Marjory Dale, one of Canada's foremost cooking experts, opens the new "Cookery Department" in a coming issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Great Home Magazine. It is our desire that Miss Dale leave the beaten track, and instead of giving the fancy recipes and "cooking school" advice usually found in magazines, devote her page to telling the readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD how to make the dishes that are finding favor with the average Canadian family.

We want to help Miss Dale to make this page the most interesting feature for housekeepers that can be found in any magazine. How better could we accomplish this purpose than by asking Canadian housewives to send us their favorite well-tried recipes? We could not possibly publish a cookery page so good and so complete as one produced from the contributions of good cooks all over the Dominion, because then every recipe will be one that has been tried and proven by the practical results of each individual contributor.

Write out the Recipes for the Three Dishes you cook that "Your Family Like Best" and send them to us to-day. Your recipes can win one of these prizes:

1st Prize	McClary Pandora Range
2nd Prize	$50.00 in Cash
3rd Prize	25.00 in Cash
4th Prize	15.00 in Cash
5th Prize	10.00 in Cash
6th Prize	5.00 in Cash
And 50 Cash Prizes of	$2.00 Each

Every woman sending a set of recipes which are acceptable for publication in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will be paid for them, on qualification, entirely in addition to the prizes these recipes may win in the contest. You have recipes that we want to publish and tell other women about. Send them to us to-day.

The sets of recipes will be judged by Miss Dale and two assistants, from the standpoint of variety, economy of materials, nutritive properties, ease of preparation, tastiness, etc. Remember that the recipes most likely to win a good prize are some of your own favorites, that you have tried, know to be good, and that your family and friends like. The best recipes received will be made up, photographed, and given month by month in Miss Dale's Cookery Page in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Send your three favorite recipes to us to-day. Miss Dale will promptly write telling you if they are accepted for publication in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and how to qualify them for the special reward, entirely in addition to the fine prize they can win for you.

A Handsome "Royal Rochester" Casserole For You.

Every contributor of a set of recipes duly qualified for publication in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD can receive as a special reward a handsome Royal Rochester Casserole, value $3.00. This fine award is in addition to any prizes your recipes may win.

This is the First Prize for the Three Best Recipes received. At the option of the winner we will award a McClary Pandora, a McClary Combination Gas and Coal Range, or a Steel Range—which ever is most suitable for the winner's requirements.

SPECIAL EXTRA PRIZE.—In addition to the above grand prizes the publishers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will award as a "Special Extra Prize" a most beautiful genuine porcelaine-lined Sanderson-Harold Refrigerator, value $35.00. Ask about it.

Write out your recipes to-day, put your name (stating Mrs. or Miss) and address on them plainly, and mail them to

MISS MARJORY DALE, Editor The Recipe Page

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD - TORONTO, ONTARIO

Light and Cook with Gas

EVEN IN THE MOST ISOLATED COUNTRY HOME

WOULD you like to have your home lighted most beautifully by modern, up-to-date, absolutely safe gas lighting, made on your premises from calcium carbide? The Davis Lighting System will light your farm home, or your country place, or your summer cottage better than electricity and better than by city or natural gas; also provides gas to use for cooking and ironing.

Brighter and Safer Than City Gas

Absolutely safe. Economical. Costs only about the price of a good horse to instal. Easily put into houses already built, and leaves everything pleasing and without damage or disfiguration. Have beautiful chandeliers or wall brackets in every room, and light by pull of a chain or press a button—same as for electricity. Thousands of these plants in use.

Write for our Free Booklet explaining all. State number of rooms in house and we will give you close estimate of cost.

Davis Lighting Systems,
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

No Accidents Like This Any More!

RENNIE'S

The name that assures the best quality in SEEDS, PLANTS and BULBS.

ALACRITY TOMATO
An Extra Early Red Variety

Developed by Experts at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. Reported to be the earliest variety in existence and especially adapted for Canada, being Northern Grown. Full size packet, 15c.

Write for Catalogue.

Wm. RENNIE Co. Limited
Adelaide and Jarvis Streets.
TORONTO

Comfort Self-Heating Smoothing Iron

Five hours on one filling at cost of two cents. Two points. Both ends are front ends. Quick lighting, self-cleaning and perfect regulation of heat. Built like a watch. Weighs six pounds net. Guaranteed safe and satisfactory. Price **$3.75** each from your local dealer or direct by prepaid parcel post.
Order to-day.

National Stamping & Electric Works
Dept. 41, CHICAGO, ILL.

Be Your Own Beauty Doctor

Cuticura Soap and Hot Water

Preceded by light touches of Cuticura Ointment quickly clear the skin and scalp, soften and whiten the hands and promote the natural beauty of the skin and hair.

Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address post-card "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

A Delicious Pot Roast

Without Grease and without Water

from the

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Windsor Kettle

Place empty kettle on stove over a low flame; in heated kettle sear roast on all sides; turn down fire to a mere flicker. When half done turn meat over. Thus cheaper cuts of meat may be made as palatable as the most expensive cuts.

The "Wear-Ever" Windsor Kettle may be used for many purposes every day in the year.

With "Wear-Ever" Utensils you can cook rice that is dry and flaky without stirring—apples and potatoes that bake on the top of the stove—cakes that bake evenly without turning—griddle cakes that are light and crisp without grease.

Aluminum utensils are not "all the same"

The enormous pressure of rolling mills and stamping machines makes the metal in "Wear-Ever" utensils dense, hard and rigid. Always look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark—on bottom of every utensil.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made by Canadian Workmen in the largest and most modern factory of its kind in Canada.

If not obtainable at your dealer's send ten 2-cent stamps for the one quart (wine measure) "Wear-Ever" Stewpan and see for yourself why so many women

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Write for booklet, The "Wear-Ever" Kitchen" which tells you how to make your kitchen more efficient.

Northern Aluminum Co., Limited, Dept. 48, Toronto, Ontario

Send me, prepaid, a 1-qt. (wine measure) "Wear-Ever" Stewpan, for which I enclose 90c in stamps—to be refunded if I'm not satisfied

Name.....

Address.....

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

PUBLISHED THE 15TH OF THE MONTH PRECEDING MONTH OF ISSUE BY CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

THE price of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is 75c. per year in Canada by subscription. Postage free. This low price is possible if EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is sent direct to subscribers only. Price of single copies is 10 cents. In the United States the price is $1.00 per year and $1.25 a year to England and foreign countries. Always send remittance by registered mail, postal note or express order.

REGISTERED IN THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AT OTTAWA AS A TRADE-MARK

SUBSCRIBERS are reminded to notify us promptly of any change of address, always giving previous address along with new address and notify us at least two weeks in advance of date of issue. Back copies of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD cannot be supplied. In the event of not receiving EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD promptly, notify us immediately.

Vol. III. No. 4 APRIL, 1915 MURRAY SIMONSKI Superintending Editor

EDITORIAL

Woman's Inhumanity to Woman

EVERY time a convention of women meets some sort of a demand for a single moral standard of judgment of the sexes is somehow or other expressed.

Now the mothers' congress has been deploring that men are not judged as women are.

That a great wrong is done by the double standard of judgment must be apparent to everybody. But the women themselves are almost wholly responsible for the injustice that they sporadically so grievously condemn.

They have long arrogated to themselves all censorship of the sexual relations. They have taken up the seventh commandment as the golden rule of conduct and magnified the guilt of its violation so far beyond that of other rules of right living that the comparatively easy tolerance with which men even of spotless lives look upon such sins is often urged against them as a reproach.

So in this matter the women have led and the men rather apathetically followed.

And what have women led us to? Woman's loyalty to her sex, as a sex, is proverbial. Any unfavorable comment upon women in general is vigorously resented by women in particular. This spirit is very admirable, but it is based upon vanity and like many another admirable quality having the same basis, extends no further than vanity requires. Woman feels that an attack upon her sex is a reflection upon herself. This is the secret of boasted loyalty.

But let an individual woman be harshly criticized—do her sisters eagerly rush forward in her defence? Do they show resentment?

Hardly ever.

There may be a few that withhold judgment until the truth may be established and some that condemn with feeble show of deprecation, but in general women may be depended upon to seize upon the erring one in a spirit that is equalled only by the ferocity of wolves that set upon one of their number that has fallen, and rend it limb from limb.

This sounds harsh, but is it more than the truth?

There is no record of any woman being present when Christ saved the adulteress from being stoned, it is true. Had there been, we might have had a different record.

And now women, having established not only social death but social damnation as the punishment meted to their number for violation of the law, have the grace to confess that there is something wrong, and repeatedly resolve in favor of a single standard of judgment. The trouble is not that we have no uniform standard, but that we have no standard at all.

The Self-Injury in Lying

AT birth, all of us were liars, more or less. This is because lying is the diplomatic refuge of helplessness. The instant we learn to know punishment, desire to esape from it becomes a prime instinct.

Morality, like knowledge, is not hereditary, but attained. The child must learn that lying is a sin and a self-injury, just as it must learn by being burnt to avoid the fire.

Until this lesson is learned, the child, youth, man, will continue to lie. Many never learn it. Perhaps none ever learn it thoroughly.

Lying comes not of aggressive shrewdness, but of cowardice and of a shallow cunning that is often treacherous and tricks the lie into transparency.

But it is not the danger of being found out by others that is most to be dreaded; far more dreadful is it that the liar must know himself to be a liar.

His self-respect suffers—the leaven in him loses strength and leaves him dead dough.

The cunning that leads to lying is a rot that must permeate the whole character and make a man uncertain of himself.

It distorts his perspective, obscures his vision, and warps his comprehension.

The habit of misrepresentation leads to misconception, the judgment becomes as erratic as the tongue, and there results the man who "couldn't tell the truth if he wanted to."

Nothing so shakes the confidence of one's friends as known lying does; nothing so shatters one's own self-confidence as does lying, whether known to others or not.

The cowardice that fathers lying increases with the lie. Fear of detection joins with self-contempt in making the liar a greater coward than before. One lie calls for another in its defense. The poet said it thus:

"O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!"

This tangled web makes it all the harder for the liar to succeed in even an honest undertaking. His lies are a chain and ball upon his foot. They are a beam in his eye and a weight on his heart. He flounders along, most of his energy being required to overcome the impediment, while the truthful man easily outstrips him.

The lying cheat in the Vicar of Wakefield, who was always swindling everybody, died in jail for debt, while his honest neighbor, who was swindled a thousand times, steadily prospered and died rich and respected. Fiction—eh? Well it is immortal as fiction because it is fact, the world over, all the time.

The Promise to Obey

THE wife's obedience to her husband does not depend upon the spoken promise at all. It depends upon herself and upon him. If she finds him to be a man worth obeying she will obey and be glad to do it. If he is not masterful enough in his judgment and purposes and manner to command her obedience, a thousand promises would not bind her.

It is not any word of scripture, or law, or a promise in the marriage service that makes the husband the senior and ruling partner, but nature and the force of circumstances. The secret force lies in her character as well as in his.

The omission of the word in the service is not new, and it has never been apparent that it makes the slightest difference.

But the formal filing of a "bill of right," signed, sealed and delivered, which has just marked a marriage ceremony, is an innovation. True, it can be of no more force and effect than the simple omission of the word obey, but it has the advantage of being original.

In this signed contract is set forth what the husband and wife mutually agreed in marriage were the rights and privileges and prerogatives of each.

Such a contract is utterly useless, for there is no means of enforcing it. If, on the very first day of wedlock, the husband should violate every one of the restrictions put upon him, what could the wife do about it? She could not dissolve the marriage contract. Courts would not consider her agreement at all. She would find her document a foolish thing, of no use to her, and an object of unfeeling ridicule.

It is worse than worthless, for the cold-blooded agreement that eliminates sentiment leaves marriage barren of the sweet impulses and the tender sacrifices that alone can consecrate it.

Little Broken Promises

A PROMISE that is worth making is a promise that is worth keeping, no matter how small the obligation it would seem to incur. If you promise to meet a friend at a given hour, keep that promise to the minute. It betokens the weakest sense of moral responsibility continually to make little promises that are never intended to be kept. The orgie of broken engagements hovers about the daily lives of some people who have had the sad experience of broken promises until their faith in human honesty is almost shattered.

OUT OF THE WEB

A Small Sized Revelation of Dangers That May Beset a Pretty Girl in a Large City and of the Guiding Hand That Guards

By LEIGH GORDON GILTNER

ELENA ran lightly down the steps of the rather dingy apartment house, paused for a deep breath of the chill air—as refreshing as a cold plunge after the super-heated atmosphere of the flat—and set off down the Avenue with a fine, free step, which, while not essentially rustic, yet proclaimed her alien to the city's streets.

It was a dull early March day, but it seemed to brighten perceptibly with the advent of Elena into its raw grayness. The coat the girl wore was of brown blanket cloth and the close-fitting little hat showed palpably the prentice hand of some village milliner; yet the face beneath was fair and fresh and young: the hair gleaming vivid gold even on this murky afternoon, and her eyes as blue as the violets she paused to purchase from a florist's and pin against the fluff outer garment.

Elena's month in the metropolis might have held disappointment and disillusionment had she been circumstanced like the average young woman who comes to the city in quest of employment; but her rather cursory search for "something to do" had not been accelerated by the spur of necessity. Her capacity was limited to the usual girlish accomplishments; she sang a little; played a little; danced charmingly; painted atrociously in water colors, and, in this age of specialists, possessed no special gift or training for the grim business of self-support. She was not wholly unaware of her incapacity for efficient service—indeed she secretly questioned her ability to hold a position should she succeed in securing it, and she had been prepared for discouragements, so her disappointment at her failure to find employment was not great. The quest, indeed, had been throughout rather in the nature of a "lark".

Elena's father, dying a year previous, had left his widow and her daughter, in the Brookfield vernacular, "well-off". There had been life insurance to the amount of some thousands and a small but fertile farm which had brought a sum sufficient to have maintained Mrs. Brown and Elena quite comfortably in their native village.

But the spirit of young adventure was strong in pretty Elena. She was intensely, tinglingly alive; her keen ardor and enthusiasm for life in its larger phases found slight satisfaction in the dull round of existence in Brookfield; she wanted to live, to experience, to see, to learn; and always the metropolis had been her Mecca. And after the death of her father and the disposal of their property, there was no real reason why they should remain in Brookfield. They had no close ties or interests; Elena was all eagerness to seek new and wider fields and Mrs. Brown was as plastic clay in her daughter's hands.

So ultimately they had gone, bag and baggage, to the city; found apartments in "The Fonda," a comfortable if not fashionable flat building in a convenient locality; Elena soothing her conscience the while, when she thought of the outlay incident to their removal, with the vague assurance that she would presently "find something" which would at least help to meet expenses. But, unlike the usual seeker after employment, she recognized no special necessity for haste, so she went her way in leisurely fashion, answered an occasional advertisement, and generally and genuinely enjoyed herself.

She was just eighteen—an age at which the simplest circumstance seems fraught with alluring possibilities. Adventure lurked round every corner; a walk in the Park was pregnant with probable meetings with hitherto unrealized dream heroes; a ride in the suburbs smacked of mystery and romance; while the gorgeous shop windows, the hurrying throngs, the richly gowned women, the endless streams of smart carriages and motors were as good as a pageant to the country-bred girl and her timid, admiring mother.

At first Mrs. Brown had been unwilling to allow Elena out of her sight and in the awed bewilderment of her initial experience in the congested city, Elena had found herself afraid to venture a block away from the flat building. But each day brought new daring, with increased familiarity with the surroundings; her walks lengthened; she began to explore the neighborhood; she ventured upon Yonge Street and along the Avenue, feeling a sense of exhilaration and freedom in the knowledge that no watchful village eye was upon her, following her every movement, commenting upon her costume and actions, and speculating as to her possible purchases, as was ever the case in Brookfield.

Yet, even here, had Elena but guessed it, observant eyes followed her—had followed her for days. She did not dream that the well-dressed, elderly woman who had stood beside her as she gazed into a jewelers' window one day had been attracted by her vivid pastoral prettiness; had taken in every detail of her village-made costume; had scrutinized her sharply and shrewdly, noting her air of unfamiliarity with her urban surroundings; had stalked her till she turned homeward and had kept her in sight until she entered her own door; and that thereafter whenever she had walked abroad she was under surveillance.

She had heard much of the perils and pitfalls of the city, but it did not even remotely occur to her that she, simple little rustic Elena Brown, might possibly be a marked object, the intended victim of one of the shrewdest operators in Toronto.

As she paused, on this particular afternoon, at the intersection of Queen and Yonge Streets and stood waiting the official signal to cross, a bit bewildered by the congestion of traffic and the noise of passing cars, a well-groomed, well-dressed young fellow,(in no wise distinguishable from a hundred other young men about town) whom Chance had apparently stranded at her side, turned and spoke to her. At first Elena was unaware that his remark, which she had not quite caught, was addressed to her. Evidently he realized this for he at once repeated it. The remark in itself was inoffensive and his manner was disarmingly courteous.

"I beg your pardon"—he lifted his hat—"but perhaps you'd let me pilot you across. You seem to be a stranger."

Elena had been carefully reared and the older Brookfielders had feelingly assured her that Toronto was a cheerful composite of Sodom and Gomorrah up to date, while to speak to a stranger, masculine or feminine, in its confines was to invite disaster of the direst. Accordingly she gazed straight ahead, ignoring alike the stranger and his remark, crossed when the officer gave the signal and saw the impertinent youth no more.

She was careful not to mention the occurrence to her mother. Mrs. Brown was naturally a timid woman and her sense of utter unfamiliarity with her present surroundings accentuated her fearfulness. Whenever possible she accompanied Elena on her walks abroad, and she never permitted her to leave the house without a card bearing her name and address in her handbag and duplicates in her various pockets. Her pride in her daughter's independence and strength of character sustained her to a degree, but

Elena paused for a breath of the chill March air and set off down the avenue, her hair gleaming vivid gold and her eyes as blue as the violets.

it could not save her anxious moments whenever the girl was out of her sight. In the most cheerful of her imaginings, she invariably visioned her daughter as the prey of some monster of metropolitan wickedness or knocked down by a passing motor and brought home in an ambulance. Therefore Elena forebore to trouble her with what she herself regarded as an incident the most trivial.

Nor did she mention a somewhat similar experience which befell her a few days later. There came a crisp, clear, chilly day of March sunshine, and Elena, accustomed to the active outdoor life of the farm, was all eagerness to get out into the open. Queen's Park lured her with its waning wintry beauty and a brisk walk within its confines set her veins a-tingle and brought a sparkle to her eyes. She was looking unusually lovely—a fact of which she was delightfully unconscious; an air of urban poise was beginning to displace her shyness; she walked with head well up and chest expanded, her eyes bright, her cheeks vividly aglow, her lips temptingly crimson. She was just turning reluctantly homeward, when a youth, apparently of the type one sees in metropolitan Club windows, accosted her.

"Why, hello, Edith," he said blithely, "what's the good word with you to-day?" Elena gasped slightly but made no reply.

"Now, Edith, really," the young man laughed," what are you handing me? I don't catch the idea. Shake hands, won't you?" Elena hurried on, ignoring the hand he extended.

"I beg your pardon," came the voice in a changed tone, "but surely I'm not mistaken in thinking you Miss Blythe?"

"I'm not Miss Blythe," Elena said shortly; it seemed the simplest way of ridding herself of the youth, who continued to walk beside her as she quickened her pace.

"Oh, come now, Edie,"—laying a detaining hand upon her arm—"what have I done to be treated like this? Why are you frosting me? A joke's well enough in its way, but this has gone far enough. I couldn't mistake you in a mob; there's no use running a fool bluff. Don't you want me to walk with you?"

"I certainly do not," said Elena sharply, "I've told you you were mistaken and if you continue to annoy me, I'll call an officer and give you in charge." The man shrugged indifferently.

"Oh all right, girlie. Have it your own way. But I don't quite get on to your little game. Sure you won't change your mind and have tea with me at the Prince Albert? Well, suit yourself. So long, my dear." And he strode away without a backward glance.

But Elena's blithe mood had fled; the brightness of the day was shadowed by the crass, unlovely episode. Angry tears of hurt and humiliation filled her eyes.

"I wonder," she asked herself, "if I strike strangers as the style of girl to encourage—this sort of thing?"

A handsome, elderly woman who had witnessed the scene from the opposite side of the street, crossed and approached the girl. She was tastefully attired to the last detail and her manner left nothing to be desired. She had a fine, benevolent face, framed with soft silver hair and her voice, when she spoke, was low and caressing.

"Pardon me, my dear," she said gently, "but I chanced to witness the indignity to which you were subjected just now. It seems a pity that a young girl can't walk abroad without the possibility of affront. I fancy you're a stranger in our city and I fear your opinion of Toronto isn't very favorable, at the moment, but believe me, dear child, all Torontonians are not of that type. There are ill-bred, impertinent youths to be met with everywhere and a pretty girl is their legitimate prey, especially if she seems lonely and unprotected . . . .But you're naturally quite upset. Won't you waive ceremony and come home with me? I live just a short distance away. I'll give you a cup of tea, mother you a little and send you home in a taxi, when you have had time to grow calmer." Very winningly she smiled down at the girl beside her; her voice was mellow and gently persuasive and her personality was sufficiently magnetic almost to induce the girl to accept the friendly offer. Almost. Not quite, however.

"Why, thank you very much; you're very good I'm sure," Elena was hesitating, when suddenly something—she could not have said what—warned her of the indiscretion of accepting a courtesy at the hands of a total stranger. She pulled herself together. "But I'm quite calm, thank you. The man was annoying, but he was easily disposed of. I'm not frightened or upset; just a bit hurt and angry—that's all. I appreciate your kindness very much—but my mother will be waiting for me and I mustn't make her anxious. Thank you and—goodbye."

Although Elena kept this adventure strictly to herself, thereafter she seldom left the house without her mother, who very willingly accompanied her. Elena was not vain, but even she could not help observing the admiring glances strangers turned upon her or fail to note how the casual eye lingered upon her face. Once or twice, in her search for a position, she had met, with disarming ingenuousness, overtures tentative and skilfully veiled, yet of unmistakable import; but she was rapidly acquiring the gentle art of side-stepping and she sedulously avoided those offices and agencies where she was received with too marked cordiality. Her mother presently arrived at the decision that, with economy, they could live without the necessity of Elena taking a position, so the girl gradually abandoned the quest and began to cast about for some means of filling the days which, after the novelty of the city wore off, were beginning to drag a little. They went occasionally to the theatre, taking the cheaper seats, and for a time Elena was fired with the ambition to shine in the chorus of some musical comedy, but her mother's horror and dismay when she broached the subject effectually disposed of that idea. So Elena read, walked, embroidered and—drifted.

Early in April Mrs. Brown contracted a severe spring cold, which while not serious, sufficed to keep her close indoors, since the weather was on its worst behavior. Elena dutifully stayed with her until the mother's watchful eye noted that she seemed listless and dull and that her bright color was less vivid than its wont. Her heart smote her at what she termed her "selfishness."

"Why not go to a picture show this afternoon, Elena?" she suggested. "You've been housed for days and you need a breath of fresh air. Take a brisk walk, stop in at a 'movie' and get back early. I'll manage famously—have a nap, read the paper and get tea all ready for you when you come in."

Elena, who was indeed feeling the close confinement, gladly fell in with the suggestion. In ten minutes she was ready for the street, and as she entered the room in all the radiance of her rare young loveliness, it was small wonder that her mother's glance dwelt pridefully upon her.

"Have a good time, Elena," she said fondly, "and get back early"—little dreaming as she spoke that her cherished daughter might never come back to her—either early or late.

. . . . . .

It was possibly that protecting Providence which safeguards the otherwise unprotected which ordained that "Scoop" Ewing ("Channing" to his adoring parents, "Chan" to his familiar friends, but invariably—and most appositely—"Scoop" to his fellows on the *Evening Star*) should have dropped in to refill his cigar case at Mallory's Drug Emporium at five of that same afternoon. Young as he was, Ewing had lived much and variously. He know Toronto intimately and accurately; and he

(*Concluded on page 21*)

YOUR HAT AND MINE

SOME SENSE AND SOME NONSENSE ABOUT WHAT WOMEN WEAR ON THEIR HEADS

By MARJORIE MOORE

THERE is—we all know her—the woman who wears a plumed hat in the morning; there is—we see her in caricatures—the tall woman who wears a wide hat with a narrow skirt; there is—quite commonly—the woman who wears a tea hat with a tailored suit, and others, as numerous as those "others" of the Social Column, who don't "know" about hats.

It is extraordinary, but really it sometimes seems as if women knew no more about hats than men do—i.e., that the more they cost the better they are. I apologize—some men know more about hats than the cost, and some know a great deal but not the cost.

I once knew a man who knew this much about my hat: "Yes, I like that hat you have on. It hasn't any trimming, and by that I know it cost a great deal—more than I could afford. If it were a big hat with feathers and flowers and ribbons and lace, I'd know it cost something; if there were no feathers, but only flowers, ribbons and lace, I'd guess it cost something more; if it were just lace, the price would go up still higher; but, being what it is—a small black hat, looking what it does—I'd know it cost a very, very great deal more than all that."

Really, the cost is all there is to a hat—principally. The other points about hats come after the cost.

I wanted to find out when and why women began to wear hats, for no ancient or mediæval woman wore a hat; I mean, no woman of ancient or mediæval times wore a hat. Hats came in with the gay ladies of the court of Charles II, and as working women didn't wear them, I judged they were largely a sign of rank and wealth. They are so still, but since that time we have discovered that hats have also a use—they do protect the head; they ought—whether they do or not is a question—enhance what beauty the wearer has. At any rate, in pursuit of the elusive hat, we have shamelessly copied men's headgear of all ages. The styles of the year before last, for instance, were taken from the hats of that jovial monarch—Henry VIII—whose life and trials you may remember.

Hats have improved immensely since the Restoration, but there is nothing really new in hats—or ever will be. The whole point about a hat is the wearer. The wearers are always new. Get that idea clearly and no hat will ever again intimidate you.

For most women are afraid of hats. I suppose all women are who are not milliners or millionaires; the former, because she knows the inmost secrets of hats, the latter because when she pays $200 for a hat she thinks she owns it. The ordinary woman knows the hat owns her.

The only way to get on terms of real familiarity with a hat is to make it. Yes, I know, you can't. And that is why you let milliners bully you, and perch hats where they don't belong.

It occurs to me that if a woman could only be turned loose in a room full of all kinds of hats—without saleswomen—she might, by the help of scissors and pins, manage to get a hat that would "suit her."

I remember my first experience almost alone with a milliner—first privilege of being grown up. An aunt went along as chaperone and did her level best—and succeeded—in complicating the situation beyond repair. My aunt and the saleswoman joined forces. Now, there wasn't a hat in the shop that I liked—I knew it. The sad-to-be-related end saw me in tears on the sidewalk and my aunt apologizing to the saleswoman; but I hadn't bought the hat.

Contrast this scene with the one when I went last spring to buy a hat. It was in April. By good fortune I was able to wear the suit the hat was to accompany, and thus the width of the hat could be adjusted to the shoulders—a most important consideration, as the apparent width of the shoulders varies with changing fashions.

I had made friends with that saleswoman before. Her side of the shopping began with an X-ray glance through my purse, and having judged—she did it to a dollar—just how much I had, she knew what to charge. It was the most expensive shop in town. "You can't get a hat there under fifteen." You can't? I paid seven and originated a fashion.

Madame began with a black hat—the suit was black and white. The black hat was adorable; the price, untrimmed, $12.00.

Sternly I said:

"Seven, complete—I mean it."

Madame produced a white hat of the same shape, much cheaper.

A white hat with a black and white suit—impossible! Monsieur came to advise.

"Ah, mademoiselle, it is charming. Black ribbon, madame—it will balance."

She laid the black velvet across the hat and caught it up behind."

A touch of color?

"Yellow," I affirmed.—Yellow it was.

But that was a dream of a hat. One was infallibly, ineffably sure of oneself in that hat. It was a hat that saved one the trouble of talking. I would go for an interview; from office boy to chief I got what I wanted. They copied that hat for two months and never quite "got" it. Alas that hats grow old—it is as sad as when a woman forgets that she is young—and so expensive.

But I started out to tell you how to choose a hat.

A hat is a thing of material, shape, color, and size. Put the shape and size together and you have "line"—or more likely you haven't but should.

But there isn't just a hat—there is also you. And you

Why?

are a woman with so many frocks, so many engagements—and so on.

First rule—you never wear a hat—or shoes—lighter in value than your suit or frock—never. It is a disfigurement in the scheme of life to be inflicted with women who wear white hats and white shoes with dark cloth skirts.

It is just as bad—but not quite so apparent—to see a woman in a satin frock with a hat that doesn't shine, or a woman in a plain, simple frock, with an elaborate hat.

The hat must emphasize the costume—by harmony or by contrast; but, chiefly, the hat must emphasize *you*.

Why, if you are a little woman, extinguish a petite face under an ellipse of black velvet? Why, if your face is round and—fat, do you compress it in a tight toque? Why, if your face is all lines, wear a hat that accentuates the hardness of the face? Why?

Hats add to the joy of living, if you don't take them seriously; but, of course, you have to have the joy first.

I adore hats.

A woman of my acquaintance once got a hat with the most beautiful blue feather. It was a joy, that feather. It was fastened to one of the descendants of Henry VIII's hats, with a bunch of bright colored objects—now, you will begin to see how little I *really* know about millinery.

These "objects" and this feather were sources of great joy to the lady's small grandson and to myself. They exactly expressed my friend's bubbling vitality—a joyous vitality that the conventionalities of life restrained to the blue feather and the multi-colored buckle. I like the memory of that long, curling feather. How it swayed with every movement of her head, and how the spring winds loved that bit of blue!

It wasn't expensive, either; and then you tell me that so and so has plumes that cost—how much? Well, I don't know how much they cost, but I do know that the face under them often does not laugh or smile as much as it might.

And if your face isn't right, your hat never will be. Your face can't be right until you are—so hats become important. What I mean directly, is, I never could design a hat for a woman who had soaked her face in cold cream and put on the wrong color. I'm not so bigoted as not to know there are times and seasons when rouge may be useful, but why always? And why—in the name of heaven—why the wrong tint? If a woman will make up, she should at least get the color right.

Then, when you go to choose the hat, don't go when you are tired, and don't go down-town in the morning and begin to try on hats in the afternoon when your hair is all disarranged. It's not fair to the saleswoman; it doesn't give her a chance.

Down "town." That's another point. Your hat depends on the town. Not always nor necessarily, but somewhat. You sigh "New York" or "Paris"—not at all.

But some towns are discouraging. Lately I've come to live in one. No, the population is not 1,000, but 500,000; and I'd swear the hats are the same as when I was here five years ago. Which wouldn't matter if they were good hats—but they aren't.

The chief characteristic of these hats is the scraggy thin feathers. They lie all over the brim. Originally, back on some little dancing girl's hat, they were as perky, as piquant as they are not, now. But, as I say, these feathers are all over the place; there is no joy in the streets for me, and none in the shop windows. I have a grievance in a world where the hats look home-made, and are ticketed $10.00.

But the town doesn't matter.

Once I was in a small town—population 1,000 certified—one train a day and all that. I don't remember what had happened to my hat, but I had to get one to wear with a very plainly tailored suit; I couldn't leave the town without a hat and so was forced to go shopping at the local drygoods shop.

They had plain black sailors. Proprietor said he always kept them in stock as there was always a demand. I inferred he was trying to snub me because I wouldn't buy a creation at $10.

Briefly, a hundred miles away I met a very dear friend. She said: "Was that hat expensive?"—"No. It was $3.50."—"Were you long in New York?"—"I wasn't in New York."

I thought she was making fun, but having made up my mind that that hat was all right, I would not change it.

But she meant it, really, and when plain black sailor hats were announced two months later, with a great flourish of Canadian trumpets, as the latest thing from New York, I never could persuade her that I had not meanly withheld from her valuable information. I never could persuade her that I had come out of Numsquash with the kind of hat that became the rage in New York two months after. But why not?

As for the kind of hats one must never wear: principally, the hat that is out of date—an inexorable rule. There is a kind of hat that is even worse than the old hat—I mean the one with all the little birds. Oh, no, they might all be artificial and be just as bad. It's the æsthetic and not the humane side that really matters here. Once in a long while you might wear a frame for little birds to perch in—oh, at a tea or at a supper party, you just *might* if such a freak developed your personality. But to make use of such a hat day in and night out—that is an offence against whatever sense there is. I saw a woman last Sunday morning wearing a black suit with the white birds on top. It's too much exercise of one's mind to think out the why of such a combination.

So far as color goes the possibilities are the same as in dresses, only more so. The black hat is nearly always right for anything; the white hat beautiful, if you can wear it, with white frocks or frocks of light material; beyond these two certainties stretch the infinite possibilities—and pitfalls—of color. For when you come to colors, there are the colors and there is—you. There are the laws of the beautiful in color combination, but any given combination has to be applied to you. Generally speaking we know what colors are wearable if we are fair or if we are dark, but there are combinations and permutations of colors the extent of which only the Parisian designer has yet had the instinct to explore.

Which is about all that can be said on hats on paper. Except that the world would be a dull place without them, and so it is "up to us" as women who have to decorate the world as well as work in it, to see that the hats really are beautiful, and help to make life worth while.

It's not fair to the saleswoman.

If a woman could be turned loose in a room full of hats!

WHAT TWELVE CANADIAN WOMEN HOPE TO SEE AS THE OUTCOME OF THE WAR

"WHAT do you as a woman hope to see as the outcome of the war: (1) for the world at large, (2) for women in particular?"

In November EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD addressed this question to several prominent Canadian women with the object of getting a national expression of Canadian women's feeling on the result of the war, and of giving this symposium to Canadian women, to all Canadians, to the world, as a representative expression of what Canadian women hope to see as the outcome of the greatest, and, as they all hope, the last world war. The thought of Canadian women would pretty well represent the general thought of Canadian, of American, of women throughout the world on the subject of the war. All of us have the heartfelt hope that it may soon end, and as to what the outcome of the war is to be, there have been many predictions. So far, however, no one has asked or perhaps thought of what she hoped would be the outcome of the war. The contributors who have written for the symposium have frankly said what they *hoped* would be the outcome of the war, and this expression of personal desire is for that reason all the more valuable. What these women, and all the women whom they represent, want, is the object of the symposium to bring to the attention of our readers.

The First National Expression of Opinion by Canadian Women

These Canadian women appreciated what we were trying to do, and responded in such a way that they should have not only our appreciation and thanks—because we want Canadian women to think and feel and write nationally—but they should have, and we think they will get them, the appreciation and thanks of the women of Canada and the country generally. We are proud to have been the means of collecting in one page the public expression of representative Canadian women from coast to coast—the first national public expression by Canadian women on any question.

Some whom we wanted and you would want were not able to contribute—either, as they said, because they were not writers, or because they were so involved in executive patriotic work of the moment that they could not look so far ahead. Mrs. Willoughby Cummings (President of the Toronto Women's Patriotic League), Toronto, says: "It is altogether too soon to attempt to define what will be, or may be, the outcome of a war that may last for years, when it is only three months old." Mrs. Albert Gooderham, President of the National Chapter of The Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, writes of the Symposium: "I feel that I do not care to express my views publicly unless I am able to give considerable time and thought to the matter, and this I cannot do at present, as I belong to several organizations which more than fully occupy my time. I can only pray that this war and the sorrow and suffering it entails may soon end, and that peace may come forever." One or two women did not feel qualified to express an opinion at all, a matter of regret to us for two reasons: (1) because we and you thereby lose the expression of valuable feeling and thought; (2) because we think it is not only the duty but the privilege of Canadian women who, by reason of intellect, position, and achievement, are the prominent women of our country, to take part publicly in the life of Canadian women and in Canadian affairs.

The majority of our correspondents, however, realized what part in national life public expression of opinion plays; how it is worth while, for themselves and for others to take part in the life of the times and of the nation. Katherine Hale, Toronto, wrote: "Thank you for the opportunity of saying what I heartily believe must be one outcome at least of this war." Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Edmonton (Janey Canuck) says: "Congratulations on your enterprise in arranging this Symposium, and best wishes for its success."

So you may imagine this Symposium, as if these thoughtful women had really met, coming together from the farthest east and west, to talk to each other and to us, expressing their inmost hope for the outcome of the war.

Shall We Have Peace?

Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck), of Edmonton, Convenor of the Peace and Arbitration Committee of the National Council of Women of Canada, wrote:

"As an outcome of the war I hope to see:

"I. An amnestia.

"When in the year 400 B.C., at a time of great bitterness of feeling, Thrasybalus, one of the chief men of Athens, came to the head of affairs, he exerted his influence to secure the passage of a law they called *amnestia*, from a Greek word signifying no recollection. It is from this our word amnesty comes. The law provided that all former quarrels and offences be forgotten, and that the people take pledge to live peaceably towards each other as if the offences had never taken place.

"Yes! let this be the way of it—that John, Jean, Johann, and Jack sponge off their memories all red-written records.

"II. That contentious matters between nations, which cannot be settled by diplomacy, shall be arbitrated upon by the Hague Court.

"III. The establishment of international police forces on the high seas and on the land to suppress rebellion and to enforce the general decrees of the Hague Court.

"IV. Disarmament of all nations, that our fighting men, as prophesied by a seer of Israel, shall 'go forth and set on fire and burn the weapons, both the shields and the bucklers, the bows and the arrows and the handstaves, and the spears, and shall burn them with fire seven years so that they shall take no wood out of the field, nor cut down any of the forests; for they shall burn the weapons with fire.'

"V. That the money hitherto spent upon armaments be devoted to education, commerce, science, and to the general amelioration of the sufferings to which men and women are subject.

"VI. That brute force being no longer the supreme arbiter, women may cease to suffer from the disability of a lesser muscular development and so may attain to their due economic, legal, and political status as human beings of the mother-sex.

"Meanwhile, the war continues, and there is no House of Refuge in all the blood-stained world.

"While I have been writing and you have been reading, a million men have rendered up their lives to a monstrous Moloch called militarism. Lads with torn breasts and torn viscera, crying for rescue in the dark and—oh, tragedy beyond compare!—we are grown callous because their cry is continuous.

"Lord have mercy upon us!

"Christ have mercy upon us!"

Woman Suffrage

Since the outbreak of the war, woman suffrage has appeared in two lights: (1) as a certainty, (2) a dead issue. As the first consternation passed away, woman suffrage as an outcome of the war appears more and more a certainty. How will women get the vote?

The President of the United Suffrage Societies of Canada, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, says:

"You have asked me to state what I think will be the results of the present war, and to express my hopes as to its outcome in regard to its effects upon women.

"I am neither a prophet, nor the daughter of a prophet, and I must further confess that I shrink from putting a big subject into a small compass. Life is moving very fast just now, and changes are so rapid that no one of us can foresee clearly—or even think clearly—this is rather a moment for action, and our work is laid out plainly before us.

"The war has set the whole world in motion—men and women, all humanity, all are working, even the weakest contributing either actively or passively, to the liberation of an enormous reserve energy. I believe this energy is now putting into motion constructive forces which have hitherto not had a 'fair field' of action; forces which once liberated will bring about marked progress. I believe we are on the eve of a great social re-creation—of a brotherhood more true, and that we are coming nearer to the true ideals of Christianity.

"We see the first signs of this in the drawing together of individuals, classes, and nations, for a common cause—a common defence, and a common well-being. I hope that from this blending process great results may come, that barriers will be broken down—barriers of class prejudice, of sex-inequality, of national and racial difference and misunderstanding. I hope when the tumult is over that we may see the nations working together for international good, that there may be an international tribunal which shall aim not at the domination of one or more nations, but at the good of all—at a true international common weal. If, as a woman, I must prophesy, I may say how I

foresee that the part women are playing in the war will create a better understanding between the sexes, an understanding which shall give fuller recognition to the human relationship rather than the mere sex relationship.

"I may say that I see the end of many ancient prejudices—some are already dead—such as the one summed up in the statement that 'Women have no part in war,' or that 'Women are incapable of concerted action.'

"At this very time, the concerted action of women is furnishing a measure of protection to the men in the trenches; the men in the field are in action to protect the homes, while the joint action of both is defending the nation. If the woman movement ever needed justification, it is now amply justified when the organized energy of women has enabled them to take to the full their share in the defence of the nations and to give the true mother's protection to the men fighting for the nations.

"I foresee that with their men facing a stern duty, women who have felt themselves unjustly used will now admit that men after all are their natural protectors—and I foresee equally that men will confess how many of their safeguards they owe to women, while both will acknowledge the failure of a one-sided protection. For we are 'our brother's keeper,' and I know that only in so far as both stand together can there be adequate protection against destructive forces, and a fuller and more abundant life for the races to come."

What Lady Laurier Said

Instead of addressing Lady Laurier as we had the other ladies, who live in widely scattered parts of Canada, we sent our Ottawa correspondent to interview her, and she reported the interview as follows:

The room was soft with accumulated comforts. Winter sun streamed in at the windows and music entered the door like a vapor—chamber music, made across the hallway. In the curve of the windows plants blossomed, and two birds in gilded cages—the stands exceedingly tall and slender—whispered in tunes about the other music. The interviewer was waiting, meanwhile, for Lady Laurier, the gracious, amiable helpmeet of Sir Wilfrid, of whom a gifted Canadian writer has written as 'The Lady of the Gentle Heart.'

She came—a loveable figure in gray with soft lace at the right places and the kindliest of smiles to aid her greeting. She had been ailing lately—in spite of which a gentle wit begemmed her conversation. A small dog had followed her in, had curled up beside her like a doughnut as she sat, and now unconsciously served as topic-matter.

"You are fond of animals?"

"Yes," she responded. "I love my pets—the dogs and the birds. I have the house as gay as I can make it. And the pets help—so pretty, so confiding!" As she said it the dog beside her snuggled closer.

"The world was meant to be gay," I commented. "I cannot conceive how human beings ever came to thrust this war upon it. How shall it recover its old heart-lightness when nations must forever hate each other?"

"Oh, surely," remonstrated Lady Laurier, "surely hatred will cease hereafter, and this war will be the last of all wars."

"Perhaps," I answered, "if women demand it. They know the cost of the precious lives which are being made to pass through fire to Moloch, otherwise Mars."

My gentle hostess sighed profoundly. "Ah, yes," she murmured, "the poor, poor mothers! They tell me that in France they cheer their men when the brave soldiers march away to battle, and that, afterwards, they go to the churches and pray and pray there—all but broken-hearted."

The trill of a bird filled up the pause. Sorrow could not live before its joyance.

"In Canada," I said, "there are no more France and England. St. George and St. Denis are brothers-in-arms. I find that in Montreal the women acknowledge Canada only for their nation, and are all working together for the soldiers."

"May that not be an earnest," replied my hostess, "that brotherhood shall come to all the nations?"—*M.J.T.*

Loss From War

With an artist's quick sympathy to feel with others, to appreciate the suffering war brings, Elizabeth A. McGillivray Knowles, the artist, Toronto, put her thoughts in this way:

"I have nothing to say regarding the outcome of this awful war in which the word 'hope' can be used. To think of the utter waste of life, the destruction of beauty, the failure of culture, the paralyzing 'set-back' to the whole world, is to be filled with despair.

"As for women, what can one say? Will sorrow soften, will the desire to help foster unselfishness, will the discovery of that joy which is born of loving service make the striving after extravagant social display seem futile and wearisome? One might at least hope for this result."

A Place for War

War has many aspects. L. M. Montgomery, writer of graceful romances, strikes a sterner note in her message to the readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD:

"You ask me what I hope to see as the outcome of the war, (1) for the world at large, (2) and for women in particular. I am not of those who believe that this war will put an end to war. War is horrible, but there are things that are more horrible still, just as there are fates worse than death. Moral degradation, low ideals, sordid devotion to money-getting, are worse evils than war, and history shows us that these evils invariably overtake a nation which is for a long time at peace. Nothing short of so awful a calamity as a great war can awaken to remembrance a nation that has forgotten God and sold its birthright of aspiration for a mess of pottage.

"But I do hope that, as a result of the war, humanity may re-learn its lesson so thoroughly that it will not need another such drastic schooling for many generations. I hope that the heroism and fortitude evoked may leave a rich legacy of character to races yet unborn; and I hope that a great awakening to high issues, moral, spiritual and intellectual, may follow the agony of conflict.

"In regard to women, I do not expect that the war and its outcome will affect their interests, apart from the general influence upon the race. But I do hope that it will in some measure open the eyes of humanity to the truth that the women who bear and train the nation's sons should have some voice in the political issues that may send those sons to die on battlefields

'Where thousands die
To lift one hero into fame.'"

An Ardent Imperialist

Janet Carnochan, Niagara, President Niagara Historical Society, well-known writer and research worker in Canadian history, thinks:

"For the world at large, I do not know that my views are in any way different from the views of a man. I hope I have studied the subject carefully and thoughtfully. The outcome of this terrible, this sad, nay, this glorious war—for is it not a glorious thing to help the weak, to give greater freedom, to keep treaties honorably, to help in the betterment of the world? Is it not a glorious thing to see the colonies rush to the help of the motherland from every far-flung part of the empire? Is it not a glorious thing, the help given to brutally treated, impoverished, desolate, brave little Belgium? What do I hope? I hope that despotic government will cease to exist, that a court of arbitration for all civilized nations will be formed to settle all disputes between the different powers, without an appeal to arms, so that the immense armaments by sea and land will exist no longer and the thousands thus set free may join the industrial ranks and become producers instead of spenders, and the millions used to maintain these forces will be used to send missionaries to Christianize the world, or to give means to put down the drink habit perhaps to buy up all the distilleries and put the sale, if any, into the hands of government. I hope, too, that no absolute monarchy shall exist, that all countries shall be governed by parliaments representing the will of the people.

"But to talk of there being no armed force at all is simply foolish. There are still savage nations to which the powers of arbitration will not appeal. There must still be a force to police the sea as well as the land. Call it police, call it a fleet, call it an army—there must be some force to which to appeal. Every town has its police to enforce order. If the police force is not strong enough, the military are called in to quell a riot. But for the immense armies and navies now existing at such an enormous cost there would be no need.

"What do I hope for women in particular? That as this war has brought out as never before the power of women in organizing, in planning, in providing for the comforts of the soldiers, for giving help to the widows and orphans, thus the status of woman is raised, as men will feel what they owe to the women of the land. An extreme view has been expressed that wars will not cease till women have votes. But many other things will unite to produce the abolition of war, but I do think that as men feel what they owe to the help of women in this war they will be more likely to extend the franchise to women. Another effect—and this a certain and not merely a problematic effect—will be the benefit resulting from the mingling together of all classes, of all religious denominations, of the rich and poor, the learned and the unlearned, in the different societies and organizations, as Daughters of the Empire, Women's Institutes, schools, colleges, *the grand army of knitters*, by which has resulted a feeling of sympathy and kindness by the breaking down of class feeling, where all have worked together for the help of our soldiers. And for the world, for men and women alike, I hope:

"That the war drum throb no longer, and the battle flags be furled—
In the parliament of men, the Federation of the World."

A Prayer for Forgiveness

The gentle and beloved Marshall Saunders writes:

"I hope to see, as the outcome of this war, a great world stillness—an immense calm arising after the dying away of the noise of battle, and the hushing of the clangor of busy and frantic tongues, trying to fix the responsibility for this horrifying world cataclysm.

"I hope to see a world acknowledgment of guilt—not only on the part of warring nations, but also on the part of non-combatants, who, at a touch might have been precipitated into the arena of bloody strife.

"I hope to hear also a low heart-murmuring from a sorrow-stricken world:—'Now, oh! Lord, that the fury of our fratricidal rage has abated, we acknowledge that we have all sinned and done evil in Thy sight. And not on my brother alone—not on my brother's nation—rests the responsibility for this horrible world warfare but on my head, and on the head of my nation, lies also a portion of the overwhelming accountability. Lift from us now this heavy load of punishment. We acknowledge our transgressions of years. We, the civilized nations, have been guilty of gross materialism, and of an immeasurable egotism. We have also sinned against our brothers, the uncivilized. We have permitted crimes and infamies unspeakable. Now, at last, that a sword has been among our own selves, we have heard the blood of those innocent ones crying to Thee from the ground. For them we have made a sacrificial atonement by the blood of our best-loved brothers. Forgive us, oh! Lord, in Thine infinite mercy. The sin that we sinned, we knew not. Humbly before Thee we vow that never again shall we be guilty of deadly race prejudices, and fratricidal hatreds. Our last war has been fought. Now will we beat our swords into ploughshares and our spears into pruning-hooks, and brother will say to brother, 'Let us live in peace, in the name of the Lord.'

"I hope to see as the outcome of the war, for women in particular, a great drying of the tears of the pitiful weeping Rachels, and a great comforting of their hearts for the children that are not.

"Mothers will press to their breasts the children that are left. From the new pure and passionate patriotism upspringing in their souls, women will cry: 'We have given our sons to our country! They are gone, but teach us, oh, Lord!—teach us mothers of the race, to save the coming generation—to so mould the tender hearts of our children, that it will be impossible for brother to lift his hand against brother. Inspire us to give a heart education to the tender child, to control the haughty intellect, to curb the stubborn will. Let us instil with the love of father and mother, and brother and sister, the wider love of humankind. Let the tendrils of affection of each boy and girl reach out from the family to the state, from the state to the nation, from the nation to the world. Let us have a world of brothers—a world of peace. Send not the sword among us again, or we shall die in agony!"

Must Women Vote? Why?

Flora MacDonald Denison, Honorary President of the Canadian Suffrage Association, asks for a stronger democracy:

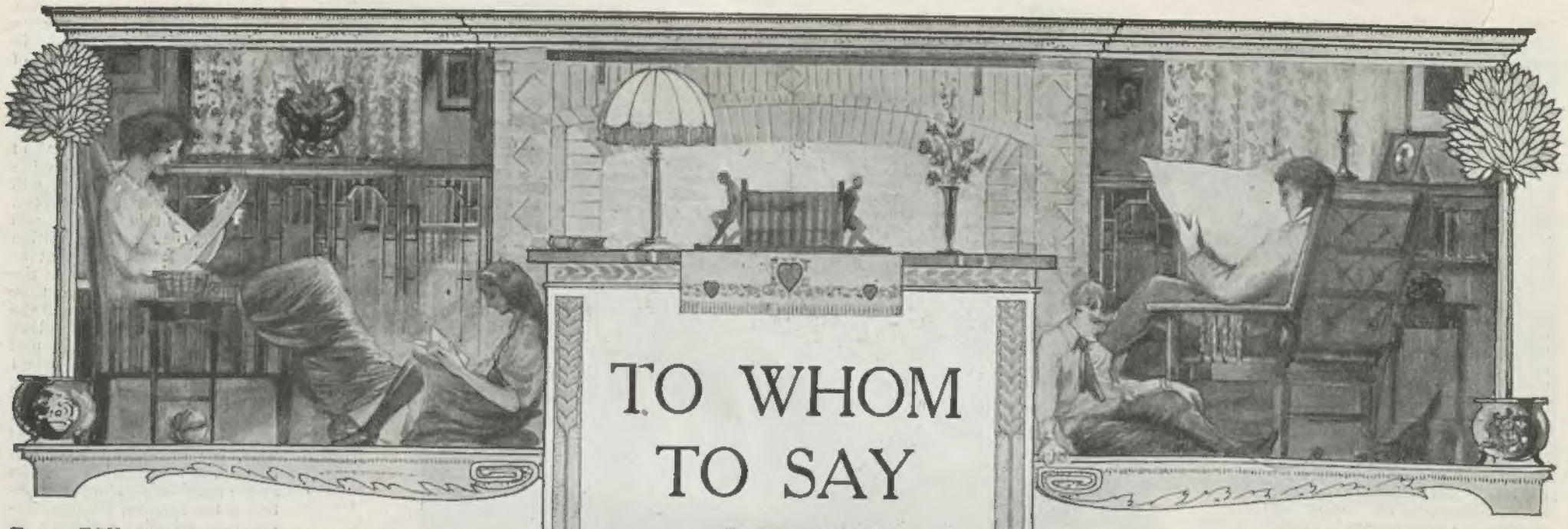
"I expect everyone hopes that a Utopian society may evolve out of chaos and destruction, but if we rather say what may reasonably be expected or what may be possible to happen as the outcome of this war I think that many opinions may be given and time only can tell which will be correct.

"I believe that the Allies will win, and the settlement will largely depend on the extent of the victory.

"If Germany remains intact with the power of continuing its militant policy, there will be nothing for it but that all other countries wishing to retain their national individuality must needs arm and defend themselves to the extent of their ability.

"If Germany is absolutely defeated, Prussia, Alsace and Loraine, and the German colonies taken, then a policy

(*Continued on page 33*)



TO WHOM TO SAY "YES"

YOU, as a woman, are interested in marriage.

Whether you are a girl growing into maturity, or have reached the marriageable age, or have a daughter or a grand-daughter, you are interested in marriage, and sooner or later you will be called upon to help solve the most difficult problem relating to matrimony.

This problem will involve one of the most important questions which will ever arise in your life.

It will either affect your own happiness and that of your children, or it will affect the happiness of someone you love.

It will have a direct bearing upon the welfare of the state and of generations yet unborn.

It is a problem which often comes like a thief in the night, and has to be handled with the same celerity.

Stated in the fewest possible words, do you know how to "size up" a marriageable man?

Can *you* distinguish a sheep from a goat?

Do *you* know how to choose, from the circle of your acquaintances, those men who are alone worth while?

Your first impulse will be to say "Yes," for it is a common weakness that nearly all of us think we are good judges of human nature.

But if you will pause for a few minutes' reflection, you will find yourself somewhat less certain of your answer.

It is a notorious fact that many of the cleverest men and women have made the most unfortunate matrimonial choices.

Nor is it necessary to look so far from home. Coming right down to your own local circle of acquaintances, you will find numerous wives who have selected the wrong husbands.

Yet, when they married, all these people thought they were choosing wisely.

They thought they had solved the problem without an error, and when they found their answer was the wrong one, it was too late to change it.

And in those tragic words "too late" we begin to realize that it is not only advisable, but that it is absolutely vital for you to study well that all-important question:

"How can I tell whether or not a man is worth while?"

A few generations ago the choice of a husband was a much easier matter than it is to-day.

Before the era of trains and steamships, the population was more fixed.

We grew up with each other. We seldom moved away from home and it was an equally infrequent occurrence for new people to come into our circle.

So if you had lived then and a young man had started paying his attentions to you, the chances are that you would already have known him well. You would have grown up with him, have played with him, have gone to school with him and have known his tricks and peculiarities.

You would have known whether he was truthful, whether he was kind, whether he was sincere. You would also have known his prospects in life.

In a word you would have had definite facts to consider, so that it would have been a comparatively easy thing for you to decide whether or not any young man of your acquaintance would make you a good husband.

But, oh, how different things are to-day!

Perhaps when the history of our times is written, it will be said that we lived in the Era of Restlessness, when each generation proved its progress by moving away from home.

The friends of our youth are scattered over a continent, and seldom a week passes when we are not introduced to some newcomers who are henceforth to be our neighbors.

A strange young man is introduced to you, or to your daughter, or to someone you love. Acquaintance develops into friendship, and presently you begin to see signs that friendship may ripen into love.

Immediately it becomes imperative that this young man should be sized up, and it is equally essential that no mistake should be made.

You have simply got to know whether or not this young man would make a good husband. But how are you going to find out?

That is the question of questions.

That is the problem which I am going to try to help you to solve.

When any great question arises, you have two guides to its solution.

You may rely upon instinct. Or you may rely upon reason.

In trying to judge a young man, I think most of us depend upon instinct. We say rather thoughtfully, "He seems to be all right," and for the rest of it we trust to luck.

Now if you had saved a hundred dollars, and a comparative stranger came to you and asked for the loan of that hundred dollars, would you lend it to him—upon instinct? Hardly. You would want some very definite information before you parted with your savings.

Then why should you trust him with your life's happiness, or that of your daughter, when you have nothing but instinct to guide you?

Besides, if you make a mistake in lending money, the loss is not an irrevocable one. It is not one of those catastrophes known as living sorrows.

But if you make a mistake in the choice of a husband, you lose practically all that makes life worth living.

Thus speedily we are forced to the conclusion that you should not only use your instinct, but that you should also use your reason to the utmost in deciding whether or not a man is worth while.

Let us therefore suppose that you have a definite young man in mind, and that you wish to judge him from the matrimonial standpoint. You have only to select any of the young men you know and keep him clearly in mind while reading this article. Of course we take it for granted that he has no open vices, such as drunkenness, lying or bad temper. Anything like that would naturally disqualify him without further discussion.

As the problem is much too large to be embodied in one query, we will divide it into seven parts, into seven questions, and when we have arrived at the answers of those questions, I think you will agree with me that we have also arrived at the solution of the problem.

In the first place every man worth while must be earnest.

I do not mean that he must go around with a long face and never smile or crack a joke. But I do mean that if a man has no sincere convictions, he will never amount to much.

How could he?

Like a ship, a man must have a definite course and stick to it through fair weather and foul. Otherwise he will seldom, if ever, arrive at the haven where he would be.

There seems to be a growing class of young men who neither know nor care where they stand on such fundamental questions as faith, patriotism or duty.

This lack of principle, this vacillation, is in itself a most ominous indication. For the chances are that a man who has no sinceres feeling about anything else, will be equally insincere regarding a husband's responsibilities.

Your first impulse will be to say "Yes," for it is a common weakness that nearly all of us think we are good judges of human nature. But if you will pause for a few minutes' reflection, you will find yourself somewhat less certain of your answer.

Without earnestness, without sincerity, a man soon grows hypocritical, flippant, or shiftless.

Such a man is not worth while.

I would advise you to shun him.

Next in importance to sincerity, a good man must have that mental and physical alertness generally known as ginger.

He must have the ability to hustle.

He must be possessed of that dynamic energy which makes a live wire.

It makes no difference whether a man is a farmer or a manufacturer, a clerk or a mechanic, unless he has some ginger in him, he will very soon fall into the class of men who are not worth while.

If you marry such a man you will find yourself hitched to a dead horse. Instead of being a help he will be a handicap. A man without ginger will be a plodder all his life.

And what is a great deal more to the point, his wife will have to plod behind him.

This young man whom you are now considering; has he got a bright eye and a springy step?

Those are good signs of ginger.

Does he speak briskly when he is interested? Does he grow enthusiastic about the friends and things he likes? Has he got a hearty laugh? Does he sit erect and is he quick to grasp a situation?

These, too, are excellent signs of ginger.

Is he an early riser? Is he prompt in his engagements? Does he like to walk, or play ball, or skate, or even to throw stones at a tree?

These things, also, are marks of exuberant energy, of ginger. They are indications which show that you are on the track of a man worth while.

But if a young man is slow and sluggish, there is something decidedly wrong with him.

If he has a dead voice and a dull eye at twenty, what sort of a man do you suppose he will be at forty?

Do you think that such a man will be a good provider?

Can a cat catch mice when he has no spring in him?

I tell you, a man has to hustle if he wants to get along nowadays. The world has no time for a chair warmer or a couch weight.

You will therefore be wise to shun a man who has no enthusiasms, no eagerness, no ginger.

Such a man is already dead to the world. He has joined the army of those who are not worth while.

The third essential quality in a young man is ambition. Is your young man ambitious?

And, what is more important, is he trying to realize his ambition?

Many a young man will say: "I'm going into business for myself some day." This sounds ambitious. But unless that young man is saving the necessary money to make a start, he is only fooling himself.

Be careful that he doesn't fool you.

But if you know a man who has a definite and reasonable plan for bettering himself in life, and if he is getting a little nearer and a little nearer to his goal every day, then indeed he is ambitious in the true sense of the word.

He has one of the important elements which make a man worth while.

You and I both know many young men who expect to make a success in life without any special effort.

But don't you be deceived.

They may be intelligent. They may even be unusually clever. They may be steady in their habits, truthful, and possessed of many other virtues. In short they may have all the necessary factors which make a man successful, but unless they are ambitious and are using sustained and intelligent effort to realize their ambitions, they will never amount to much.

Indeed, it is doubtful if they will ever amount to anything.

Suppose you had everything in your pantry necessary to make a cake: flour, sugar, baking powder, shortening and all the other items. And then suppose that instead of getting to work and making that cake, you sat down by the window and expected the cake to make itself.

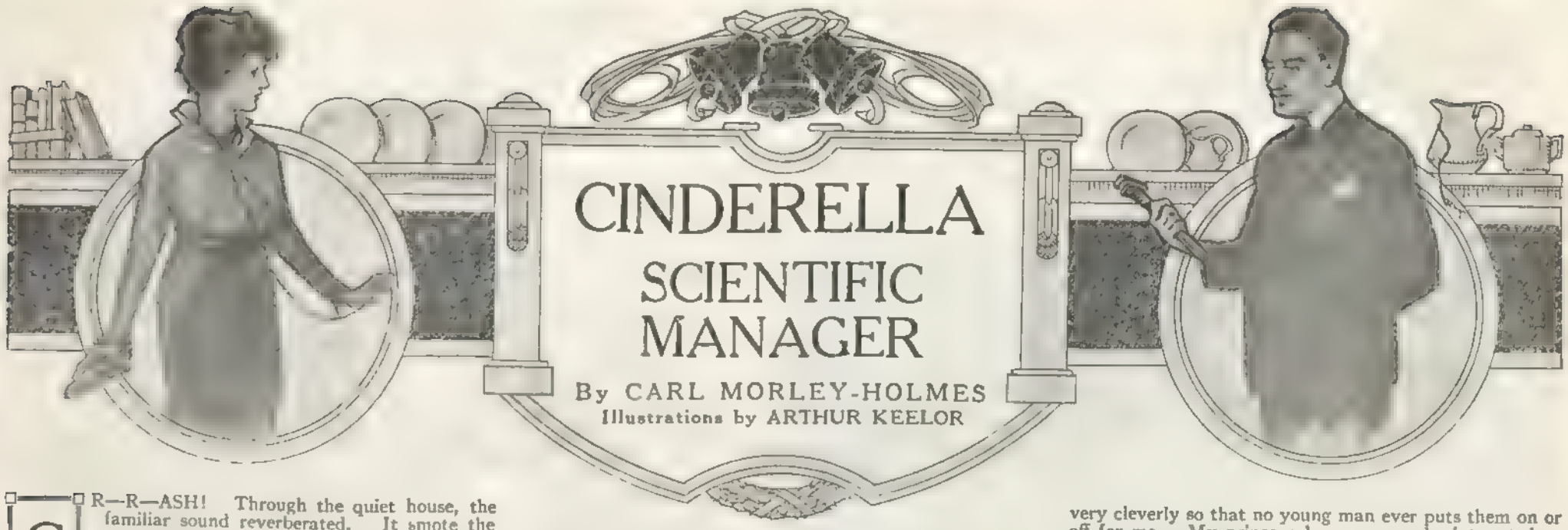
How long do you suppose you would have to sit there before the cake came popping out of the oven?

"Well, then!" as my Aunt Milly used to say. "Well, then!" And if you marry a man without a sensible ambition, you will have to wait just as long before he makes a success of his life.

In one way it is difficult to size up a young man when he is trying to make a good impression on you.

From the very nature of the

(*Concluded on page 20*)



CINDERELLA SCIENTIFIC MANAGER

By CARL MORLEY-HOLMES
Illustrations by ARTHUR KEELOR

CR—R—ASH! Through the quiet house, the familiar sound reverberated. It smote the ears of Miss Lu Ashton and her dainty little step-mother, engaged in similar, yet diverse, occupations. For Mrs. Ashton was tacking some loosened spangles on a white filmy cloud of lace, while her step-daughter was darning long black hose.

At the ominous sound, she sprang up, dropped the heap of undarned stockings into her mother's lap, regardless of the spangled cloud, and started for the hall. She stopped in the door-way, for she heard her twin step-sisters, Nip and Tuck, racing up the back stairs.

Simultaneously they dashed along the hall, exclaiming in one voice:

"Did you hear the 'Fall of China'?" for they were at the punning age of thirteen.

"Did I *hear* it? I *felt* it!" answered Lu.

"What has she smashed now?" called out a despairing voice. Reaching their mother's side at the same instant, the twins explained, antiphonally:

"The last covered vegetable-dish!" and

"Da kitten—she have broken it—it were crack!" in exact imitation of the "Hungry Hun," so christened by the twins.

Mrs. Ashton handed the spangled cloud to her step-daughter, smoothed over the heap of stockings, and as she selected a "holy" one to mend, gave a groan. But Lu Ashton laughed.

"I suppose the kitten struck it a cruel blow with her big, hard paw to crack it, before swishing the heavy dish off the table with her mighty tail," she said, placing the filmy cloud on a hanger and suspending it in the closet. Her irony elicited a twin-concert of giggles. Nip sprang up and clasping her arms about Lu's neck, exclaimed:

"O Cin! How perfectly splendid and beautiful and funny and original you are! Aren't you glad, mother, she's home from college for good?"

"How do you know it is for *good?* You never can guess what mischief I am meditating, this very minute," laughed Lu, while her step-mother held distended the long black stocking she was darning for either Nip or Tuck, and those two demanded in unison:

"What?"

"I'm going to earn some money—right away!"

"How?" "By writing stories?" antiphonal again.

"No—that will come later—takes time to turn literary ideas into cash, and I want cash 'immediately if not sooner.'"

Nip and Tuck spread their long slim legs on the floor, propped up their chins on their palms, elbows planted firmly, and looked with eager, adoring eyes at their intensely interesting sister.

"Every cent of the two thousand dollars my two grandmothers gave me so that I wouldn't be taking their names in vain, is gone—spent for my college course," she sighed. "I've often thought it was not enough to repay me for those awful names—'Lucinda' and 'Ellen'—when father had already bestowed 'Ashton'!"

Tuck broke in disdainfully:

"Schucks! What's a name? *I'd* take the worst two names in the Bible for a thousand dollars apiece. There's Ginger Nutley. Her name's 'Louise,' but she's never been called anything but 'Ginger' because she was 'spunky.' My name's 'Rosalie' and Nip's is 'Madelon,' but 'Nip and Tuck' is all we ever hear!"

"Because you think and speak and act almost as one," said Mrs. Ashton.

"Why, no, we don't," said the twins in one voice, and then giggled sheepishly.

"Thank goodness, we don't *look* alike," said Nip.

"No, *my* hair's *curly*," said Tuck.

"Sure sign of a tepid temperament," thus Nip, who dearly loved a bit of alliteration.

"*Tepid* temperament? Curly hair is a sure sign of *artistic* temperament," snapped Tuck.

A difference of opinion between the twins was something to be discouraged in its incipiency—the interference of sound waves so perfectly similar, resulting in a silence that neither would break for fear of speaking in unison. So Lu hastened to distract their attention.

"Mother, how much does this 'Hungry Hun' cost you per month?" she asked.

"Oh, I pay her twenty-five dollars, and she eats, wastes and smashes another twenty-five. That's why we have the 'paying guest'—that, and for company, your father being away months at a time on business," sighed weak little Mrs. Ashton.

"If Dad were only *rich*, we could afford a *good* servant," said Nip.

"Dad's much too nice to get rich—the highest, finest type of men never make much money," said Lu. Then to her mother:

"How much does it cost you, sending the laundry out, mother?"

"Two dollars a week."

"Hm! About ten a month. Now, look at me, all of you." She stood erect, her head thrown back, chest expanded, dark eyes radiant, cheeks glowing. "Here am I, college graduate, strong, healthy, vigorous—no position in sight till September, and it's now February. I have specialized in Domestic Science—expect to teach it. But in the meantime I intend to practise it in this house—and *without* the 'Hun' under foot! Mother, you give me thirty dollars a month, and I'll do every scrap of work in this house, except the laundress's! It will be Domestic Science and Physical Culture all in one!"

The twins looked aghast at the idea of this beautiful, elegant sister doing household drudgery, and Mrs. Ashton said:

"Lu, dear, you don't know what you are talking about. Why, that 'Hun' is working every minute of the time, every day in the week. She is *never* through. You'd have no time for your writing, or reading, or social engagements"

"I'd have time for everything—*because* I would carry scientific management to the highest degree of efficiency—no wasted motions. It can be done by *system*—method, but *not* by an untrained, untrainable servant. There's the rub—it is impossible to teach that girl of ours the first principles. I shall send her flying—she'll fly for once and I shall myself personally conduct and perform all the cooking, sweeping, etc., of this establishment. I will do it by a subversion of the maxim, 'one thing at a time,' for I shall always do two or three things at once. While preparing breakfast I shall begin the on dinner."

"I'm sure you can cook finely, Lu, but the sweeping in this big house is awful," expostulated Mrs. Ashton.

"Mother, don't you remember the time I was showing my physical culture pole exercise, and Dad said in his humorous style: 'Now, Lu, if there'd been a *broom* at the end of that stick, you'd have actually swept this room'? Mother, sweeping is a fine exercise!"

"Then there's the furnace work—*ash*-work, Lu. Mercy! You'll be called 'Cinderella' in earnest, and *I'll* be called the cruel step-mother!" wailed Mrs. Ashton.

"Well, that's my nick-name. When I went to college, I religiously wrote my absurd name, 'Lucy E. Ashton.' But in less than a month the 'Lucinda Ellen' was extorted from me, and 'Cinderella' or 'Cin' for short, I became. I didn't mind it—you know there's always the possible prince in the background. I took the part of 'Cinderella' in moving pictures at college only a month ago, and I'm going as 'Cinderella' to Mrs. Weston's Martha Washington dance on the twenty-second, *chiefly* because I *have* the costume, though I have no Cinderella foot. Look at *that!*" and she displayed a foot, well-shaped and daintily shod, but of a generous size, quite in keeping with the splendid form it supported.

"'Thou wearest a number nine, love,'" sang the twins in harmony, though not in unison, for Nip sang in G minor and Tuck in B flat major.

"Not quite as bad as *that*," laughed Lu, "but five and a half's bad enough—it calls for a number *six* rubber. I always *am* ashamed of my rubbers, and I have to manage very cleverly so that no young man ever puts them on or off for me. My prince, who, you may be interested to learn, has not visualized himself to me as yet, would be in danger of losing himself in one of my rubbers if I dropped it in his vicinity."

"He'd have a job putting it in his pocket," snickered Nip, and Tuck said:

"Well, *our* toes are safe, Nip. I could get both my feet in one of your rubbers, Cin."

"Now, don't *rub* it in, Tuck—be thankful I have a good 'understanding,' a broad base. It won't be easy to disturb my equilibrium when domestic disasters occur."

Cr—r—ash! ! ! Tinkle—inkle—zip! from the kitchen.

"Mercy!" cried Cin, and

"*What* has that reckless kitten smashed now?" from Nip.

"*Kitten?*" indignantly from Mrs. Ashton. "Look!" And lifting the heap of stockings, she exposed the reckless kitten, curled up, sound asleep in her lap, where it had been all the time.

"That settles it," said Cin. "Here's where I jump in, seize the steering wheel, and run this auto so smoothly by my scientific management that you'll never feel a jar."

"Not even a Mason jar," punned the twins, running after Lu as she started energetically kitchenward. But placing a hand on the shoulder of each, she shoved them back into the room, saying, with decision:

"Now, positively, you 'sin-twisters' have got to keep from under my feet—I make this *one* condition. I intend to put ninety-nine per cent. of my brain and one per cent. of my muscle into this scheme, at the beginning, and I *must* have perfect freedom of motion. Mother, won't you lay your commands on these two? I'll figure out presently just what they can do to help without hindering."

"But, Lu, dear, hadn't you better wait till after the twenty-second before you do anything rash?" said Mrs. Ashton. "You must be in good trim for Mrs. Weston's dance."

"I *can't* wait, mother—I shall begin my kitchen career right now."

"Much chance you'll have of finding a prince, in your kitchen career," jeered Tuck, but Nip, who was ever an optimist, called after Lu's disappearing form:

"You never can tell—you may find a perfectly good prince in the ash-barrel, where we found this kitten, you precious darling!" This last to the little furry ball she held to her cheek. Lu put her head through the doorway to say:

"Don't you people imagine that I shall spend much time in the kitchen—my system makes it unnecessary. I shall keep house wisely, but not *too* well," and she vanished.

"You two go study your algebra, and keep out of Lu's way," said Mrs. Ashton. As the twins slowly left the room, quite without enthusiasm, Nip said:

"Algebra's not nearly as interesting—O, Tuck! did you hear that one? A—Cinteresting?" But Tuck was racing down the front stairs, and she called back:

"Come on to the library—we can *hear* what's doing in the kitchen." And they got their ears to the door just in time to hear in tones of infinite contempt from the "Hungry Hun":

"*Who* cook? *You* cook?"

A little more than twenty-four hours later, Mrs. Ashton disobeyed orders to the extent of putting her head into the kitchen to see if there were any signs of an incoming dinner, the bell having just tinkled invitingly.

She saw a plumber in the usual picturesque costume, standing by the outer door, tools in hand. He was saying, in the tones of superior knowledge employed by his kind with such convincing effect:

"I tell you, lady, there ain't no more smell than's natural to a gas-meter!"

"And *I* tell *you* that it isn't natural for *me* to pay for gas that leaks out without being turned into light," retorted Lu with decision. To which the man:

"I can't find *no* leak—I've tested everywhere with a match."

"And *I've* tested with my *nose*—which is more than a match for escaping gas! Why don't you use your nose, man? You're about the eleventh person the Public Service Corporation has sent up here to stop that leak, and there isn't one of you that has a nose worth a *cent*," laughing a little, "either literally or figuratively. You ought all to be operated on for adenoids! I shall telephone to the office and tell those people exactly what I think of them and their unscientific methods!" Then, evidently fearing she had spoken too severely, she added more mildly: "You mustn't let your feelings be hurt by what I have said—but it does put me out to find such incompetence——"

"Oh, you can't hurt my feelings, lady—*we meet all kinds of people!* Good night!" and out he went, leaving Lu with her mouth still open, but speechless. Then she sat down weakly in the one chair and laughed till she had to wipe her eyes. Spying her mother's head at the door, she cried:

"Oh, mother! Did you hear that plumber set me down? '*All* kinds of people'! I suppose he'll report me at the office as a perfect vixen! How funny! How funny!" And she went off into another gale of laughter. Mrs. Ashton said, timidly:

"I tell you, lady, there ain't no more smell than's natural to a gas-meter."

(*Continued on Page 19*)

UNFAITHFUL TO HIS TRUST

A Stirring Tale of Love and Duty

BY E. M. WICKES

This Story Will Shortly Appear at Your Favorite Theatre as a Moving Picture Play With Alice Joyce in the Leading Role—Enquire From the Manager About it.

Her father gratified her secret wish by introducing her to Floyd.

IN the middle of her shopping tour Eugenia, discovering that her supply of cash had become exhausted, instructed her chauffeur to drive to The Baldwin Bank, of which her father was the president. Just inside the bank she encountered her father talking to Grant Floyd, the handsome District Attorney. Her father introduced her to Floyd, and in doing so he gratified one of her secret wishes. She had heard a great deal about him, but never could bring herself to ask her father to invite him to the house.

"To most folks you must be a veritable goblin man," she smiled, addressing Floyd ten minutes later, as she stood ready to enter her auto.

"What gives you that idea?" he asked, apparently amused at her remark.

"You seem to be always bent on sending people to jail."

"Oh, I see. But some one has to do it in order to protect society. And surely you wouldn't condemn a man for doing his duty."

"Hardly. I suppose duty is duty."

"Yes; and not infrequently a very painful affair."

"If we continue to discuss the matter we might evolve into sociologists and neglect other duties; but we won't, for I'm going to go, and I expect to see you on the day father invited you."

When her father returned from business that evening she had every intention of questioning him concerning Floyd, but his worried expression as he dropped into a chair drove all inquiries from her mind.

"What seems to be the trouble, Daddy?" she asked, taking a seat on the arm of his chair.

The old banker's brow became a row of troubled furrows.

"Joynes, the cashier, persuaded me to endorse some notes to-day, which I fear are going to cause trouble. They are short time notes, and I doubt if we will be able to meet them."

"And is there no way you could raise the money, if necessary?"

"Ordinarily I could, but I fear crookedness on Joynes's part, and I can't just place my hands on the evidence. If anything should leak out there'll be a quick investigation, as Floyd deposited fifteen thousand dollars in the bank to-day."

Eugenia caught her breath as she recalled the words of the district attorney.

"And what do you intend to do, Daddy?"

"I don't know. I'm all at sea. If Joynes is caught in any crooked deal they'll probably hold me responsible for him."

"And take you from me to send you to jail?" she asked, horrified at the thought. "Oh, no, not you, Daddy. You would not harm any one."

"With men, girl, duty is duty. And Floyd would prosecute me as quick as any one else. And who could blame him?"

During the following three weeks, however, nothing transpired to justify the old banker's fears. In the meantime Floyd called several times, and at each visit he and Eugenia appeared to be drawn closer to each other. His ideals dovetailed with most of hers, and the books and plays that appealed to him interested her also. They found much in common, so much so, that the hours spent together glided by all too quickly.

One evening, about a month after their first meeting, Eugenia sat in a large arm chair waiting for Floyd to call to escort her to a musical. Dressed in a white decollete gown with a little flower at her bodice, she was a paragon of beauty, and she experienced a queer, happy feeling at her consciousness of being beautiful—happy for his sake.

Floyd entered at the appointed time, and his eyes glowed with pride as he stood in mute admiration.

"If I possessed the soul of a poet and the eye of an artist I would pay you a compliment, but, as I don't, I must express my admiration by looks."

What he had said meant more to her than a thousand eulogistic platitudes from others.

"To-morrow," he remarked, walking to the side of her chair, "I am going away on business for a week. Do you think you will miss me?"

She looked up, and smiled playfully.

"Must I really tell you?"

"Not unless your heart prompts you."

"Suppose I keep it a secret?"

"Then I shall spend a miserable week," he sighed. "But, tell me you will miss me

"I think so."

He imprisoned her fluttering hand between his palms, and told his love.

"Not certain?"

She looked up, her lips trembling.

"I shall miss you—very much. But you're selfish, like all lovers in books."

She rose, and stepped to the side of the chair. He came over, imprisoned her fluttering hand between his palms, and told his love.

"I love you, dear," he breathed, "and without you the world would turn into a tiresome and painful treadmill. Long, long ago I met you in dreams, and I worshipped and loved you. And you—you love me, too, don't you?"

She replied with a nod, and offered little resistance as he drew her to his breast and pressed a kiss upon her upturned lips. Her father's approach at that moment put an end to the happy tableau.

"Youth will be youth," the old banker laughed good-naturedly. "I didn't know you were here or I wouldn't have intruded."

"No intrusion whatever," Floyd returned. "I was just going to look you up to find your views on the subject."

The old banker thought for a moment.

"Since her mother died," he finally said, "Gene has been a world of comfort to me, and naturally I don't like to see her go; but in time I suppose I would have to, and I don't believe she could have made a better selection. Take her, Grant, and be happy."

As the two men clasped hands Eugenia rushed forward and threw her arms about her father's neck.

"I'll always love you, too, Daddy," she cried.

During the ensuing week, in spite of Floyd's absence, she was as happy as a beautiful girl blessed with an ideal lover could be. On the evening of the day Floyd was to return she was seated in the reading room, when her father suddenly staggered into the room and dropped wearily into a chair. With a cry of alarm she sprang to his side and implored him to tell her his troubles.

"The worst has come!" he moaned.

"The worst—you mean the bank?"

He nodded dejectedly.

"The bank is wrecked," he said. "The notes Joynes had me endorse were worthless. The people heard about it and started a run on the bank. There was a riot outside, and the police had to club the mob back. It was frightful, girl, frightful! I gave all I had, but that could not stem the tide. I'm ruined! And what's worse, Floyd's fortune has been swept away!"

Eugenia stared wild-eyed for a moment, unable to comprehend fully the calamity. At that moment Floyd entered.

"I suppose you've heard all about it," the old banker sighed, trembling like a man with the ague.

Floyd nodded and looked at Eugenia. "Perhaps it is not as bad as he imagines."

"There's no hope," the banker mumbled. "And worst of all, your money has been swept away."

"Don't worry about me," Floyd responded. "If you can adjust matters for the others I think everything will turn out all right."

"Thanks, you're generous," the banker replied, the tears dimming his sight. "Just let me rest here for a while, and perhaps I may feel better later."

Eugenia kissed her father in a comforting manner and then proceeded to another room with Floyd.

"When I first heard of the crash I felt sick all over," Floyd whispered, as they stood in an adjoining room, "knowing the torture you two must be suffering. I couldn't have felt any worse had my own father been at the head of the bank."

Eugenia kissed him for his sympathy, and was about to make some response when a servant knocked, and then entered with a message for Floyd, an urgent summons to the office. He bade her to be of good cheer, kissed her, and departed.

For the next five days Eugenia lived in a state of terror. The town papers from the first had clamored for an indictment and a speedy trial, and every time she heard a footstep on the porch she pictured the sheriff coming for her father. She had sent word to Floyd not to call until the case had been disposed of, fearing that the papers might misconstrue his visits

An indictment was finally returned against the banker and the cashier. The people of the town, to a great extent, sympathized with her father, having full faith in his honesty, but they felt that he should pay for his neglect, which had allowed his subordinate to prove unfaithful to his trust. Eugenia found a small grain of comfort in this sympathy, but it did not eliminate the possibility of her father's going to prison. And the most poignant part was that Floyd would be the prosecutor. Vividly and painfully his remark relative to duty returned.

Three days prior to the trial she received a note from Joynes, who had been incarcerated, while her father had been released on bail. Joynes wrote to the effect that he had been informed that Floyd had prepared an unusually strong case as the result of having been one of the victims, and that the attorney intended to make capital of it for the coming election. Joynes urged her to use her influence to take Floyd from the case, even if she had to induce him to resign, for without him the case would fall flat.

After reading the note Eugenia tore it into shreds and scorned the idea of Floyd's treachery. The thought clung to her, however, in spite of her efforts to banish it, and to satisfy her tortured mind she decided to pay him a visit.

(Concluded on page 25)

She uttered a scream and fell backward.

SOME WAR TIME RECIPES

Advised by Ontario Provincial Board of Health

Cheese Soup

FOUR cups skimmed milk, 1 cup grated cheese, 1½ tblsp. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper (black, cayenne or paprika). Cost for six persons—10 cents. Reserve ¼ cup cold milk, and put the rest to heat in a double boiler. Mix the flour with an equal bulk of cold milk, and thin down with the remainder; stir this into the hot milk and stir until it thickens. Season to taste with the salt and pepper and cook 10 minutes longer. Add the cheese, stir until it begins to melt and serve at once.

Variations.—The seasoning may be varied with celery salt, allspice or mace. A little finely chopped onion or carrot or celery may be boiled 20 minutes in a little water, and the water alone, or the whole, added to the milk before thickening. The water from dinner vegetables will serve the same purpose, replacing part of the milk.

Braised Beef

ONE and a half lbs. beef (19c.), 3 tablespoons dripping (1c.), 3 cups boiling water, 1 cup carrots, 1 cup turnips, 1 cup potatoes, ¼ cup onions (cut in small pieces) (8c.), salt and pepper. Total 28c. Dip meat in flour, brown in dripping. Place meat in pan, surround with vegetables, add water and cover closely. Cook three or four hours in moderate oven, or simmer on back of stove.

Cheese and Potato Pie

PUT 1½ lbs. of peeled potatoes and 2 ozs. rice on to cook. Grate ½ lb. cheese. Mash potatoes, and mix one-third of them with the cooked rice, the cheese, ¼ lb. bread crumbs, 1½ ozs. butter, one egg and some pepper and salt. Add some gravy if mixture is not moist enough. Put in a pie-dish and cover the rest with potatoes. Put some butter in small pieces over top of pie. Bake a golden brown color in quick oven.

Sheep's Head Pie

CLEAN the head and put into enough cold water to cover it, with vegetables if you have any. Simmer gently till the meat will leave the bones. Chop up the meat and mix it with bread crumbs or soaked crusts, some chopped onions, and some of the broth. Put it into a pie dish, cover it with bread crumbs and some bits of dripping, and brown it in the oven.

Savoury Rice

BOIL ¼ lb. rice in two pints of milk and water till soft. (If skim milk is used a little dripping or chopped suet should be added.) Grate ¼ lb. of dry cheese, and stir into the rice with pepper and salt. Or it may be put in a pie-dish in layers with cheese, and some bits of dripping on top and browned in the oven. Macaroni can be used in the same way.

Beef Loaf for Six people

TAKE 2 lbs. of beef cut off the shank and put it through a meat chopper. Through this mix 1 egg and 2 soda biscuits rolled fine. Add salt and pepper to taste, also onion and savoury if desired. Place in bake dish and sprinkle the top with dripping. Pour a little water in the dish and bake for 45 minutes. Tomatoes may be sliced on the top before putting in the oven.

Fig or Date Pudding

PUT a handful of odd crusts or pieces of bread in a basin, pour over some boiling water and cover till soft. Then press it, pour away the water and beat up the bread with a fork till there are no lumps left. Chop up a teacupful of mutton suet and two cupfuls of cooking figs or dates. Take out any date stones and hard tops and mix all well together with two cupfuls of flour and one of sugar. Add about one cupful of milk or water (the mixture should not be very stiff). Put it into a greased basin, tie a cloth well over it, put it into a saucepan of fast boiling water and keep it boiling for three hours. The pudding may be turned out whole on a dish or sent up in the basin.

Rice and Oatmeal Pudding

PUT a teaspoonful of rice and a teaspoonful of coarse oatmeal in a sauce pan, with enough water to cover all, and simmer till the rice is half cooked. Add 2 ozs. of chopped suet, some grated cheese, and bake in a pie-dish.

Potato Cakes

TWO cups mashed potatoes (1c.), 2 cups flour (2c.), 4 tablespoons dripping, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder (3c.); total 6c. Sift together baking powder and flour, rub in shortening, add potatoes and salt. Mix with little milk to make a soft dough. Roll out half inch thick. Cut into biscuits and bake in quick oven about 15 minutes.

Bran Bunnies

TWO cups bran (1c.), 1 cup white flour (1¼c.), 3½ teaspoons baking powder 1¾c.), 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar (½c.), 3 tablespoons beef dripping (1c.), 1 cup milk and a little water (2½c.); total, 8c. Mix dry ingredients and dripping, add milk and a little water. Drop in hot greased gem pans.

Cocoa Blanc Mange

ONE quart milk, or half milk and half water (5c.), 4 tablespoons corn-starch (2½c.), 3 tablespoons cocoa (2½c.), 4 tablespoons sugar (2c.); total, 12c. Mix cornstarch, sugar and cocoa with a little cold milk. Heat remaining milk, and when boiling add prepared cornstarch, cocoa and sugar. Boil 15 minutes, stirring constantly. Pour in bowl and cool.

Change in Publishing Date

COMMENCING with this issue, Everywoman's World is published the fifteenth of the month preceding month of issuance. All new subscribers who were to receive the March Number will commence their subscription with this issue. The April number, and current subscriptions will be advanced one month, so that all subscribers will have received 12 regular numbers. This change will virtually bring Everywoman's World to your home nearly one month ahead of the time our readers have previously been receiving it

What Do You Think I Bought To-Day? Can You Guess?

$20.00 PRIZES TO CORRECT ANSWERS

WELL I'll help you to figure it out and if you can get it correct I'll be glad to see you get the choicest prize from the $20 00 worth of advertised goods that will be awarded.

I first of all went down to my local drug store and bought a cake of soap—the kind that gives "an absolutely thorough cleansing of the skin."

Then I enquired for the "Food that Builds Bonnie Babies," about which I had read in Everywoman's World. The druggist did not have it in stock but as I told him how anxious and particular I am to have the best and safest food for my little darling—well he gladly sent for it. I told him I knew it was no experiment to use it since it had been used for so long, and with such pronounced success in England.

I next visited the dress goods department of my favorite department store to learn what Diane Easton was decreeing for spring wear "made of the highest grades of silk and wool" Much to my delight I found just the fabric I had wanted so long the kind that is out of the ordinary and yet has good wearing qualities I right away had just enough for a new street dress, to wear this early spring.

Having read in an advertisement in Everywoman's World how to "make your Easter breakfast worthy of the anticipation" I placed an order for some of S—— s P B and H——. Then realizing that dessert for Faster dinner was equally as important as breakfast, I ordered 2 bottles of —— with which you can make 40 different dishes."

And recently, since becoming a reader of Canada's Great Home Magazine, I have decided to keep some poultry—just enough to keep my table well supplied with fresh eggs. I have bought the baby chicks and expect them by the next express; and now I have just ordered a supply of chick feed that will make them grow rapidly."

The other things which are good and guaranteed and which I see are advertised in this issue of Everywoman's World, are those

THAT "Leaves out all useless expense."

THAT "Are all of the highest quality

THAT IS "Preferred by dainty women everywhere."

THAT IS "Warm, perfect, unburnable."

THAT "The home beautiful is the home sanitary."

THAT IS "As near perfection as you can get in this world."

The phrases in quotation marks in the foregoing are the exact statements of advertisers. Find them in the advertisements in this issue, name the articles, or the firms that are spoken about by these phrases and tell us something, if you can, about the goods they advertise. Tell us also, in a few words, if you have used them, if any of your friends have used them, or if you intend using them, and just what your present opinion is of them. Of course, mention each article or each firm separately.

For the correct and best set of answers, the following awards will be made, 1st prize, $5 worth of goods; 2nd prize, $4 worth of goods, 3rd prize, $3 worth of goods, the goods to be selected by each of the winners; and to each of the readers sending the eight next best set of answers we will award to each a special lovely prize, to be selected by Miss Marguerite Stewart

In sending your answers, kindly write as neatly as possible, and on one side of the sheets only. Send your answers to, Miss Marguerite Stewart, Division 18, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

Miss Sterling Makes Awards

OUR appreciation and thanks are extended to those good friends of Everywoman's World who took part in the "What Is It" Contest, conducted by Miss Sterling in the January issue

The first prize of $8.00 in cash, or $10.00 in goods to be chosen from the January number of Everywoman's World, was captured by the answers received from Mrs. C. J. Thompson R.R. No. 2, Stanstead, Que Will Mrs Thompson kindly write us advising us of her choice and placing the goods she desires as her first prize? The second prize of $3 00 was taken by Mrs. M. Purdy, R.R. No. 3, Oxford, N.S., the third prize, $2.00 was won by Mrs. Harvey Ham, Fergus, Ont.

The seven next best sets of answers were sent in by the following: Mrs. E. Whitmore Noxel, Humberstone, Ont.; Mrs H. U Chenier Box 51 Coalingwood East B C, Mrs Percival E. Pickering, 471 Sadler St, Renfrew, Ont, Margaret Hope, Russboro, P O, Sask; Mrs. Leon Hewitt 69 4th St., S.W., Medicine Hat, Alta.; Mrs. A. M. Foster, Box 57, Consort, Alta.; Mrs. J. Hitel, 244 Van Horne St., Port Arthur, Ont.

As promised by Miss Sterling, these seven lucky winners are to be greatly pleased by the rewards chosen for them—each to receive one half dozen of Rogers silver teaspoons—the beautiful Lucerne Carnation pattern The answers were judged according to correctness of sense and by reference to sincerity and frankness of expression concerning the comments made

Your Two Hands
and a Cake of Palmolive

The soothing, creamlike lather softly rubbed into every pore—then thoroughly rinsed out with pleasant tepid water—the result, an absolutely thorough cleansing of the skin. Repeat daily and you will say that there is nothing more effective than daily washing with

PALMOLIVE

Made from the Palm and Olive Oils that have been used for thousands of years as cleansing agents, Palmolive is a great favorite for babies. Sold everywhere, 15 cents a cake.

PalmoliveShampoo A Palm and Olive oil liquid soap that thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp. It contains no injurious ingredients that will dry out the hair and make it brittle and dull.

Palmolive Cream reinforces the natural oil which keeps the skin smooth and unwrinkled. Apply a little after washing and before going to bed if you value a youthful complexion.

THREEFOLD SAMPLE OFFER. Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo, and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps.

B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Ltd.
155-157 George St., Toronto, Ont.
American Address: B J. Johnson Soap Co , Inc. Milwaukee, Wis. (592)

From the Garden
of 1000 Acres
E D S
Quality
AN Advantage possessed by us over others in the making of our products is that we grow our own fruits and vegetables in our Garden of 1000 Acres, and use only these or other fruits from our neighbors' orchards. Thus we can gather our supplies when they are perfect as to condition, and avoid at the same time the dust and bruising that mar far-carried and much-handled baskets and boxes.
Fruit and vegetables gathered while underripe cannot give the same good results as fruit and vegetables allowed to come to perfection on the trees and vines. Nor are bruised or blemished fruit and vegetables usable if one wants perfection in the finished product.
Also perfection of Quality can come only if one uses in addition to perfect raw materials, pure cane granulated sugar, and omits adulterants and preservatives however innocent. Purity requires a rigid adherence to a very severe and high standard.
You get the acme of Quality and purity when you buy E D S lines which include jams, jellies, preserves, marmalade, tomato catsup, grape juice, raspberry vinegar and canned fruits and vegetables.
Good grocers' Canada sell lines. Look E D S
everywhere in E D Smith for the Triangle.
E. D. SMITH & SON LTD
WINONA
ONTARIO

The Favorite for 66 Years

Perfect Beauty

Fashion requires that the complexion of the well-groomed woman shall be clear and of snowy whiteness.

GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream

will bestow the charms that are so admired.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is a liquid powder, far surpassing dry powders that have to be applied so frequently to gain the desired effect. It whitens, softens and clears the skin. It is absolutely free from grease and consequently does not encourage the growth of hair.

FREE

We will send a Complexion Chamois and Book of Powder Leaves for 15c for mailing and wrapping.

At Drug and Department Stores

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son,
474 St. Paul Street Montreal, Que.

"It's a Long Long Way to Tipperary"

Anybody Can Play This on the Piano or Organ in One Evening

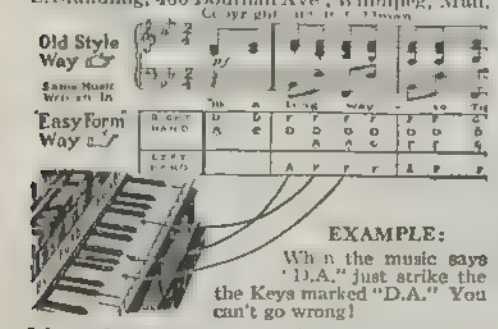
as we now have it in the "EASY FORM MUSIC METHOD." With the keyboard chart (see illustration) "EASY FORM" Music shows you where to put the fingers of both hands so that you can start playing it at once

Here's the PROOF

"My boy, who couldn't play a note, sat down and played three pieces first night."—Mrs. E. Windorer, Halls Bridge, Ont.

"I certainly think Easy Method Music wonderful. my Grand-daughter, 11 years old never had a lesson, now she can play several pieces quite correctly." Mrs. (Rev.) Jas. Graham, Inglewood, Ont

"I could play the first piece in 40 minutes and never tried a note on the piano before." Mrs. S. Standing, 460 Bourman Ave., Winnipeg, Man.



EXAMPLE: When the music says "D.A." just strike the the Keys marked "D.A." You can't go wrong!

It's as Simple as A.B.C. because young children or old people who can read the first 7 letters, A.B.C.D.E.F.G., can now play the piano or organ in a few hours without any previous experience whatever.

"Easy Form" Music is a genuine blessing to those who truly love music, but who never had several years' time and patience to puzzle out the Chinese Signs in ordinary music.

Try it FREE in Your Home

In order to prove to you that all we say is true, we will mail you the entire method and 100 pieces of music for 7 days' FREE Trial. Keep it 7 days to prove to your own satisfaction that every word we say is true—then send us $1.50 as a first payment, and $1.00 a month until $6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted, send it back in 7 days and owe us nothing. That's fair, isn't it? If it is not all we claim, could we afford to make such a fair, square offer? When writing, give your home address and Post Office. Simply write——"I accept your 7 day Free Trial Offer as announced in Everywoman's World." Answer these questions: How many keys on your piano or organ?—Do you play old style note music?—Address: EASY METHOD MUSIC CO., 208 Wilson Building, Toronto, Can.

THE WEALTH OF THE POOR

BY JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

THERE has been yet greater stupidity in the praise of poverty than in the condemnation of wealth. Notwithstanding all the ecstasies of poets and all the ranting of demagogues and all the sanctimoniousness of hypocrites, it is no more a blessing to be poor than it is a curse to be rich. Men may be poor and yet be scoundrels, and men may be rich and yet be saints.

There is a poverty that is a curse, and that has never been anything else than a curse. There is a poverty that stands for ignorance and vice and crime, for filth and degradation, for brutality and bestiality. There is a poverty that converts the whole of life into a perpetual grind for the barest necessities of life. There is a poverty that condemns its responsible or irresponsible victim to life imprisonment within tenement or hovel, in slum or ghetto, and ends a joyless and profitless existence in almshouse or hospital, in workhouse or penitentiary. There is a poverty that ages life before it is young, and makes it decrepit before it is old; that makes of virtue a merchandise and of beggary a profession. That man, therefore, who sings the praises of a condition of life such as this, is, if not a fanatic or knave, certainly a fool.

Wealth Unattended by Will to Rise Above It

Abject poverty is an evil, and few are they who, when in a normal state, do not exert their utmost to emancipate themselves from its thraldom, recognizing instinctively that, as little as civilized existence is possible in the frigid zone, so little is a normal condition of life sustainable under environments of penury.

Many causes may adduce to poverty. It may be a product of war, famine, disease, pillage, tyranny, fraud, or it may be a legacy of indolence or incompetence or improvidence. But, whatever its origin, he alone is poor who, when born into such a state or when unexpectedly whelmed by it, does not struggle heroically to break the shackles that keep him from enjoying some of the advantages of civilized life.

And he is more than rich who, born in poverty, enters life with that resoluteness of spirit that will bring him to the front, even though the most untoward circumstances would keep him back, that will make him rise above ten thousand wants and miseries, even though Alpine weights of privations would hold him down. Possessing that spirit, he possesses what wealth cannot buy; having the will to rise, he holds the secret of greatness and the key to immortal fame. Born in poverty with such resoluteness to rise, and the lowliest manger becomes richer in possibility than the most luxuriant crib; the most wretched log-cabin opens vistas of Temples of Fame such as is not afforded even by the lordliest palace; the direst wants hew a path toward triumphs which not all the wealth in all the world can open. Such a spirit finds in poverty its most efficient spurs, finds in the hovel its best nursery, finds in biting cold and gnawing hunger and burning thirst the finest tools with which to fashion a towering genius or a career of splendid usefulness.

Poverty Often Richest Heroism

Many a father has left a princely dower to his children, when he left them nothing but poverty with which to take up the battle of life. And well would it have been for many a rich idler had one of his ancestors prayed, as prayed one of Emerson's, that none of his posterity should be rich, or had his father devised in his will, as did a certain other father, that, if his son, on becoming of age, should prove himself wise, the money should be devoted to some deserving charity; should he, however, prove himself a fool, the money should be given him. That father had not gone through life with his eyes shut. Manifold experience had taught him that, his son being wise, he will become only the wiser and the better by being unhampered by inherited treasure, that, being poor and obliged to struggle, all that is noblest and best within him will be forced into activity, will be made to wrestle with adverse circumstances, and which wrestling will so sharpen the intellect, will so arouse the energies and strengthen the will, that victory will come at last, and crown the long struggle with its well-deserved success.

I see many a young man and many a young woman to-day, rich in native ability, large of heart and soul, who need nothing but poverty to become great men and women, who only require hard struggle, bitter trials and tribulations to save their lives from becoming useless and frivolous. Conceive, if you can, a Florence Nightingale, a Clara Barton, and Elizabeth Frey, reaching the lofty heights to which they have attained, by spending their days, as scores of our rich young women spend theirs, on dress and exhibition, on idleness and follies and selfish pleasures that put precious means and yet more precious time under heavy tribute, and which yield as harvest only a debased intellect, a contracted heart, a weakened will, a blase spirit, an exhausted constitution, an inane, purposeless existence. Or conceive some of our rich young men occupying some day a well-deserved niche in the Temple of Fame, whose wealth unfits them for struggle, without which there has never yet been great achievement, who are so weakened and dulled by ease and luxury that the very powers that might have helped them on to greatness only aid their undoing, who, lacking the stimulus that is begotten of necessity, are deprived of that sharpening of the intellect, of that arousing of the energies, of that quickening of forethought and foresight that mould ability into greatness and stamp brave struggle with the imprint of immortal fame.

Parents Undo Their Children by Unfitting Them for Struggle

On every side, I see parents engaged in removing obstacles from their children's paths. I see them busy softening the couches on which their unweary children are to rest, busy lessening the hardships attendant upon their children's acquisition of knowledge or on their obtaining an honored position in life. I see parents slaving to leave behind a fortune that shall assure happiness to their children, and that shall impart lustre to the family name to the distant generations. Such self-sacrifice is truly pathetic, because of the all too frequent disappointment that is its reward. It contravenes the law that makes achievement the result of struggle, and struggle the result of necessity. Plenty begets ease; ease begets luxury, extravagance and excess; these lead to degeneracy, and this to impoverishment.

Parents would often show a wiser and a truer love, would assure greater happiness to their children, would help them to hew out for themselves illustrious careers, were they to pursue an opposite course, were they, notwithstanding all their wealth, to oblige their children to struggle where they now seek to promote their ease, were they to beset them with hardship, where they now try to remove every obstacle and difficulty from their path, were they to oblige them to exercise economy, to foster habits of industry and thrift and frugality, to cultivate mind and heart and soul, to shun every self-indulgence. It is from such habits and

The Wealth of the Poor

from such qualities alone that true greatness, true usefulness, true happiness springs.

Small, indeed, would human progress have been, centuries behind would we have been to-day in point of civilization, had our men of creative genius been sons of rich fathers, had they been pampered from earliest childhood instead of being hardened and quickened in the school of adversity. Enter any Hall of Fame, the world's greatest men, and for every one that has sprung from affluent circumstances you will find a thousand who rose from the direst want. For every one who had his path to honor opened to him by wealth and influence, you will find a thousand whose rise to fame meant a fight, lasting for years, against a world of adversity and opposition, against hunger and cold and ignorance, against prejudice and slight and contempt. Their greatest wealth lay in their being denied the debilitating seductions of wealth, in being refused association with those who pride themselves on consuming their fathers' possessions, in being denied admission to circles which consider themselves very select and very exclusive, and whose sole distinction lies in squandering their fathers' fortunes, in exhausting their physical and moral strength, in frittering away the golden opportunities of youth.

Why Successful Fathers' Sons Are Unsuccessful

The question is often asked, why it is that sons of great men are often poor specimens of humanity. The question is not hard to answer. The fathers attained prominence by reason of struggles that aroused and developed what was noblest and best within them. The children, being denied the necessity for such struggle, leave undone that which alone can confer distinction.

Mr. Carnegie, the other day, said: Let a young man be ever so poor, if he but have health and energy and a noble purpose in life, all things are possible for him. Let a young man, however, have all the wealth he desires, and yet lack moral and physical health, and have no purpose in life, there is none so poor as he, and the same may apply to a woman.

And well he knew whereof he spoke. No one knows better than he the origin and rise of successful men. His own life is his own best text, ending his schooling at ten years of age, beginning life as a bobbin-boy in a cotton factory, later a messenger boy at $1.20 a week, later a telegraph operator, and now the richest and greatest iron-master in the world. His story is largely that of Lord Strathcona, who, though born in poverty, rose to a place as the largest land owner in the world, the story of whose life has seldom been equalled in fiction.

And the story of the greatest iron-master and the noblest merchant of our age is that of the great inventor, Edison, who was obliged to be a wage-earner as a newsboy at seven years of age; who, in eager thirst of knowledge, fitted up, while still a lad, a crude laboratory in the cellar of his house for experimentation in chemistry; who next tried his hand as a telegraph operator, next inventing telegraphic appliances, next in other inventions, till, by the hardest labor on record, he became the greatest of all modern inventors.

As Well as In Literature, Art and Music

And what is the story of the masters of whose books or music or art you are fondest, and from whose pictures on your wall you draw your greatest inspiration, what is their story but that of struggle against poverty and triumph over adversity? Dickens, the son of a ne'er-do-well who answers to the description of Micawber; Carlyle, who rose from the humblest condition; Goldsmith, one of seven children of a father earning two hundred dollars a year; Bayard Taylor, obliged to sleep many a night under the open sky, without having had supper nor knowing whence his breakfast would come; Schiller, read by an admiring world who little knew that shivering cold and pinching hunger sat by their favorite poet's side; Spinoza, astounding the world with his philosophy, and grinding lenses for his one or two frugal meals a day; Wagner, engaged half of his life time in a desperate struggle with want; Meissonier rising to the loftiest heights of art from the lowest obscurity. "What is poverty? Who is the man that whines under it?" said Jean Paul Richter. "Luxury bears harder on talent than poverty. I would not for much money have had much money in my youth."

Wealth has its blessings even so has poverty, and as the proper use of the one is to be commended so is a proper wrestling with the other to be praised. Poverty is an evil, only when it is the result of one's own improvidence, when it is unattended by a determination to rise above its undesirable state. It is a blessing, when it comes as an invitation to open the gate that leads to nobler usefulness, to immortal fame. The poor are more often the elect of God than are the rich. The world has need of workers, and to make sure of them, God often empties the pockets of the elect, that he may pour all the richer treasures into their heads and hearts and hands. Blessed, therefore, are they that are poor for it is they, who, more than all others, make a kingdom of heaven of our earth.

WOMEN WORTH KNOWING

BY MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

Inspector of Schools
Margaret K. Strong

CANADIAN women and particularly teachers who are apt to grumble that men in the profession have all the preferences and the plums in matters of salary, promotion and appointment, are invited to consider the case of Miss Strong, a "mere girl," and something in addition, who "inspects" the public schools of New Westminster. You are asked to consider how she did it, how well she does it and, that digested, how she contrives to exceed her official programme.

The unusualness of Miss Strong's position would not appear unusualness in the country to the south of this Dominion. The United States has numbers of examples of women inspectors of education—literally hundreds of county superintendents and at least four State superintendents. And then as a case of a municipal superintendent there is Ella Flagg Young, of Chicago schools, while down in Colorado there is a woman legislator whose opinions on educational matters are held as stuff that school law should be made of. Helen Ring Robinson, this woman legislator, is not unknown to Canadian audiences. We applauded her

Margaret K. Strong inspects New Westminster schools, and now and then brings in a reform or two as we saw when she had the school teachers' salaries fixed at a minimum of seven hundred and twenty a year.

views about women on the school boards, and in other educational high places, just as though she voiced our own convictions. The difference between Miss Strong and ourselves is that she had the courage of the views we hold in common and simply claimed her due without distemper.

Now to have a "due" in a matter like this you must first have abundant qualification. Miss Strong began at the Hamilton Collegiate to achieve that brilliant series of successes which has punctuated her academic fortune. She entered the University of Toronto in 1901 with the Fifth General Proficiency Scholarship and the Edward Levy Gold Medal. She undertook the course in philosophy, a department so unattractive to most girls that she was the only woman that year in it, with such success that the final year she tied for the John MacDonald Scholarship. Even so early, this earnest student had the gift of regulating her life to include more than school and book-worm interests. She was liked immensely by all her fellow-students, being quite as keen on gayeties and frolics as she was on winning high scholastic honours.

On graduating, Miss Strong became assistant in the Psychological Department at the University of Toronto, a post which she filled for exactly a year, when a thirst to resume her studies overcame her. And she spent the following year at Cornell, where she took her M.A. degree in 1907. Fortune smiled—she received an appointment as head of the department of philosophy at Wilson College for Women, at Chambersburg, Pa. Here she remained for two years, leaving in 1909 to teach psychology and pedagogy in the State Normal School of Indiana. Then Canada beckoned its brilliant daughter, irresistibly. She applied for a school in New Westminster and received the appointment—the principalship of the largest school in that British Columbia city. At the end of two years she became inspector, the only woman among hosts of candidates who answered the School Board's advertisement. She has had an alert eye for opportunity always and it is rather the result of work and wide-awakeness than of any favoritism of fortune that she occupies her present important office. Her winning quality has been efficiency. Her ambition at every stage of the game has been first to equal her occupation and then by force of growth, to expand it. For such, the bigger work is always waiting.

Canada has been gradually waking to the value of feminism in education. There have always been hosts of women

Miss Cora Hind has reached a position where nation builders look upon her as a helper with the harvest.

teachers. There are now women trustees in certain of our cities. In Halifax the secretary of the School Board is a woman. But to New Westminster the credit must be given for first recognizing the value of a woman in the capacity of Public School Inspector.

And the honour to Margaret K. Strong is the greater when the character of the Municipal Schools which are under her direction is considered. The inspector is proud of their situations—overlooking the beauties of the Fraser River and backed by impressive towers of snow-capped mountains. They are well-built structures with spacious grounds and the outside regulations bespeak the inside.

Miss Strong is by no means Amazonic, although a determined and able little person. She is feminine, amiable, and charming altogether, in addition to having a gift of savoir faire. She has manifested the last virtue abundantly in office. She brought about a change in the salary schedule, whereby the minimum salary of a teacher was fixed at seven hundred and twenty dollars. She was also, lately, aggressively instrumental in having a Domestic Science Course and a Commercial Course introduced in the schools as regular parts of day school education.

Now, just as in her student days, it was Miss Strong's habit to exceed her programme of application to books, by other interests, she is still enlarging her sphere of activity by participation in women's enterprises outside the immediate round of her office duties. She is an active member of the Women's Council and bears the title, by recent election, of President of the University Women's Club.

A Connoisseur in Crops
Miss Cora Hind

FEW people, perhaps, would accuse Miss Hind, Commercial and Agricultural Editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, of being poetic. The woman whose reports of crop prospects are read with respect in three great countries—Canada, the United States and Britain—by men of business, is hardly a soul affinity of Bryant, at least as the casual mind is prone to judge her. However, the fact that this practical woman has devoted herself to the vast west country, to be its interpreter and its prophet, for a period of thirty years and over, is an indication of her profound appreciation of all that the poet has said in "The Prairies," of "the gardens of the desert and the unshorn fields boundless and beautiful, for which the speech of England has no name." Her work has prompted the reclaiming of the "deserts," the shearing of the fields for the good of mankind, and the dotting of unnamed spaces with names of towns which proclaim the advance of nation-building.

The able Miss Hind is a native of Toronto, a point which the West is apt to forget—so much is she part and parcel of its nature. Her father, a sculptor, had hailed from England. Both he and her very Canadian mother, a woman of U. E. Loyalist extraction, died before little Ella Cora had dreamed of being out of pinafores. She was brought up then on her grandfather's farm, a typical farm in County Grey, where she first learned to love farm life and people. She attended school first in the country and afterwards at Orillia Collegiate. She may have been conscious of inheriting the spirit which had made her father cut out forms from stone; her mind, like his, could perceive an image and free it with a metaphoric chisel.

The mother of the greatly famed Hambourg family is proud of the success of her children, but herself avoids the public eye.

Close to the soil in her ardent childhood, a deep love of the harvest grew up in her. To see the image of Canada's future, to help carve it into existence, agriculturally—that became her secret great ambition. To put herself in the way of its fulfilment, Miss Hind went West in 1882 and became the first stenographer in Western Canada in connection with the Macdonald and Tupper law firm, Winnipeg.

There, she learned much about Western farming and made such use of the knowledge she acquired, that she soon began to write reports of agricultural and live stock conventions, for Western papers. In 1906 she received the appointment of Commercial Editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, the position which she occupies at present. Her work entails much travel every summer, throughout the grain growing districts of the West, when she makes her estimates of the season's yield. She has numerous helpers, and the work is performed with the maximum of method in every respect.

So much has this specialist come to be trusted for the accuracy and extent of her observations, that she commonly acts in the capacity of judge at cattle fairs, grain shows and the similar exhibitions which are incident to the life of Manitoba. Her fame has extended beyond her province, and she often responds to an invitation to judge at fall displays of produce, elsewhere. "She is the only woman," as a contemporary has stated, "who has the privileges of the floor of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange. She is a member of all the Western live stock associations and has represented western claims and western views both at Ottawa and in Toronto. She attends regularly the International Live Stock Show at Chicago, and her reports are regarded there as they are at home."

(*Concluded on page 36*)

YOUTH and beauty are dependent upon the requisite amount of sound, refreshing, invigorating sleep. Merely eight hours in bed every night, will not suffice. Tossing about on a hard and lumpy, or uneven mattress, will not give you that appearance. What you need is

THE FAMOUS
OSTERMOOR
$15 MATTRESS $15

—the mattress that is BUILT—not stuffed. Every OSTERMOOR is firmly elastic and evenly soft all over, and retains its softness and elasticity throughout generations of constant use. It is built in layers of finest selected, long-fibre cotton felt, pressed into a casing of high-grade, serviceable ticking. The OSTERMOOR will not mat or become lumpy or uneven. It never requires renovating—an occasional sun bath will keep it just like new.

Insist upon getting the *genuine* OSTERMOOR, bearing the label on the end band—also the word OSTERMOOR in the binding along the edges. Look for this picture on the label:—

The OSTERMOOR is sold by the best stores in every town and city in Canada. Write TO-DAY for your copy of our famous "SLEEP" booklet. It is FREE. Simply send us your name and address on a postcard.

GUARANTEED ALASKA BEDDING

Made in Canada

The ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO., Ltd.
MONTREAL

The ALASKA BEDDING CO., Limited
WINNIPEG

The ALASKA B.C. BEDDING CO., Ltd.
VANCOUVER

Wholesale Manufacturers Only

Let the Knox Cooks cut your "high cost of living"

It isn't necessary to stop eating delicious desserts, puddings, salads, etc., to economize. For by using

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

you can make quickly and cheaply all these dainty dishes.

The gelatine in each package is so divided that the housewife can use it to serve a small family or a large party—each package makes TWO QUARTS (½-gallon) of jelly—enough to serve sixteen people.

This Evening Serve a Knox Snow Pudding

1 envelope **Knox** Sparkling Gelatine. 1 cup sugar. Whites of two eggs. ½ pint cold water. ½ pint boiling water. Rind and juice of two lemons.

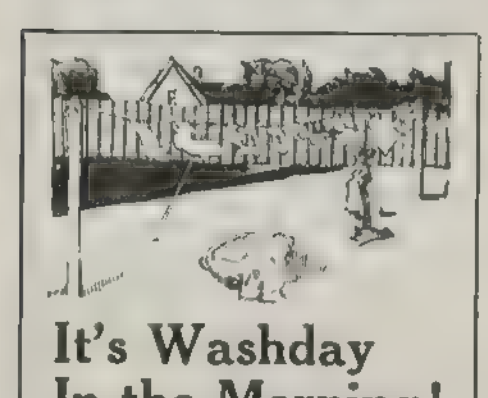
Soak the gelatine in the cold water ten minutes. Dissolve in boiling water and add grated rind and juice of the lemons and sugar. Stir until dissolved. Strain and let stand in a cool place until nearly set. Then add the whites of the eggs, well beaten, and beat the mixture until it is very light and spongy. Put lightly into glass dish or shape in mold. Serve with thin custard made of the yolks of the eggs, or cream and sugar. Different fruit juices may be used in place of part of the hot water.

NOTE—If you use Knox Acidulated Gelatine, which contains Lemon Flavor, you will not need to buy lemons.

Send for this Free Recipe Book

An illustrated book of recipes for Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Cream, Sherbets, Salads, Candies, etc., sent FREE for your grocer's name. Pint sample for 2 cent stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX COMPANY
505 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N.Y.
Packed in Johnstown, N.Y., and Montreal, P.Q.



It's Washday In the Morning!

WHAT does it mean to you? Is it a burden—a toil—a weary round of drudgery? Get a

Maxwell

"EXCEL-ALL" WASHER

And laugh at wash day. Just put the clothes in. The washer does all the hard work. Clothes come out clean and white—better than if you spent hours scrubbing over a steamy tub. The Maxwell "Excel-All" Washer has an adjustable wringer board, top opens up giving heaps of room for work, and tub has assisting spiral springs and ball bearings.

USE THIS COUPON

Maxwell's Limited
St. Mary's Ont.

Gentlemen,
Please send me further particulars concerning your "Excel-All" Washer.

Name _____

Address _____

FASCINATING SPRING FASHIONS

BY MAY MANTON

THE spring is always an important season from the standpoint of fashion and of dress, but this year it is of especial interest because of the somewhat unusual conditions and because of the doubt that existed for a long time as to whether or not we could expect the help and inspiration from Paris upon which we have learned to depend. The war that has ravished Europe has done many more serious things, but it also has caused a state of uncertainty in matters sartorial that has not been equalled in the memory of the present generation at least. However, Paris has rallied. She is suffering, and, as a matter of course, she is subdued, and she is far from the gay center to which we are accustomed, but she is sending forth designs, attractive and graceful designs. The street costume at the extreme left gives evidence of the favor for the short jacket and, incidentally, for simplicity of treatment. The tailored suit has returned to its own, and just the simple finish is an exceedingly fashionable one. Here the material is broadcloth, and the color is the favorite sand, with a richer tone used in the velvet collar and cuffs. The very short jacket is much liked, but the pattern includes a tunic or skirt portion that falls a little below the finger-tips, and this can be added if a longer coat is wanted. Also in place of the open front with deep revers, the coat can be made to button up closely with a high military collar. The skirt is in semi-circular style with a seam at each side. For the short coat will be needed in the medium size.

Price of Patterns, 15c Nos. 8552-8566 Nos. 8563-8533 No. 8570

signs, and she has sent us a suggestion for colors that is of exceptional charm.

We are to be quiet and subdued upon the street at least. Sand tones, soft grays, putty colors, black and white and the like are the favorite tones. Monsieur Rodier has denominated them the "silent" colors, and undoubtedly they reflect first of all the subdued state of mind that reigns supreme across the sea, and secondly, a certain lack of dyeing materials which is due to conditions, but to whatever they owe their origin or popularity, they are to be met with welcome. Within doors, undoubtedly brighter colors will be seen. In the United States have been made some really wonderful blues, and soft browns that are not to be outdone by any country, and also greens and various other tones that will go a long way toward helping the variety. Poplin and all the ribbed weaves that are affiliated therewith are to be fashionable. Broadcloth will be much used, gabardine is to have great vogue, and for the more dressy costumes, faille silk and satins that are soft and lustrous are exceedingly fashionable.

On this page are shown some typical 3 yds. of material 27 in. wide, 2¼ yds. 36, 2 yds. 44, and 1½ yds. 54, with ⅜ yds. of velvet for collar and cuffs; for the skirt, 4¾ yds. 27 in. wide, 2⅝ yds. 36, 44 or 54; it is 2 yds. and 16 in. in width at the lower edge. The pattern of the coat, 8562, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 bust measure, and of the skirt, 8556, in sizes from 24 to 32 waist measure.

The girls' costume illustrates quite a different style, but an essentially smart one. The skirt is made with the plaits that provide fullness without the exaggerated flare, and the lines are exceedingly becoming to girlish figures. In the illustration the material is gabardine, but the model is adapted to all seasonable suitings. Since the coat is a little full below the yoke it is an exceptionally easy one to make. The skirt is made with a smooth-fitting yoke which extends over the hips. There is a box-plait effect at the front and one at the back, with three backward turning plaits at each side of the front and at each side of the back. For the 16 year size the coat will require 3⅜ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 2¾ yds. 36, 2⅛ yds. 44, or 1¾ yds. 54, with ⅝ yd. of velvet; for the skirt will be needed 4½ yds. 27 in. wide, 4 yds. 36, 3½ yds. 44, or 2⅜ yds. 54. Both the coat pattern 8563 and the skirt pattern 8533 are cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years.

The gown with the ruffled skirt is an exceedingly new and smart one. In the picture, it is made from Salome satin with soutache braid as trimming, and the guimpe is made of chiffon, but the model is a good one for the faille silk that is a favorite and for all the poplins and for the lovely taffetas that will be much worn and also for many wool materials, while a little later it can be copied in the fine cotton crepes and fabrics of the sort. The over-blouse is finished quite separately from the guimpe, and is closed at the back. The skirt consists of circular flounces arranged over a two-piece foundation. For the medium size the over-blouse will require 1¾ yds. of material 27 in. wide 1⅜ yds. 36, 1¼ yds. 44; and for the guimpe will be neeced 1⅞ yds. 36 in. wide, or 1¾ yds. 44; for the foundation skirt will be needed 2⅝ yds. 36 or 44, with 6 yds. 26, 4½ yds. 36, 2 yds. 44 or 54 for the flounces. The pattern of the over-blouse with guimpe 8552 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure, and of the skirt 8566 in sizes from 24 to 32 waist measure.

The little girls' frock shown at the extreme right is one of the daintiest and prettiest dresses to be found. Here it is made of cotton voile, but it can be utilized for any material that is soft and can be shirred successfully and is sufficiently child-like to be appropriate. The blouse can be arranged over a lining or made without a lining, the shirrings being stayed to hold them in place. For the 12 year size will be required 2⅜ yds. of material 27 or 36 in. wide or 1½ yds. 44, with 1⅞ yds. of flouncing 20 in. wide to make as illustrated. The pattern 8570 is cut in sizes from 10 to 14 years.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of price. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure, and address, Pattern Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

THE SHIRT WAIST RETURNS TO FASHION

BY MAY MANTON

No. 8572-8581—Price of pattern, 15 cents. No. 8576—Price of pattern, 15 cents

The shirt waist has come into its own once more, and, while we are to wear fancy blouses for many occasions without doubt, the simple shirt waist with high collar and long sleeves is exceedingly smart for morning and for general wear, and it is liked as a separate garment and also as a part of a gown to be worn for various practical purposes. In the illustrations there are shown two models that are excellent; one is a separate one worn with a new flaring skirt and the other makes part of a gown that is admirable for home wear, for the office, or for college or any occasion that requires simple dressing.

The separate shirt waist as shown here is made of crepe de chine, and that material is being much used, but the model can be treated just as it is here in linen or in poplin, for there never was a season that offered greater variety; cotton crepe also would be charming made in this way, and voile makes up most attractively, while handkerchief lawn in stripes is one of the smartest of all things and there are, of course, the lawns, batistes and the like, with which we have always been familiar. In a great many instances the collar and cuffs are of a contrasting material, and a heavier material is often used on a thin one, as bengaline on a crepe de chine waist or pique on handkerchief lawn or cotton crepe. The skirt that is shown with this blouse is in semi-circular style with an inverted plait at each seam and with a yoke over the hips that means a smooth fit at that point. It is one of the best liked, one of the most fashionable models of the season, and is equally desirable for the separate skirt and for the gown. For the medium size the waist will require 3¼ yds of material 27 in. wide; 2⅛ yds, 36; 1⅞ yds., 44; and for the skirt will be required 4¾ yds., 27, 3¼ yds. 36, and 2¾ yds. 44, 2⅝ yds. 54; the width at the lower edge is 2 yds and 30 in. before the plaits are laid.

The gown that is shown on the second figure combines a three-piece skirt with a tucked blouse, and as it is shown here it is made of blue linen with trimming of white, but there are numberless cotton fabrics that are appropriate. Linen always makes up charmingly in this way, and the model also can be used for the simple wools and even for the simple silks, as foulard and the like. The front edges of the blouse and front edges of the skirt are lapped and buttoned together, consequently the gown is an easy one for the laundress to handle. For the simple morning gown, gingham, chambray, lawn, batiste, percale and the like will make the natural selection, but linen trimmed as it is here makes an exceedingly good effect, and the gown is an excellent one for summer outings as well as for home wear. For the medium size will be needed 6¾ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 5 yds. 36, and 4¼ yds. 44, with 1¼ yds. any width to trim as illustrated.

The May Manton pattern of the waist 8572 and of the gown 8576 are both cut in sizes from 34 to 44 in. bust measure, and of the skirt 8581 in sizes from 24 to 32 in. waist measure.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of price. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure, and address, Pattern Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

How to Buy **Furniture**

Our method of supplying directly from factory to buyer leaves out all useless expense, bringing the furniture to your home at least cost possible. Write us for our large Free Photo-Illustrated

Catalogue No. 2

Hundreds of pieces of the best selected furniture and home furnishings priced at just what they will cost you at any station in Ontario.

CANADA'S LARGEST HOME FURNISHERS.

The Adams Furniture Co., Limited, Toronto

For Dyeing Children's Clothes

THIS winter is seeing lots of real, sensible economy practised. What's the sense of throwing good dresses away because they're faded?

MAYPOLE SOAP

DYES EVERYTHING

A cake of Maypole Soap will do wonders and any one can use it. Dyes Cottons, Wools, Silks or Mixtures. 24 colors, 10c. a cake. Black 15c. At your Dealers or postpaid with Booklet, "How to Dye."

FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO. ∴ MONTREAL

JAEGER *Fine Pure Wool*

SHOULD BE WORN BY EVERY WOMAN

Women, especially, should wear Pure Wool. Being constituted on much more delicate lines than men and more susceptible to weather changes, they therefore need greater protection.

The modern style of dressing makes the wearing of Pure Wool Under Garments essential to women's health and comfort.

Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear is made from selected, fine, soft, white, undyed wool.

In proportion to its weight it conserves more heat, wears longer and is much more sanitary than any other known material.

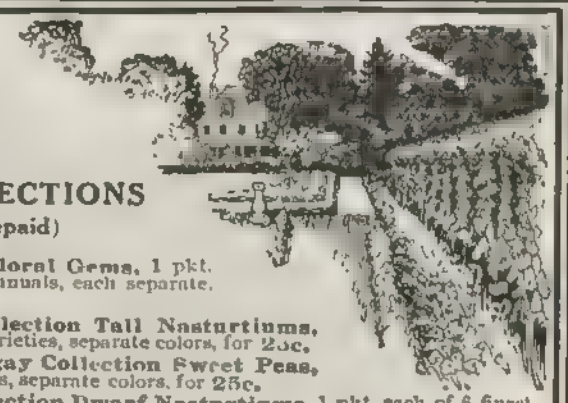
A fully illustrated catalogue and Dr. Jaeger's Health Culture will be sent free on application to

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO. LIMITED.

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

"Incorporated in England in 1883 with British Capital for the British Empire."

BRUCE'S SEEDS



SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

(Prices Prepaid)

Bruce's Collection Floral Gems, 1 pkt. each 6 varieties, Fine Annuals, each separate, many colors, for **25c.**

Bruce's Peerless Collection Tall Nasturtiums, 1 pkt. each of 6 finest varieties, separate colors, for **25c.**

Bruce's Royal Nosegay Collection Sweet Peas, 1 pkt. each 6 superb sorts, separate colors, for **25c.**

Bruce's Peerless Collection Dwarf Nasturtiums, 1 pkt. each of 6 finest sorts, separate colors, for **25c.**

Bruce's Empire Collection Astors, 1 pkt. each of 4 magnificent varieties, separate, all colors, for **25c.**

Bruce's "A" Vegetable Collection, 6 pkts. different varieties, our selection, for **25c.**

Bruce's "B" Vegetable Collection, 12 pkts. different varieties, our selection, for **50c.**

Bruce's "C" Vegetable Collection, 11 pkts. different varieties and ¼-lb. each, Beans, Corn and Peas, our selection, for **75c.**

FREE—Our handsomely illustrated 112-page catalogue of Vegetable, Farm and Flower Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Poultry Supplies, Garden Implements, etc., for 1915. Send for it.

John A. Bruce & Co., Ltd. Hamilton, Ontario Established Sixty-five years.

Money For You

Everywoman's World can help you to make all the money you need. Only your spare time is necessary, no previous experience required. The work is easy, dignified, pleasant—the profit great. This opportunity is open to both men and women. Girls and boys are succeeding at it too. Success is assured you from the start. We start you and supply everything necessary for your success. Write to-day for particulars of the greatest spare time money maker available in Canada. Be sure YOU do not miss this grand opportunity.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD Address Division 26 TORONTO, ONTARIO

Make sure—

Write the date and the title on the film at the time you make the exposure. Add to the value of every negative with a permanent record that you can always have for reference. It's only a matter of seconds with an

Autographic Kodak

The Autographic records are made on the margins *between* the exposures. It is not intended that they be made to appear in the prints themselves but that they be simply preserved as an authoritative reference. It is obvious, however, that they may be shown on the print itself—if desired.

Autographic Kodaks and Autographic Film at all Kodak dealers'. Our booklet, "Autographic Kodaks," free at the dealers or by mail, gives the details.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED ·.· TORONTO

Take It Regularly —It Is A Great Builder

It not only builds up the body, but gives strength and energy for the day's work. By its use the nerve system is properly nourished, the brain becomes normal and every function of the body is carried on to better advantage.

Wilson's
INVALIDS' PORT
(à la Quina du Pérou)

with which is combined Peruvian Cinchona Bark, is effective, agreeable and reliable. It should be taken—three glasses daily—by all persons of sedentary pursuits.

Dr. J. F. ELLIS, 251
Speaker of the Nova Scotia Legislative Assembly, says:
"I have found Wilson's Invalids' Port to be of very high quality and especially suited for invalids. I have used it in my practice since first becoming acquainted with its merits."

J. F. Ellis M.D. Shelburne N.S.

BIG BOTTLE
ASK YOUR DOCTOR
ON ALL DRUGGISTS

PRETTY NEGLIGEES AND DAINTY UNDERWEAR

BY MAY MANTON

No. 8555—Price of pattern, 15c.

No. 8551 -Price of pattern, 15c.

Pretty, graceful negligees always make a very keen appeal to the feminine taste, and every woman likes to have a generous supply of dainty underwear. The girls' kimono (8551) is one of the available sort that is both attractive and practical; it is very simple and easy to make, yet takes most becoming and graceful lines It can be made in full length or be cut off to form a sacque. For the 16 year size will be needed 5¾ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 4⅛ yds. 36, 3⅝ yds. 44, with 1⅝ yds. of material or 4¼ yds. of ribbon 5 in. wide for bands, for the long kimono; and for the sacque will be required 3 yds. of material 27 in. wide, 2 yds. 36 or 44 in. wide, with ⅜ yd. of material or 2⅝ yds. of ribbon for bands. The pattern 8551 is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years.

The graceful little negligee that is finished with flouncing is one of the prettiest that the season has to offer, and is especially adapted to Spring and Summer. The negligee can be made all of material or with the flounces of lace as liked. For the medium size the negligee will require 3 yds. of material 27 in. wide, 2½ yds. 36, 1¾ yds. 44, and for the petticoat will be needed 5 yds. 27, 2½ yds. 36, with 2 yds. 27 or 1½ yds. 36 for the circular flounce and 2½ yds. of embroidery to make the straight gathered flounce. The pattern of the negligee, 8555, is cut in three sizes: 34 or 36, 38 or 40, 42 or 44 in. bust measure; petticoat pattern in sizes from 24 to 34 in. waist measure.

Nos. 8300-7981—Price of pattern, 15c

No 7688—Price of pattern, 15c

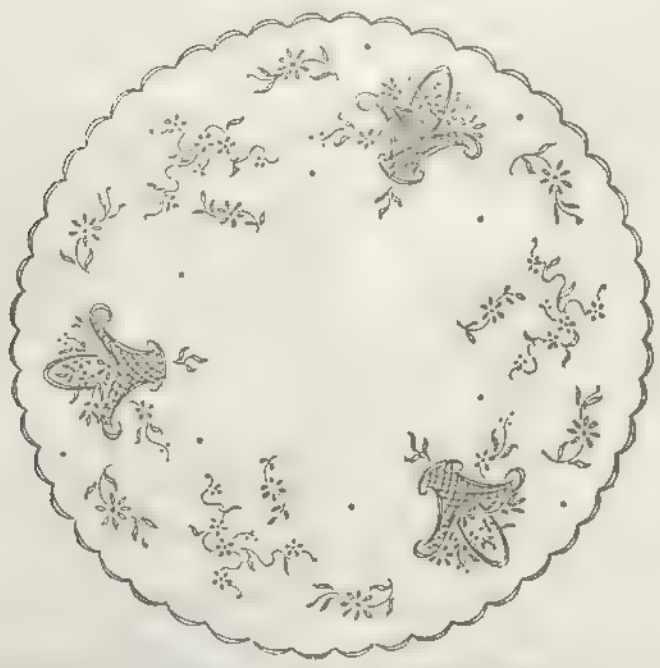
This corset cover, that can be made of embroidery, with straight edge is unusual and peculiarly attractive. It consists of a straight piece, but this piece is cut out above the knee to form gores, while below this point it is laid in plaits. The corset cover consists of just one straight piece with seam at the back and with seams under the arms. For the medium size the corset cover will require 2 yds. of flouncing 15 in. wide, with ½ yd. of material 36 in. for the trimming; the petticoat will need 2 yds of flouncing 42 in. wide. The pattern of the corset cover 8300, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 in bust measure, and of the petticoat, 7981, in sizes from 22 to 32 in. waist measure.

Empire effects are greatly in vogue, and are liked for night gowns as well as for day time wear. No. 7688 is an attractive one, absolutely simple, yet perfectly satisfactory. It can be made just as illustrated or plain without the Empire band, and the neck can be cut square or round as preferred. For the medium size will be required 4 yds. of material 36 in. wide, 3½ yds. 44, with 3⅜ yds. of beading and 3 yds. of edging. The pattern, 7688, is cut in three sizes, 34 or 36, 38 or 40, 42 or 44 in. bust measure.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of price. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure, and address, Pattern Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

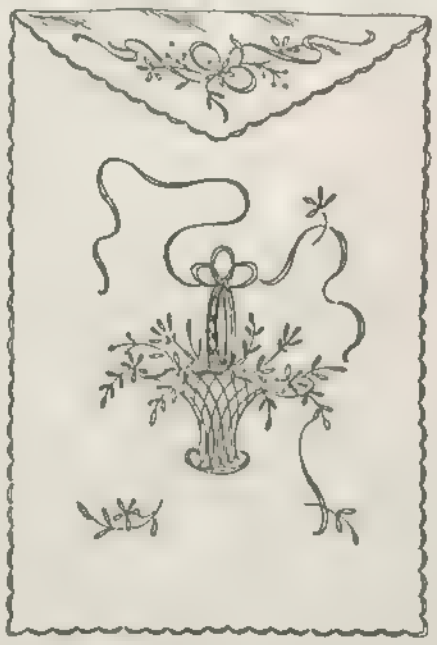
EMBROIDERY DESIGNS OF THE MONTH

BY MAY MANTON

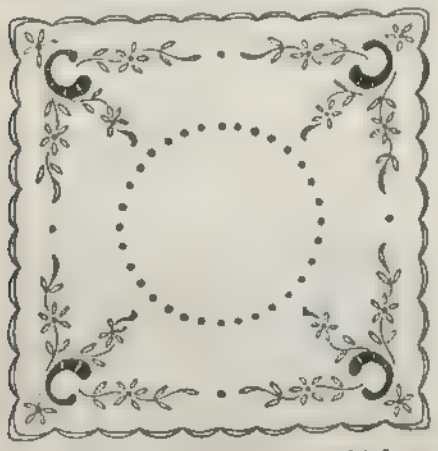


No. 337—27-inch centre piece of most beautiful design. The flower basket is very fashionable for embroidery, and is deserving of its popularity, because of its artistic tone. It is for the buttonhole, the satin, the outline and the eyelet stitch. The design is stamped on round thread, white imported linen, has nine skeins of white mercerized floss, and costs 55 cents.

No. 287—A baby's cape, with booties and cap to match. This should be worked in baby blue throughout. The designs are pretty, yet simple, being for the buttonhole, the solid, the outline, and the French knot stitch. They are stamped on soft, cream wool flannel, have ten skeins of baby blue mercerized floss, and they cost $1.40, or, each may be bought singly; the cape, 80 cents.; the booties 40 cents, and the cap 35 cents.



No. 290. A baby carriage or crib cover of exquisite design. Works up beautifully, yet is very simple in stitch, requiring only the buttonhole, the outline, and the satin stitches. It is stamped on fine quality, white pique, has nine skeins No. 10, white mercerized floss, and costs 75 cents.



No. 278—A square handkerchief case, requiring the buttonhole, eyelet, solid and outline stitch. It is stamped on best white pique, and is to be worked with white or a very delicate shade of light blue mercerized floss. Price, including either white or blue floss, 25 cents.

No. 269—A party apron of unique design, for the buttonhole, outline, solid and the French knot or eyelet stitch, stamped on fine quality lawn, has nine skeins No. 20 white floss, 25 cents.

No. 280—A very pretty baby bib, to be worked with the buttonhole, the eyelet, outline and satin stitch. It is stamped on round thread Irish linen, has white floss to finish, and costs 20 cents each, or 35 cents per pair.

Patterns shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of price. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address and number of pattern wanted, address, Pattern Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

Priestleys' DRESS GOODS

Take Your Choice of These Fashionable New Fabrics

PRIESTLEYS' Dress Goods are famous the world over for their wide range of fashionable shades, their fast colors, and splendid wearing qualities. Made of the highest grades of silk and wool — all-silk, all-wool, or silk-and-wool, as the case may be — they have the rich lustre and delightful "feel" that ordinary fabrics lack.

THIS SPRING'S NOVELTIES

Palmero Crepe
A new fabric made from silk and fine wool. Crepey and silky in appearance, with good draping properties. In carefully selected shades—suitable for evening dresses.

Howard Poplin
A combined poplin and crepe effect, having a very soft "handle," hitherto unobtainable in cloth of this character—suitable for street dresses.

Madras Crepe
A splendid fabric for everyday wear. All wool, and specially soft finish.

Iona Crepe
A really charming crepe effect, made from the best quality of fine wools. Has fine drapling qualities and looks really smart when made up. In fashionable shades of the moment.

For Evening Wear
Baroda Crepe, silk and wool; Sylvan Crepe, mohair and wool; also a complete range of Blacks in all weaves and prices.

For Street Dresses
Dudley Costume Cloth, in blacks and navy only; Parma Poplin and Wentworth Broadcloth, all wool and in all colors.

The best dealers throughout Canada are distributors for Priestleys'. Send us your name and address, and we will send you

FREE SAMPLES

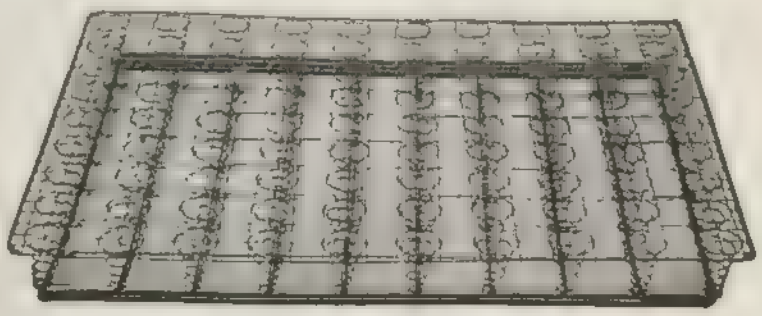
of each of the new cloths mentioned above, and direct you to a store in your city where you can see the complete range of new Priestley fabrics.

GREENSHIELDS LIMITED
MONTREAL
Canadian Representatives,—Priestleys' Limited, Bradford, England

As Strong As A Lion As Yielding As A Lamb

March is the month when housecleaning and renovating is uppermost in your mind. Why not replace that flimsy, woven wire bed spring with a BANNER SPRING? When you hear the well-known adage about the Lion and the Lamb, REMEMBER that the

BANNER SPRING



is as strong as a lion, and as yielding as a lamb. The BANNER IS GUARANTEED to last for 20 years. Its construction ensures the even distribution of your weight, prevents two persons from slipping towards the centre, and retains its shape indefinitely. The cheapest spring you can buy, because it lasts a lifetime. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us, and we will send you full particulars concerning our FREE TRIAL OFFER, together with the name of a dealer in your locality, who will send one home to try, without obligation to purchase.

MADE IN GUARANTEED ALASKA BEDDING CANADA

THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO., Limited - MONTREAL
THE ALASKA BEDDING CO., Limited - - WINNIPEG
THE ALASKA B. C. BEDDING CO., Limited - VANCOUVER

Covered Buttons
Hemstitching - Box Pleating
Accordion Pleating - Kilt Pleating
Pleated Skirts to Order - Embroidery
Scalloping - Knife Pleating
TORONTO PLEATING CO.
34 BREADALBANE STREET TORONTO
PHONES N. 6400-6401

Are You Using
MAPLEINE
With it you can make forty different kinds of dainty dishes. Send for recipe book free.
Mapleine is sold in 35c and 65c bottles—but it is worth more. A little bit of Mapleine makes a gallon of delicious syrup. Mapleine is used by Domestic Science Experts.
Send for a bottle to-day
F. E. ROBSON & CO.
25 Front St. . . . Toronto

Save Half
the Cost of Your Dresses
Make your dresses at home—using a Hall Borchert Adjustable Dress Form for the fitting on. Save half the expense of tailor made gowns, and sacrifice nothing in appearance.
HALL-BORCHERT
Perfection Adjustable
DRESS FORMS
Learn what you can do with one of these inexpensive forms. Write for booklet, "Dressmaking Made Easy"—It is free.
Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co., of Canada, Limited
43G Lombard Street, TORONTO, Ont.

Why Don't You?
FOR health's sake—feed your family Ralston Wheat Food for breakfast and make them strong and sturdy. RALSTON is a wholesome, solid whole wheat food just the color and flavor of the natural wheat, with all the nutriment of the whole wheat left in—RALSTON contains the very elements that build flesh, bone and muscle.
Ralston is most economical—
One cup makes a breakfast for six.
Get a package to-day—start the boys and girls in your home on the road to Health, and give the whole family a treat!
If your grocer is unable to supply you, send us his name and we will send you postpaid a one full size package of RALSTON by return. A trial will convince you!
The Chisholm Milling Co., Ltd.
75A Esplanade TORONTO, ONT.

NEAVE'S
Food for Infants
Has always obtained the highest award when tested in competition with other Infants' Foods.
It obtained the GOLD MEDAL in London in 1900 and 1906; in Liverpool in 1904, and in Paris.
At the CHILDREN'S WELFARE EXHIBITION in London in 1914 it was awarded the GOLD MEDAL for THE HEALTHIEST FOOD FOR BABIES.
It has been the STANDARD Food in England for nearly 90 years.
It is the *oldest*, the *best* and yet the *cheapest*.
From Mrs. Jas. D. Pennock, Ireland, Ont., 10 Dec., 1914.
"Before getting Neave's Food my baby would always vomit the milk, but since using it she hardly ever does so. I shall now use it continually."
From Isaac H. Smith, Renishaw.
"I wish to thank you for the great benefits which my daughter Edna received from taking your food, which is remarkable when I tell you that at 5 months she was nothing but a skeleton. She suffered from Chronic Indigestion, and consequently could retain absolutely nothing. Our Doctor ordered various Foods, and we tried practically all the well known Foods on the market without success, until yours was recommended, and the result was remarkable in the extreme. She is now 18 months old, and a sturdier child it would be impossible to find."
NEAVE'S FOOD is stocked by all the Wholesale Druggists in Canada, and is sold in 1-lb. Tins by all the best Retail Druggists.
FREE TO MOTHERS. A Sample tin of Neave's Food, and a valuable book "Hints about Baby, By a Trained Nurse," will be sent FREE on writing to the Agent for Canada,
EDWIN UTLEY
14R Front Street East, TORONTO

CANADIAN WOMEN'S SOCIETIES

What Is Being Done the Length and Breadth of Canada

"GIVE WORK"

What the National Council of Women Has Done

WAR—the needs of the Red Cross—women and men thrown out of employment by the sudden dislocation of industry—

What could be done?

Vancouver, Winnipeg and Toronto women organized their activities. Largely, they were women of the Local Councils, but special organizations were effected to meet the situation as, in Toronto, the "Toronto Women's Patriotic League," which a local newspaper, trying to compliment, calls a "Hive of Industry."

Well, it is.

"We are keeping 200 women going in the house," said Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Secretary of the National Council.

The Red Cross wanted supplies. Women wanted work—had to have it. The T. W. P. L. organized the situation.

"When," said Mrs. Hicks in her report, "in our first enthusiasm, we met in what is now our home, would we have had the courage to take up this work could we have foreseen its growth and its ramifications? Perhaps not; but we have the courage to continue it, because our success has taught us our strength."

Mrs. Hicks expressed that sympathy of the workers for each other which a common social work has given: "When we think of the close association with each other that our work has brought, we shall, I think, be humbly grateful for the privilege that has been ours."

For the Red Cross 82,000 articles at a value of $34,206 were supplied.

The point is that a large part of these supplies were made by women sewing, who would otherwise not have had employment.

At the Patriotic Headquarters

The work developed. Women out of employment were registered and the files now show nurses, stenographers, domestics, charwomen—all women who terribly need work. Unfortunately, there is not enough work for every one. There is, to be sure, always a demand for domestics, and many people suppose that this should meet the employment question for women.

The effort to connect the unemployed women with the housekeepers who need service is interesting. Some ladies undertake to train office girls; in some cases this is successful; in most, the conclusion is not always so happy, for the girls want the work for which they have been really trained—who can blame them? The Y. W. C. A. give a two weeks' free course in domestic work, especially in cooking, for unemployed office girls who intend to take domestic positions. These have been successful, but, frankly, office girls do not like taking positions in households.

A branch of the employment bureau work is managed by Mrs. I.. A. Hamilton who gets places for those who are willing to go to the country. This has been most satisfactory. Applications from the country are required to be signed by the Women's Institutes—who are here as in every other instance the readiest means of getting in touch with the country. On the other hand, urgent as are some of the demands for "help," no one is sent out for whom references have not been obtained. Great care is taken that employers and employees should be suited to each other.

Out in Vancouver the situation was handled as this special report shows:

"An office was taken and full classified registration of all unemployed women commenced. Offers of homes were requested and loans were made to those in immediate straits. Positions found, mostly domestic, at reduced wages for inexperienced girls. Carvel Hall, a 33-roomed place was taken, with rent provided by citizens, and furniture loaned or donated, and funds for emergencies volunteered. This place is now fitted out with bed-rooms, cafeteria, club room, reading room, little reception rooms for men friends, offices and big work-rooms."

In Winnipeg

Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, corresponding secretary of the Winnipeg Local Council of Women, writes:

"About the work done by our Local Council in the way of helping people to get work, I am sending you a copy of the statement of our work, which was prepared about two weeks ago, immediately after we closed our bureau of work for women, on February 1st.

"We opened this bureau on September 10th, at the time when disemployment had reached a very acute stage here and it was open steadily until the first of this month. It was run under a committee of the Local Council, Mrs. T. R. Deacon being chairman with a secretarial board of Mrs. L. B. Copeland, Mrs. C. W. Nash, Mrs. A. A. Percy and myself. We had two paid workers doing the actual office work, but all the interviewing of applicants, whether for work or workers was done by volunteer workers. We were able to have two or three on duty every day during that time while the chairman or one of the secretaries supervised the work. We kept it up until it was quite apparent that there was no longer any need for what was after all only an emergency aid."

And Yet—and Yet—

What is the disease of which these are the symptoms? For symptoms they are—symptoms of bad social conditions, and although they have been treated so nobly by these public spirited women, back of the apparent symptoms there is a chronic state, unorganized and uninvestigated, which must sooner or later be met.

Shall we meet it now? Or shall we just alleviate its worst and most apparent symptoms and leave the social disorganization untouched?

In this light the last speech given before The Canadian Women's Club, Toronto, has a practical bearing, more especially as Mr. Arthur H. Burnett, Director Division of Public Service, Department of Public Health, Toronto, spoke with the directness and authority of an expert who knows his work.

Relief and Unemployment

"The Department of Health," said Mr. Burnett "is interested in unemployment for this reason: It is our business to lower the mortality rate. Unemployment means lack of food, lower vitality, disease, and death.

"Two classes of persons must be considered: the non-able bodied the able-bodied.

"The Department of Health should deal with the non-able bodied; if they are not dealing with them, they should. This should not be by charity, but through Social Insurance.

"With respect to the able-bodied who are unemployed there is only one solution: Work. Men are asking for work and we give them charity Charity is doing a lot of harm right now in Toronto.

"It is not a question of kind heart; there is need of competent expert handling of the situation. Our present dabbling at charity if ineffective. In one week one man who took addresses of men who asked for money saying they need work, got six fraudulent names and addresses.

"We must know our problem before we can deal with it. The need of work is evident enough. In Hamilton, 1500 men applied when 40 were required. We must have an exact census, and an adequate Labor Exchange, to include all classes, with men, women and juveniles, in separate rooms and provision made for those handicapped. Co-operation of both employers and employees is needed."

A Labor Exchange Needed

"At the present time there are maladjustments: (1) as to place, when there are situations vacant in one city, and unemployed in another: (2) as between occupations, as in handling ice in summer and coal in winter: (3) as to time, for more are unemployed in winter than in summer. Many crowd into a few callings while other industries are short of help. In summer time, farm and construction work, etc., suffers from lack of labor, while every winter the larger cities have numbers of unemployed looking in vain for work. There are also the newly arrived immigrants."

This last sentence reminded me that Mrs. Torrington, President of The National Council, in speaking to me of some of our problems, mentioned especially the training many of our immigrants require.

Mr Burnett, followed with the closest attention by the women of the Canadian Club, said:

"I must say with respect to the work of a Labor Exchange, that it is not sufficient to recommend any man for any job. It must be done with discrimination and be followed up to see if employers and employees are suited. Information should be guaranteed, but not jobs The parties should do their own bargaining. *And the State must do this.*"

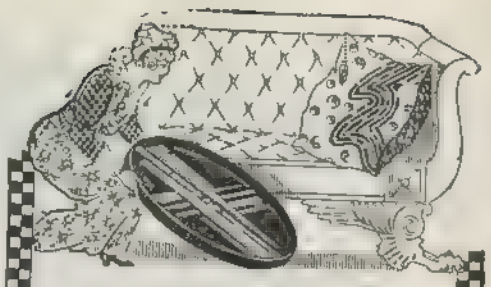
An adequate Labor Exchange would regularize industries, and, by getting suitable persons in the right positions, where they would stay, would decrease the cost of training new hands—a great loss in business. It would also reduce the hours of labor, for many at present are working overtime. The school age would be raised. Old Age and Mothers' Pensions would be provided, and a training colony for unemployables be established. This last is especially good, isn't it? Insurance against unemployment must also be provided.

"And we will do this," said Mr. Burnett, "because work will increase the purchasing power of these persons and because there is an enormous economic waste in unemployment."

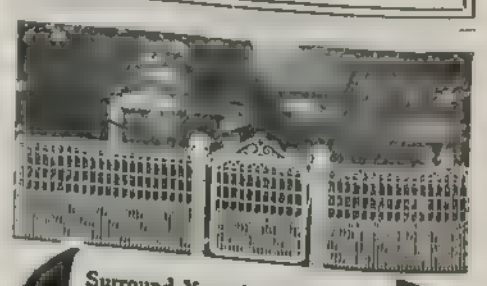
In short, it's bad business for Canada to have men and women unemployed.

With which thought, Mr. Burnett left the subject for the consideration of The Canadian Women's Club.

Club Woman


UNDER THE SOFA
NO room is too small for a "Peerless" Folding Table, because it is so compact that it may be slipped under the sofa when not in use. Ready in a jiffy when you want it—for sewing—for lunch—for any one of a hundred uses. A
PEERLESS FOLDING TABLE
is the greatest comfort imaginable. Every housewife knows, without being told, the myriads of ways in which it comes in handy. Thousands of families who are using it daily wouldn't be without one. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him
Made in Canada
Write for FREE Booklet D describing our "Elite" and "Peerless" Tables
HOURD & CO., Limited
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers
LONDON, ONTARIO

Delightsome!
HOW satisfying always to know that you are free and can remain freed from the unpleasant annoyance of excessive perspiration! What a relief to be saved the bother and discomfort of wearing those hateful and unsanitary dress shields. No more ruined gowns! No more discomfort and flustering!
NO-MO-ODO
TOILET WATER
will keep your arm-pits dry, and restore the glands of the skin to a healthy condition causing the secretion of perspiration to become normal. It is a perfectly harmless antiseptic, and does not retard the natural action of the pores. NO-MO-ODO soothes and cools the sensitive glands and keeps the arm-pits dry. NO-MO-ODO should be given a prominent place on every woman's dressing table.
Order a Bottle To-Day
If your Druggist cannot supply you, write us direct, enclosing 50c, and we will send you by return mail, a full-sized bottle.
Manufactured by
WM. H. LEE, Druggist
Dept. E.W. TORONTO, ONT.


Surround Your Lawn, Garden and Yards With
PEERLESS
Lawn Fencing
ORNAMENTAL fencing serves a double purpose. It not only enhances the beauty of your premises, but also protects it and your children and property—as well. It keeps out marauding animals and trespassers. It protects your lawns and flowers and always gives your home grounds that orderly, pleasing appearance.
Peerless Ornamental Fencing
Is the result of years of fence building. It is built to last—to retain its beauty and grace for years to come and should not be confused with the cheap, shoddy fencing offered. Peerless fence is built of strong, stiff wire which will not sag and the heavy galvanizing plus the heavy zinc enamel is the best possible assurance against rust.
Send for Catalog
Shows many beautiful designs of fencing suitable for lawns, parks, cemeteries, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. Active agents wanted in unassigned territory.
THE BANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

CINDERELLA—SCIENTIFIC MANAGER

(*Continued from page 9*)

"Yes, Lu, 'dear, it is awfully' funny—but, if I may ask without seeming impertinent, where's the dinner? You rang the bell, and we're seated at the table, Miss Trimble and all, but I don't see a sign of any dinner." And indeed, there was none, unless we except a single green tea-cup that stood like an oasis in the center of one of the big, clean, white tables. Not another dish or pan in sight.

"Go in and sit down, mother—dinner's all ready. This condition of kitchen at this time is my *method*. I am about to serve a fine, course dinner, if you'll pardon the paradox. Everything but the salad is covered up hot in the warming oven, and every single utensil I have used is washed and put away. This cup is to serve the soup. Please send Tuck out to help me now."

"Lu, you're a wonder! I can see you are going to be a great success. But, Lu dear, just one suggestion—you can't treat plumbers that way—really, they won't stand it! Some time, when you have a terrible leak in the boiler, they'll keep you waiting in a flood all day. You've got to 'pretty up' to the plumber, dear."

"Oh, I'll 'pretty up' to the 'plumber, dear,' the next time one comes," which she did in a manner that might have shocked Mrs. Ashton, but certainly made Lu's demands responded to with unheard of alacrity afterward.

Lu carried out her malevolent intentions toward the Public Service Corporation the next morning. Calling up on the 'phone, she said:

"I would like to speak to the head—the utter head—the headmost head man in the office." When, after a short wait, a pleasant, deep voice responded, saying it was his misfortune to be that headmost head, Lu said:

"This is Mrs. Ashton's—247 Lafayette Avenue. Will you please send up some one with a *real nose!* These eleven noses you have sent do not justify the purpose of their invention—and the gas continues to leak from our meter.

"What? Take pleasure in coming yourself? That is very kind. I can tell from the very sound of your voice that your olfac- that you will be able to detect the odor. Will you be up some time to-day? Very well thank you."

An hour later, Lu was engaged in the most strenuous of her physical culture exercises, by which title she dignified certain of her household tasks, to wit shaking down the furnace and removing the ashes by means of a shovel, more useful than esthetic.

She had a white cloth wrapped over her head and shoulders, reaching down quite to her eyebrows. Her dress was pinned up and covered by a huge checked gingham apron. She had unbolted the outside cellar door to admit the man who would presently be coming in to put out the ash barrels—the man who had vainly offered for the modest honorarium of five dollars per month to act as substitute for Lu in the very exercise she was now practising.

She glimpsed a pair of legs passing the little window, and then heard this man, as she thought, come down the steps. Glancing up as she held suspended a heavy shovelful of ashes, she dropped the dusty load, filling all the space around her with a dense white cloud. For it was only too evidently the "headmost head," coming along the cellar, his tall, vigorous form bent to escape the register pipes. He was attended by the inevitable "helper."

Instantly, Lu seized a broom, and, bending low, her back to the window, began to sweep up the ashes.

"Heavens! My good woman! Stop making such a dust. You'll choke us!" exclaimed the headmost.

Still keeping her face down, Lu said in the deep gutterals of the "Hungry Hun":

"Aw bin schpill da ash!" Headmost sneezed violently.

"You should be more careful. If your mistress would give a little time to your training, instead of criticizing noses in wholesale fashion, she would justify the purpose of her existence. Where's that leaky meter? Oh, here it is! *Phew!* Sam, we shall have to get a new bunch of noses in our shop—turn off that gas—unscrew that nut—put a washer on—now screw it up tight—turn on the gas." Sniff sniff. "All right. Now, my Hungarian Cinderella, you may tell Mrs. Ashton that the headmost nose has turned up, and has justified the purpose of its invention. Her 'olfacs' will not be distressed again."

"That 'Hunk' don't understand—better go to the front door and tell the lady yourself," said Sam.

"Excuse *me*," said headmost, hurrying off. "I've no desire to meet the lady. I, or rather you, can telephone from the office that the escaping gas has been detected in its nefarious designs, arrested and imprisoned beyond the possibility of further escape." Clip—clip—up the stone steps they went, and two pairs of legs flashed past the window.

Lu straightened up.

"Good gracious! What a narrow squeak! And how awfully funny! 'Hungarian Cinderella'! O, dear, I haven't laughed so much in a month of Sundays! This housekeeping stunt is the most amusing game I ever played. That man is like quicksilver—wonder who he is? Must be new. Well, he suits me. I just love a man that doesn't foozle around, but goes straight to the nub of a thing and does it right the first time." She went over to the meter and sniffed hard "No leak now. Awfully good-looking too. The twins will be crazy when I tell them."

Mrs. Weston's long sun-parlor had been transformed into a fine forest. Brown pine needles covered the path beneath overhanging boughs, and where the porch curved outward around the big bay windows, the path turned into enticing dells, where rustic seats allured.

Along the piney path, just wide enough for two, stepped Cinderella and the Marquis de La Fayette, his handsome head bending, though only a little, to let his eyes seek hers, gleaming so mischievously through her mask.

"*Who* are you? Your voice has tones that seem familiar, but I cannot attach them to any one I know," he was saying.

"O, Marquis! If I made so slight an impression on you at our first meeting, of what use to reveal my identity now?" asked Lu, who had instantly recognized the "headmost head" by his deep voice, an hour earlier, in the dance. He had kept constantly at her side ever since, for never had he met such a bubbling spring of vital merriment, wit and laughter.

"Please call me 'Prince'" he pleaded, "not 'Marquis'."

"Why?"

"First, because *you* are Cinderella. Second, because it is my real name—Van Dieu Prince."

"Prince? What next?" exclaimed Lu in amazement, and sinking into one of the alluring rustic seats, the threw her head back and laughed so infectiously that he was forced to join in her merriment, though puzzled by it.

"How perfectly ridiculous!" she said, wiping her eyes.

"Ridiculous?" he echoed. "What do you mean? You must know my name if, as you say, we have met before?"

"No—I didn't happen to hear it—when we met—the circumstances were—" and she laughed again as she recalled his "My good woman!" and her "Aw bin schpill da ash." Then, seeing him stiffen a little in his gorgeous raiment, she hastened to say:

"It is not the name that is so funny—I think it is a splendid name—so appropriate—I like it better than any I ever heard." Completely mollified, he seated himself at her side and said:

"Tell me more about yourself, fair lady, and let me try to pierce your incognito, since you *won't* remove your maddening mask."

"I fear, Prince, it will not help you, since you have honored this little burg with your residence so short a time. I have just graduated from college—special course—expect to return in June for Commencement, and next fall I shall teach. In the interim, I am taking a post-graduate course in Applied Domestic Science and Physical Culture. But my *real* work is *writing*!"

"Writing!" in tones of vigorous protest. "Every green young thing just out of school thinks she can write! Why don't you do something useful—practical? Don't you know, Miss Cinderella, that one must *live* before one can *write*. There are only three excuses for writing—to throw a search-light into the soul of the reader, to inspire, uplift to a higher plane of action, and to amuse and cheer by an irresistible humor."

"Oh, I am studying humor now at first hand, and then I have ideas!" said Lu, delighted to find this Prince had something more to him than the mere ability to flirt and dance and stop gas leaks.

"Ideas! Nothing but air—no solid food——"

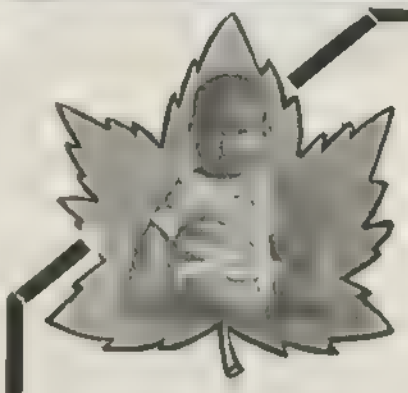
"Isn't air just as much a necessity as food? I can prove to you that ideas and food are mutually convertible. When I eat celery—and fish, I increase my nervous gray matter. I can then write up such clever ideas that I can sell them and buy more celery and fish!" triumphantly.

"Sounds awfully like the boy who was sawing wood to earn money to buy a new saw to saw more wood."

"And *that* sounds like the lively alliteration, 'I saw Esau sawing wood.' I thought it was a dull axe that extinct species of boy was struggling with. In any case, your illustration, which you think closes the circle so perfectly and non-progressively, contains the germ of a true philosophy. The new sharp saw will earn *more* money—my clear, celery-fed brain will earn money for celery and fish and some over. Now, don't you see that when the end of the circle sweeps round to join the beginning, it slips past on the outside and becomes a *spiral!* And a spiral is the most progressive figure in nature."

"How about that path of the comet

For a Refreshing Bath
FAIRY SOAP
is white and pure—made of choice materials. The cake fits the hand; it floats. Its rich, creamy lather, cleansing thoroughly—is most soothing, agreeable and refreshing.
THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
MONTREAL
"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"



MOTHERS
—is YOUR Baby a Prize Baby?

Join the great movement for Better Canadian Babies. Enter Your Baby NOW for

The Greatest Prize Baby Contest Ever Held

WE want every Canadian Baby up to 3 years of age to be entered. This is not a mere show for **pretty** Babies, but we want to find out where are the **perfect** Babies—perfect in form—perfect in health.

In this Great Contest valuable prizes are to be awarded to the best Babies in Canada. Contest open now and closes Sept. 30th.

Enter your baby in the *Canadian Home Journal Better Canadian Babies Contest.* You not only have a chance to start a nice bank account for your baby by the winning of a prize, but you will learn the physical condition of your boy or girl. If he or she is not perfect you will be able to correct the fault and have a better, healthier baby. Write to-day for particulars.

The Canadian Home Journal Better Canadian Babies Contest.

Prizes Awarded as Follows:

First Prize	$50
Second Prize	40
Third Prize	30
Fourth Prize	20
Fifth Prize	10

And 30 Additional Prizes.

Contest open Now, Closes Sept. 30, 1915.

Send us Names of Babies

TO everyone securing three entries of Babies in our Contest, we will give away free a dainty Vanity Mirror, made in white Parisian Ivory with folding handle and reducing mirror. OR—a beautiful Silver Souvenir Spoon, whichever you prefer.

Mothers—send for further particulars sign the Coupon today.

CLIP THIS COUPON
THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
83 Richmond St. W., Toronto
Please send me particulars of your "Better Babies" contest
NAME
ADDRESS

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
83 Richmond St. W., TORONTO

Beautiful Rose Bushes Given Away

A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR THE READERS OF EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

We Want Every Reader To Take Advantage Of It

Your choice of twelve of the most magnificent varieties, given free, all delivery charges paid, if you will send only one subscriber to Everywoman's World at 75 cents a year, or we will give you four bushes of your choice for sending only three subscribers. Renewal subscriptions count just the same as new ones on this wonderful offer.

You love roses—everyone does. Then why not have them in full bloom in your garden or on your lawn, when you can get the most beautiful varieties **Absolutely Free** from Everywoman's World.

Here are ten magnificent roses that you can grow successfully and always have beautiful fresh roses to grace your home. They are hardy, vigorous bushes, each two years old. They will bloom soon after planting and bear a profusion of lovely fragrant flowers of exquisite rich colorings. We offer the best ever blooming varieties ever produced and we want every single reader to possess them.

Here are the varieties:—

American Beauty, H.P.	General McArthur, H.T.	Madame Segund Weber
Baby Dorothy	Gruuss an Teplitz, H.P.	Molly S. Crawford
Chateau de Clos Vouget, H.T.	J. B. Clark	Thousand Beauties
Duchess of Wellington, H.T.	Paul Neyron	Catherine Zeimet

Our Offer Simply show this issue of Everywoman's World to your friends and neighbors. Tell them that they can have Canada's Great Home Magazine for a whole year for only 75c. postage paid and they will gladly subscribe through you. Send only one new or renewal subscription and we will send you your choice of these lovely rose bushes, all charges paid. Send three subscribers, new or renewal, and we will send you your choice of any four bushes. Rose time is coming. Get your bushes and plant them now. Remember renewal subscriptions count the same as new subscriptions on this wonderful offer.

Send money order, express order, or postal note to cover subscriptions. If you send cash, it's better to register your letter. Address:

Special Bargain Rose Offer

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD 62-64 Temperance St. TORONTO, ONT.

How and When to Plant Garden Seeds

Every thrifty woman is going to have a garden of her own this year. Use every square foot! It will please and it will pay. Advice as to what and when and how to sow both vegetable and flower seeds will be found in our 1915 catalogue.

PREMIUMS FOR WOMEN

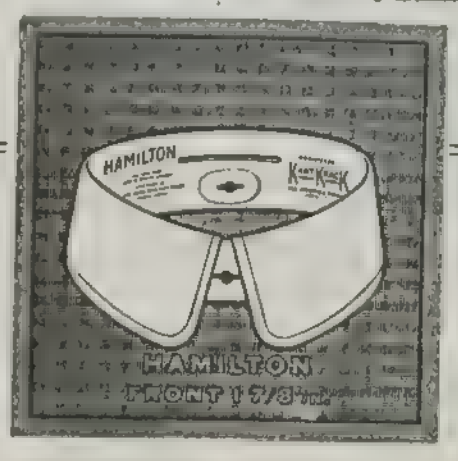
This year we are giving FREE a selection of most desirable articles, so write for catalogue containing full list to-day.

DARCH AND HUNTER SEED CO., Limited

Box 1289, London, Ontario

KANTKRACK Coated Linen COLLARS

"MADE IN CANADA"



KANTKRACK Coated Linen COLLARS

These washable linen Collars are the collars that you should buy for your men folk. They save you all expense of laundry. They are made in a variety of attractive styles and in all sizes. You will find a KANTKRACK Collar to suit your individual taste. All the appearance of linen—and far more comfortable.

A Lady in Winnipeg writes: I have a friend who for collars never wears anything else but KANTKRACK Collars. I think it is so foolish to go on paying laundry bills for old linen collars when you can't tell KANTKRACK Collars from real linen if it only stopped with laundry bills—but the wear and tear also must be taken into consideration! I know that if more men would give them a trial that would be quite sufficient to induce them to continue wearing KANTKRACK Collars.

Get them at your Dealers or sent prepaid by us for 25c. When writing kindly mention this advertisement.

Send for Free Booklet, "A Little Talk on Collars and Ties."

PARSONS & PARSONS CANADIAN CO. - Hamilton, Ont.

that never returns?" asked Prince, overjoyed at finding a society girl who could talk intelligently on subjects other than the tango.

"Hyperbola? That's too erratic for consideration. A mind travelling in such a path leaves experience behind and so may make the same errors along its whole course. The beauty of a spiral development is that one's mind is continually coming close enough to one's past to perceive its ethical value. Now, that first meeting of ours, which you have so ungallantly forgotten, whenever my mind swings round to that, my sense of humor receives a new impulse," and again she laughed.

"Fair lady, you puzzle, bewilder and fascinate. This is the most unique conversation that ever gladdened my ears at a dance. You have a mind far above the usual, and you may succeed in your attempts to fly high—but it would really be refreshing to find one single college girl who put into practical working some of the knowledge she has imbibed. The world would be far more benefitted than by anything she might write. For instance, it was only this morning that I had occasion to go, on a little business, into the cellar of a house in this town. I found a stupid, humped-over Hungarian simply flinging ashes all over the place. I called her 'Cinderella,' but of course she did not understand ("Oh, didn't she?" said Lu, to herself). So you see you are the second Cinderella I have met to-day—but what a contrast!" Lu laughed.

"Maybe your stupid Hungarian would look as fine as I if her fairy-godmother waved her wand."

"Hardly. That stupid creature could never by the wildest stretch of imagination look as you do now. But she *might* be trained to some degree of efficiency if her mistress would give her mind to it. The college-bred daughter, if there is one in that house, was probably lolling about reading trashy novels. She would think it beneath her to try to run a house on a scientific basis. But how absurd to speak to Cinderella of such prosaic things! Let us talk of fairy circles and spirals. I could sit in this lovely spot with you forever——" But Lu was again at her trick of laughing. She said:

"You know I have to vanish at twelve, so please let us once more trace some circles and spirals on Mrs. Weston's floor."

True to her part, Cinderella left at midnight, still refusing to unmask. Prince escorted her to her auto, Mrs. Weston having played the part of fairy godmother by placing her limousine at Lu's service. As he handed her in, Prince said, slyly:

"Where shall I tell the chauffeur?"

"Oh, he knows! Don't you, Denton?"

"Yes, Miss Lu," replied the man, who had known her since she was a ten year old child playing about with the Weston girls.

"Good-bye, Prince," and, still laughing, Lu rolled rapidly away.

Turning to re-enter, Prince spied an oblong, black object lying on the newly fallen snow. He picked it up. It was a rubber—number six!

"Jove! That's no Cinderella slipper, but its hers!" He carried it up the steps, and, examining it under the light, found inside the initials "L. E. A." "Lu E. A. That ought to make it easy. The list of guests will be in to-morrow afternoon's paper—but I'll go ask Mrs. Weston at once who Cinderella is." He crowded the "slipper" into his breast pocket, where it made a beautiful bulge in the figure of the Marquis de La Fayette, and then he sought his hostess. But Mrs. Weston answered his query with:

"If *she* would not reveal her identity, you may be sure *I* shall not. You'll have to use your wits to come out even with *this* Cinderella."

Van Dieu Prince had an excellent outfit of wits, but he had no need to deplete that generous supply, nor even to wait for the afternoon paper's advent, for, unromantic as it may seem, Lu's identity and certain of her traits were revealed to him at noon the next day, through the medium of two workmen. These two men were eating their lunch as they sat on the steps leading from the main floor of the Public Service Corporation to the basement. Prince was about to close his desk, near the head of these steps, preparatory to going out for lunch.

The two men talked seemingly regardless whether he heard or not.

"I sure do like to go to Ashton's on Lafayette Avenue. What do you think that young lady, just out of college, did this morning?"

"Dunno! Something cantankerous, I'll bet."

"When I came up from the Ashton's cellar after turning on the water—I'd been putting washers on every faucet in the house—she was in the kitchen. She'd been makin' a lot of little cakes, each with a dab of white on top, and a nut on top of the dab. My hands and face were about as clean as mud. The young lady takes up a cake and standin' in front of me, she says, as if I was a two-year-old kid: 'Open little moufie.' And she feeds me that cake with her own dainty fingers, laughing all the time! When anybody 'pretty's up' to me like that, she can have *me*, all right!"

"Say, Bill, you must be a dum sight more attractive than *me*. That young lady didn't feed *me* no cookies. She give *me* Hail Columbus, cause my nose didn't suit her—said there wasn't a nose in the Public Service Corporation that was wort' a cent—we'd ought to have our adenoids cut out. Said she was running that house on scientific principles and all leaks must be stopped. I told her meters allus smelled more or less, but she sarsed me somethin' awful! I wouldn't go there again, not if she was *fixiatin'* wid gas!"

"Aw, you don' know how to get on with the ee-lite. Miss Ashton told *me* all about how she was puttin' her college education to practical use—she's shunted the ignorant Hank that was worken' for 'em and she's havin' loads of fun doin' all the housework for her mother and gettin' the money for it. I tell you, Jim, you got to humor these highly eddicated folks in their eccentricities—show a little interest into 'em, and they'll eat out of your hand!"

"But 'twas *you* et out o' *her* hand, I notice," said Jim.

Prince seized his hat and overcoat hanging near, and got outdoors as rapidly as possible. He was convulsed with laughter—filled with amazement and amusement at what he had heard revealed. *That* was where he had heard her voice, Cinderella's, over the 'phone, asking for a real nose. Lu E. Ashton! What a soft, pretty name! And she was doing housework—Applied Domestic Science and Physical Culture—post-graduate course! No wonder she had laughed so much last night at so many things he had said. Suddenly he paused in his rapid walk as he thought:

"But I've never met a Miss Lu Ashton I suppose she's one of the numerous girls I've been introduced to here, and I'll recall her face as soon as I see it without the mask. At least I know were to find the foot that fits the rubber—247 Lafayette Avenue—that's why she laughed at my being the Marquis, I suppose. Well, Miss Cinderella Ashton, you have certainly got me more interested in your charming self than I've ever been in any other girl." And he stepped vigorously along Main Street through the falling snow to the restaurant, cogitating some original way of returning that number six rubber. With a bunch of rare flowers? No—that was too tamely conventional. It was while he sat munching a stalk of celery that a grin of amusement suddenly spread over his face. What more appropriate accompaniment for the sign of a "large understanding" than a big bunch of fine celery? It would appeal to her sense of humor, which he had already done so much, though quite unintentionally, to develop. But he did not send the celery.

He stopped in a grocery to secure it, on his way back to the office.

There was only one customer in the store, for Lu, in accordance with her method of never wasting a minute, did her marketing at 1.15, a time when she was sure of instant attention.

Van Dieu Prince glanced indifferently at the girl who was standing with her face the other way, selecting vegetables. But his heart leaped and he almost sat down in a box of prunes as he heard the familiar musical voice:

"I'll have this beautiful celery."

He spoke suddenly:

"How do you do, Miss Ashton?"

Lu turned. A glorious flush spread over her bright face—her eyes fairly flashed sparks of fun, but before she could speak, Prince, seeing a face he could not recall, apologized in puzzled confusion and disappointment, for it was a very charming face.

"I beg your pardon—I was sure you were Miss Ashton."

"*I'm* quite sure of it, too. How is the Marquis de La Fayette after last night's seance with Cinderella?"

"The Prince is puzzled to death by his inability to recall when and where he first met Cinderella, and he refuses to return her—er—*sandal*, which he found in the snow, until she reveals the mystery," said Van Dieu, joyously entering into her spirit.

"Since the Prince has been so successful in discovering Cinderella's name, he can surely solve the other problem. Good afternoon, your highness!" and Lu tripped out, all blushes and mischievous smiles.

But it was a full month before Prince solved it—a month of many meetings with Cinderella, resulting in much love of Cinderella, who toyed with her Prince skilfully, and tossed his heart lightly to and fro, saying she would never dare give her love to a man on whom the first sight of her had made so slight an impression. Meaning all the time, of course, to accept him as soon as she had her fill of scientific management. And that time was near.

At seven o'clock one morning, on arriving in the kitchen, Cinderella, scientific manager, met a flood—down from the ceiling rained water that spouted up

(*Concluded on page 30*)

OUT OF THE WEB

(*Continued from page 4*)

possessed a miscellaneous acquaintance, comprising a wide variety of types, ranging from dwellers in the slums and habitual frequenters of the police court to the very inner circle of the social elect.

From the beginning of his newspaper career, which dated back to a phenomenally early age, he had evinced unmistakably "the nose for news" and the gift of not only scenting a "story" in the most unpromising circumstances, but of transcribing it in terse, telling forceful English, qualities which had endeared him to the city editor and secured his rapid promotion. He was an active, alert, rather athletic-looking youth and his keen gray eyes with their disarmingly casual and ingenuous gaze seldom overlooked anything of importance.

Certainly they missed no slightest detail of the scene enacted two minutes later. Though apparently intent upon his selection, he saw, without seeming to see, the entrance of a young girl, very young and sufficiently pretty to have attracted a less trained attention than that of the *Star's* star reporter; saw her seat herself at the counter in front of the ubiquitous soda fountain, give her order and place her silver mesh bag before her, along with her muff and a package or two; saw a youth of good appearance enter an instant later and range himself beside her, brushing bag, muff and packages to the floor in so doing; saw both stoop hastily to recover them; saw the youth gallantly rescue and restore them, with apologies the most profuse and then, with a lift of the hat, leave the store. Also he saw something else—a something, which though he had an important engagement and barely time in which to meet it, caused Chan Ewing to seat himself deliberately and order at random some unspeakable new drink.

Presently she put down her cup, rose—rather unsteadily, it struck Ewing—crossed to the cashier's desk, settled her score and started for the door. But instead of going out, she paused, wavered slightly, turned back and sank into a seat upon one of the leather-covered oak benches that flanked the door. Ewing, watching narrowly, saw that she seemed faint and dizzy and that she was palpably striving to pull herself together. He saw her head sink heavily against the high back of the settle and her eyes close drowsily. Even had the girl been less lovely, the situation would have intrigued his reportorial interest; as it was, no knight of old ever burned more eagerly to protect and defend the beauteous lady to whom he had made his *devoirs*. Ewing told himself inwardly that he would "see the thing through."

He had not long to wait. Within five minutes an imposing limousine drew up before the door and a woman descended and entered. Ewing's eyes narrowed as they fell upon the new-comer. A reporter's calling often takes him into strange places and among strange people.

A clerk advanced politely.

"Something to-day, Madame," he inquired suavely.

"Thank you, no," with a charming smile—"I was to call here for my daughter after the matinee. Has she perhaps—why, here she is. Evelyn, dear! Why she seems faint, ill—I must get her home at once." Ewing advanced authoritatively.

"Permit me to assist you, Madam." Before she could object, he had raised the almost unconscious girl, had half led, half lifted her across the threshold and placed her in the machine. Ere the older woman could protest, he had seated her beside her charge, had given the chauffeur the indefinite order "Anywhere!" had stepped into the car and settled himself opposite the two women.

The younger of these had sunk back into her corner, apparently oblivious of her surroundings; the elder paled perceptibly as she recognized her vis-a-vis, cowering visibly as she met his piercing gaze. After a long look at the girl's quiet face, Ewing leaned forward and spoke as the car shot into a maze of traffic.

"Now, see here," he began in low, guarded tones, "I'm on. Witnessed the whole play—saw your confederate drug this girl's chocolate and stuck around to see what was next. I didn't have long to wait. You made your entrance and I'm here to block your get-away. You know me, I think—Ewing of the *Star*. I know you at any rate—and that's sufficient. We'll take this young lady home—know the address? After that I'll attend to you!"

The woman shook her head sullenly.

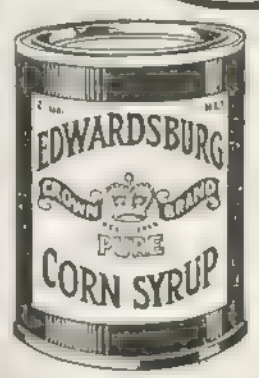
"Won't tell me? All right—find out for myself." He glanced at the girl, who had apparently not stirred. Very gently he drew from her nerveless fingers the bag she still clutched—and thanks to Mrs. Brown's foresight—found therein the name and address he sought.

He gave the chauffeur an order; then he turned to the woman opposite, who had lapsed into a silence, half sullen, half defiant, and addressed her fluently, yet concisely and convincingly for full five minutes. After which, he folded his arms, lapsed also into a grim silence, and turned his eyes upon the still face of the

(*Concluded on page 23*)

"Simply Delicious with Blanc Mange"

Have you never tried '*Crown Brand*' with Blanc Mange and other Corn Starch Puddings? They seem to blend perfectly—each improves the other—together, they make simple, inexpensive desserts, that everyone says are "simply delicious". Just as it comes from the can,



EDWARDSBURG

"Crown Brand" Corn Syrup

is ready to serve over all kinds of Puddings—makes a new and attractive dish of such an old favorite as Baked Apples—is far cheaper than butter or preserves when spread on bread—and is best for Candy-making.

"LILY WHITE" is a pure white Corn Syrup—more delicate in flavor than "*Crown Brand*". Perhaps you would prefer it.

ASK YOUR GROCER
IN 2, 5, 10 AND 20 POUND TINS.
The Canada Starch Co., Limited
Head Office - Montreal
2

Your Easter Breakfast!

Make it worthy of the anticipation—a morning meal that shall stand right out from the ordinary run of breakfasts. Let it be

"Swift's Premium" Ham or Bacon

A few slices of this mild, delicately-cured ham or bacon—cooked to a tempting brown—served sizzling hot—here's a repast indeed! Never again will you want to go back to "ordinary" ham and bacon. "Swift's Premium" will win you for all time. There's a sweet, succulent tenderness about "Swift's Premium" ham and bacon you find in no other brand.

Tell your dealer you must have "Swift's Premium" for Easter Sunday Morning! Order it now.

Swift Canadian Co., Limited

Toronto
Winnipeg
Edmonton

34

FREE—We will give free to any person interested in stock or poultry one of our 80 page illustrated books on how to feed, how to build hen-houses; tells the common diseases of poultry and stock with remedies for same; tells how to cure roup in four days; tells all about our ROYAL PURPLE Stock and Poultry Foods and Remedies. Write: W. A. JENKINS MFG. CO.
London Canada

Pin Money For You

Have you joined the "Pin Money Club" yet? Hundreds of girls and women who belong are making all the pin money they need and many of them have made as high as $35.00 for a little, easy, spare time work.

Pin Money Club members look after the renewals and take new subscriptions to Everywoman's World, Canada's Great Home Magazine. It's an immense money maker. Write to-day for particulars to

Marion Selwyn, Secretary, The Pin Money Club
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD TORONTO, ONTARIO

Warm, Perfect, Unburnable—for New, Safe HOMES

A NON BURNABLE HOUSE, built in Sun Hollow Brick. Fire cannot burn it from exterior or interior sources. Warm and comfortable.

A HOUSE built in our wonderful Hollow Brick makes strong walls, yet so light in weight they prevent bad settling of foundations, with cracked plaster. The honeycomb of air cells in the wall keeps the house quite cool in summer and warm in winter—so warm that big fuel savings are made every winter for generations. Each Sun Hollow Brick equals laying six bricks, and saves wages and building time as well as weight. Put this saving into bigger rooms and comfort features. If you or friends are going to build, learn from us about Sun Hollow Brick. We have a free book for you on request.

THIS shows a cross section of a wall built in Sun Hollow Brick. The air cells bar heat and cold from getting through the walls. The T shape of Sun Hollow Brick locks the wall soundly, so it can't be bulged or sprung by frost or decay. The wall is perfectly dry and hygienic and there is no room for rats or mice to get into it as in ordinary walls. Use this for your new house.

A Big Saving Over Brick —Helpful in All Houses

THE use of modern Hollow Brick for walls, floors and cellars gives you a perfect, dry, weather-proof and climate-proof home. It can be used where concrete, brick, stone or wood is now used, and actually costs less than brick. Let us show you how we can better your house whether planned or already built.

Get our BOOK Free

Our big free A.B.C. Primer tells you everything about building properly at small expense, so even the smallest cottage may be made fire-proof, rat-proof, and comfortable, as well as sanitary, during the wettest, coldest or hottest seasons. Tell that you are going to build and get this book to-day FREE.

Build Your House FIRE-PROOF

THE Hollow Brick in walls, floors and ceilings built in this superb material, make perfect fire barriers. Will stand immense heat that would bring down all ordinary walls. Remember, at no extra cost except trouble you can "fireproof" your house, stable, garage or other building automatically, by using Sun Brick Details in the free A. B. C. Book on request. Have a home like the illustration given above—safe from big fire risk and properly built once for all when erected. Hollow Brick—the new way to build—is the perfect Canadian house material, anywhere in the Dominion.

SUN BRICK CO., Ltd.

Traders Bank Building - - Toronto, Canada

"I Gained 26 Pounds"
"I Gained 5 Pounds in 6 Days"

Men and Women tell what gave them Flesh and Strength

FREE BOX—The Real Flesh Maker. A 50-Cent Box FREE

A real flesh-maker is found at last. Thousands of men and women have gained flesh and health through eating a little of this wonderful discovery CERTONE.

Here is William Keiffer, who writes: **"My weight is now 169 pounds; a gain of 26 pounds since I began taking CERTONE. I am also feeling fine."**

Miss Laura McLane writes: **"I am so pleased with CERTONE. I have gained eight pounds and you can't imagine how many compliments have been passed on me."**

S. C. Guerrero writes: **"Your CERTONE is marvelous. I gained 5 pounds in six days."**

Such letters pour in from happy people telling how CERTONE has actually given them flesh, strength and good condition after everything else had failed. The most wonderful proofs and testimonials you ever saw from Doctors, Ministers, Physical Culture Experts and delighted men and women of all ages. For example: **Rev. F. M. Thuille gained 20 lbs.; Dr. J. H. Thomas (83 years old), 11 lbs.; Miss M. V. Lee, Secretary of Christian Endeavor Union, 29 lbs.; Margaret Boyles, 15 lbs.; Wm. Brown (80 years old) 10 lbs.; Mrs. E. M. Authment, a pound a day; H. de Lotell, 10 lbs. from one box; Louise Boyd, 3 lbs. first week; P. Ferveno, 8 lbs. from one box; Lizzie Speckhall, 22 lbs. in 45 days, etc., etc.** And they tell how their looks improved also—which pleases everybody.

Proofs like this are the proofs YOU want; statements from the people themselves telling how they actually gained weight, new life and vigor through CERTONE. Showing beyond question that CERTONE has the true tonic nourishment materials to build up your whole system—blood nerves, body and brain.

NOW IN YOUR OWN CASE LET CERTONE SHOW YOU For CERTONE is sure, and safe, absolutely guaranteed to contain no strychnine, nux vomica, arsenic, quinine, nor any harmful drug. CERTONE is **positive nourishment tonics** extracted from special food principles, highly concentrated, scientifically combined; just what you need and MUST HAVE to **build you up.** The ONLY way.

PROVE THIS: A 50-CENT BOX FREE

$1,000 Guarantee Get a dollar box through your druggist or I'll send you a regular Fifty Cent box, with my compliments, if you will send the attached Coupon and ten cents in stamps toward postage cost.

Take your CERTONE and if you are not more than pleased, just tell me so and I will even return your postage to you. That's my confidence in CERTONE I know what CERTONE can do and I want YOU to know it. And when you know, I believe you'll recommend CERTONE.

50-CENT BOX FREE

This Coupon, with ten cents in stamps to cover postage, entitles you to one 50-cent box of CERTONE free of charge, provided you have not already tried and proved the remarkable flesh-making power of CERTONE. Get this CERTONE by return post. Then watch yourself gain every day. Note the improvement in your nerves and health and digestion. See how you start to improve in looks and become strong and vigorous through CERTONE. **(Only one free treatment to each person).**

George A. Syker, Pres., CERTONE CO., Canadian Office, 701 ombard St., Dept. 113, Toronto, Ont.

THE HOUSE OF 1915

Two Thousand New Homes are Going to be Built This Year by Everywoman's World Readers and Their Friends so This is a Good Time to Learn of the Newest Houses Suitable for Canada.

BY LUCY FULLER

A HOUSE, designed and built to save three tons of coal each winter, ultimately will save many hundreds of dollars. The three factors that save fuel are closeness and accuracy of construction, heat-holding quality in the walls, and a form that takes the least length of outside wall to absorb heat—the square floor plan. As warm air rises, a warm house should have moderately, or unusually low ceilings to keep all heat within reach.

Closely fitting and accurately placed materials keep the cold on one side of the wall and the warmth on the other, and prevent draughts. For retaining heat, modern houses use "dead" air spaces in the walls, because still air is an excellent non-conductor. The very modern house, however, uses a wall material that has much more dead-air space in the wall than is possible with any other construction—the hollow tile made of clay or terra cotta. In selecting house material, by all means select in order hollow-brick tile, brick with air spaces, concrete block with air spaces in each block, brick veneer lined with building paper, rough-cast over wood, ordinary wood lined with building paper, solid concrete lined with hollow brick, or solid stone. Hollow brick tile can be transported long distances because of a big freight saving. Owing to the small amount of mortar and the big bulk of each unit, increased speed in erecting reduces building cost.

A "Square" House in Hollow Brick, faced in Brick and Stucco—Ideal Construction for Canada.

The house in Canada requires heating by stoves, fireplaces, hot-air furnaces, steam or hot water. Each system has its own advantages. The hot-air system is the least costly, using flues lined with asbestos. Hot water heating has variable capacity from a gentle heat up to the boiling point of water, without demanding continuous attention to the fire.

Ultra modern hot-water systems in private houses are operated from two furnaces in the cellar, one boiler half the size of the other. In the warm days of fall and spring the small furnace keeps the entire hot-water system at a gentle heat. When the weather is colder, the large furnace is used. During blizzards and cold snaps, both furnaces together give high temperature.

The methods of placing radiators have been changed radically. Now-a-days radiators are not placed in the floor space of the rooms, but in recessed spaces, covered by an ornamental grill of wood, beneath windows and beside the entrance doors of the home. These warm the air where it is cooled the most. By a new method, outdoor air is led to the grill work through cheesecloth air filters, by flues beneath the floor surface, which contain hot water or steam piping. The open fireplace is only an auxiliary form of heating, but attractive and sanitary. Numerous fire-places and mantels are recommended.

The modern Canadian house is taking on changes in design in accordance with the new modes of living. Porch sleeping chambers, open to the air, form the modern bedroom and have a heated dressing-room adjoining. The living room has become the most important room in the house, flooded in sunlight during winter, and well shaded during summer, which calls for a terrace with a pergola or elevated grill-work just outside, on which climbing vines form a summer canopy in place of permanent veranda roof. The modern verandas are made wide and spacious, with provision for open-air dining, and are so built that they may be enclosed in glass sash during winter, to be exchanged for screen frames in summer. In some cases, parts of such verandas are used as sun-rooms, and have a fireplace. The veranda floor for such sun rooms is especially treated with building felt or hollow brick. The passageway hall is vanishing in favor of a reception room and square hall combined, with a clothes closet in a vestibule at the entrance door. The stairway is now faced away from the entrance door.

The modern house, by the way, has the walls and ceilings finished in plaster board, of which there are several kinds, including fire-proof asbestos. There are also wall board sheets on which the rough plaster is applied, in place of wood lath. Wood lath is disappearing; big lace-like sheets of metal are used in its stead, the meshes of which are preserved by an undercoat of fire-proof cement plaster in place of lime plaster. Even more radical than this, certain adhesive waterproof paints are applied direct to brick, stone or cement walls, and cement plaster rough coats are put directly on the paint. This saves an inch or two of interior room space, saves building cost, and does away with lath altogether. The object of all these is mostly to avoid cracked plaster, from swollen lath wood drying out or warping or from settling. Settling is due to very heavy house walls on an insufficient foundation. One remedy is to build in the light hollow, brick type of wall only on a solid concrete foundation.

Walls in new houses, even where plastered, are not left plain white as they used to be. They are colored with beautiful tints of alabastine wall coating—inexpensive and gives results really charming.

Artificial lighting is now done by throwing strong, hidden electric light on the white plastered ceiling, whence the light pours down in shadowless, soft profusion. Where electricity is not available, artificial gas may be used preferably that made on the premises from calcium carbide by modern up to date apparatus. This light may also be inverted and thrown up on the ceiling in the same way as electricity, and may be lighted by merely pushing a button.

The isolated country house may now have all plumbing conveniences of the city. Water is pumped into and piped from a tank in the attic, to bath-room, bedrooms, kitchen and laundry, or is forced by compressed air from a storage tank in the cellar The ordinary bathroom drainage pipe is led underground at a gentle slope to a septic tank, the substitute for the cesspool. In this septic tank, which is divided into two compartments, a harmless odorless fermentation takes place, the tank discharging clear water into an ordinary drain led into the fields, or into the garden to be used as sub-irrigation. These tanks are built of concrete with a frost proof top of hollow brick and are coming to be very generally used in small towns and villages and for farm homes.

The modern kitchen has a cold storage cellar, partitioned from the furnace by heat-excluding walls. Stationary laundry tubs are arranged with covers to form a table when not in use. Of course there is a washing machine, and it is the greatest of labor savers when run by power water, electricity or by gasolene engine. The kitchen has a porch vestibule entrance big enough to hold a refrigerator, and with a back verandah or terrace. The tendency is to make the kitchen small and compact, saving many steps and much time—a lesson learned from the efficient kitchens of the railway dining cars. The stove is a coal and gas combination range, or a wood range, with beside it a blue flame coal-oil stove—the double heating equipment saves useless heating of the kitchen.

There are many "fireproof" materials for building the new house. Concrete and hollow tile are resistent to fire. The floors, spanning up to twenty feet wide, may be made of tile without beams. Where these are not available, concrete plaster ceilings with metal lath are the next best fire retarding material to protect wooden joists supporting the upper floor.

Shingles are made of asbestos or pliable fireproof composition. Metal shingles give a lightning-safe house. Slates, tile, and hollow brick slabs are other forms. Roofs are lined with warm felt or paper.

Many houses are not practical or convenient, because attention is concentrated on details and not on the modern aids that make houses ideal.

These devices and others may be had anywhere in Canada, and are "Made in Canada." Plan a house so many of these modern features may be added later.

POULTRY

Canadians Should Eat More Eggs,—Certainly Canada Should Produce More! A Few Facts and Comment. Poultry Literature That May be had Free from Ottawa.

Conducted by N. C. CAMPBELL, B.S.A.

JUST think of us Canadians importing during the year two and a half million eggs from China! And the most of them bad, too, or at least exceedingly stale!

In a country like our good Canada one would think that enough eggs would be produced to satisfy our own needs. But according to Prof. F. C. Elford, the Dominion Poultry Husbandman at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, who has been addressing the recent "Patriotism and Production" farmers' meetings, we in Canada do not produce near enough eggs to satisfy our own home market. If we may judge from his demonstration with the eggs imported from China, which eggs he secured in Montreal, these imported eggs are not such as any self-respecting housewife would ever use—even for cooking. But it would seem that some confectioners are not so acute in point of conscience!

We Canadians do not eat as many eggs as it would be good and economical for us to eat. The English people eat at lesat two-thirds more eggs per capita, the people of the United States also, eat more eggs, and yet they produce just about as many eggs as they consume.

RIGHT now, with the hatching season upon us is a very good time to consider the matter of going in more extensively for poultry and perhaps to start keeping at least a few hens—if we have not got them already—even though a back yard in town or city is the only place available for them. While I have not the figures available, I know that tremendous quantities of poultry and unbelievable numbers of eggs are produced year after year in crowded quarters on village, town and city backyards and lots; this all to the advantage of the householders directly concerned, and there need be but little, if any, nuisance or disturbance to the neighbors.

Nowadays when starting in for poultry in a small way it is not necessary to bother borrowing or buying a broody hen or hens. We can escape this trouble and start in with the living chicks, for it is a commercial business to hatch chickens in large incubators and sell them as "baby" chicks.

While it does not seem possible, it is true nevertheless, that baby chicks, newly hatched, and without feed and without water, may be shipped great distances—up to four days and more without any particular danger to their health or their well being; in fact, they are likely to be all the better for the trip and the delay in feeding. Nature never intended that a newly hatched chick should have anything particular given it to eat for the first three or four days. Before leaving the shell the chick has enveloped within its body nearly the whole of the yolk and this is sufficient to maintain it for several days; much trouble with young chicks arises from them having been fed too early and too much and thereby upsetting their rather delicate digestive apparatus by going contrary to the plans of nature.

Should you be wishing to get some baby chicks and do not know where to send for them, advise me, c/o Everywoman's World, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope (be sure the war stamp is on!) and I will be very glad to see that you get information from a reliable party with whom you can deal.

THERE is little use of going in for poultry just for their society or company alone. One of course, desires eggs and poultry ultimately at a profit. Therefore we must look forward to buying our baby chicks or hatching the chicks from incubators or by the natural method early in the season and thereby give the stock time to mature, time for the pullets to get ready to lay before next winter sets in, and time for the cockerels to reach a size and development suitable for marketing at a season when good prices are going. This means that we ought to have the chickens all hatched during April, or early May.

SO many good bulletins and so much invaluable information is published and available for free distribution in Canada from the Department of Agriculture relating to poultry, that I have thought it well to name some of these for my readers this month, and have this chat for this month shorter than usual. The officials in charge of the agricultural promotion work for Canada have published a list of publications, available for free distribution from the Department of Agriculture. This list is free to any one who will write for it. I have noted from this list, the following bulletins, leaflets, and exhibition pamphlets, which I think will be most appreciated by my readers. Any one or all of them may be had absolutely free by addressing the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, and it is not necessary even to put a stamp on your letter, simply mark it "O.H.M.S." and it will go all right.

"Rules for the Production and Marketing of New-Laid Eggs," "The Care of Market Eggs," "The Candling of Eggs," "The Organization of Co-operative Egg Circles," "Suggestions for Egg Circle Members," "Winter Egg Production," "Plan of Permanent Laying House for Poultry," "The Payment of Eggs according to Quality," "Artificial Incubation," "Natural Incubation," "The Farmer's Poultry House," "The Farm Flock," "Brooding and Rearing Chicks," "Duck Raising," "The Management of Turkeys," "The Management of Geese."

When there is so much of interest about poultry, and when scraps and waste from the kitchen table can be turned into good eggs and poultry—even in a back lot—and when poultry can be made so much more profitable than any other kind of domesticated live-stock properly handled and cared for, I am sure that thousands of my readers will be glad to avail themselves of this free information on poultry from the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

OUT OF THE WEB

(*Continued from page 21*)

unconscious girl. Her head had fallen back, her long lashes swept her cheek and her breath came heavily. To Ewing, in whose experience beautiful women were no novelty, she seemed the loveliest thing he had ever seen. There was an appeal about her childish beauty and utter helplessness which struck home to his heart. His varied experience had rendered him cynical; he scoffed at the gentler emotions and he smiled sardonically to find himself thrilled with a yearning tenderness for a young woman of whom he knew nothing further than that her name was Brown.

When they reached The Fonda the young woman's continued unconsciousness necessitated a drive around the block pending which Ewing—refusing to allow the older woman to touch her, ventured gently to chafe her fingers and clumsily endeavor to revive her. Presently she stirred slightly and strove to rouse herself. Fortunately she had not finished the drugged potion and the chill air was reviving her. At length, with an effort, she dragged herself upright and opened her eyes.

"What—why—where are you taking me?" she gasped looking about her a little wildly; Ewing's frank smile was a thing calculated to reassure the most panic-stricken

"We're taking you home," he said soothingly. "See, we're turning into your block now."

"You are wonderfully kind, both of you," the girl said gratefully—her voice completed the havoc her beauty had wrought in Ewing's heart. Then, as her glance fell full upon the face of the woman beside her,—"Why it's the lady who spoke to me in the Park!

"It was surely good of you to take charge of me. I hope you'll both come in and let my mother thank you in person." The car was, at that moment drawing up at the curb before the entrance to The Fonda.

"We should be glad to," Ewing interposed quickly, "but I'm sorry to say that Mrs. L'Estrange is leaving the city this evening for an indefinite stay and I'm accompanying her to the station"—(which, in a sense, was strictly true). "But, later—if I may have the pleasure of meeting your mother—"

"We shall be happy to see you at any time," the girl assured him as he aided her to alight.

"Then may I say this evening at eight?"

"Please do. You see," the soft voice fell to a key too low to be overheard by either of the occupants of the machine, "although I couldn't seem to rouse myself, I haven't been wholly unconscious during our drive, and I learned something of what you've done and how much I owe you. Both Mother and I will want to express our gratitude—though I'm sure I don't know how I can ever thank you sufficiently—"

"Perhaps," Ewing ventured, "you'll let me tell you—later?"

The First Three Weeks

are the most critical of a baby chick's life. To raise every chick it is necessary that the first food should be nourishing, strengthening and of a kind that builds without taxing their delicate organs

Pratts Poultry Remedies

Pratts Poultry Regulator, 25c., 50c.
Pratts Baby Chick Food, 25c. to $5.00
Pratts Liquid Lice Killer, 40c. qt., $1.00 gal.
Pratts Powder Lice Killer, 25c.
Pratts Roup Remedy, 25c., 50c.
Pratts Roup Tablets, 25c., 50c.
Pratts White Diarrhoea Remedy, 25c., 50c.
Pratts Cholera Remedy, 25c., 50c.
Pratts Head Lice Ointment 25c.
Pratts Gape Remedy, 25c.-50c.
Pratts Bronchitis Remedy, 25c., 50c.
Pratts Condition Tablets, 25c., 50c.
Pratts Scaly Leg Remedy, 25c., 50c.

Pratts Baby Chick Food

is a well-balanced scientific food ration to be fed for the first three weeks. It has been used for years by practical poultry raisers everywhere, and the fact that they all endorse it, is the strongest recommendation of its value. Use it once and you'll never be without it.

"Your money back if not satisfied."

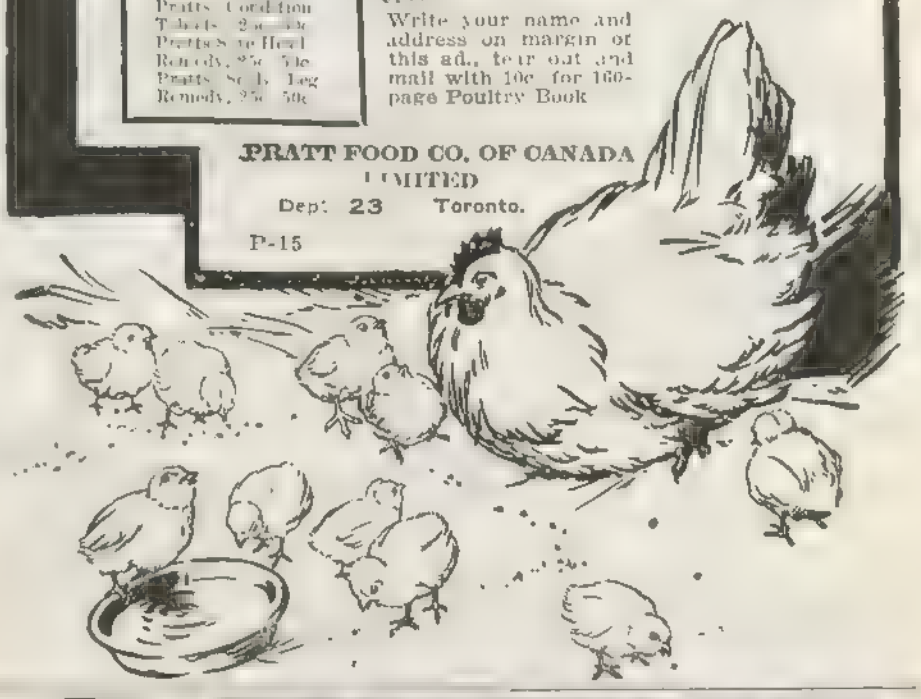
Your dealer has it. 14-lb. bag, $1.00; 6½-lb. pkg., 50c.; 3-lb. pkg., 25c.

Pratts Poultry Regulator

is a splendid digestive tonic that will keep your flock in vigorous health. It prevents disease and ensures fertility. Your dealer has it. 25-lb. pail, $2.50; 100-lb. bag, $9.00; also in packages at 25c., 50c. and $1.00.

Write your name and address on margin of this ad., tear out and mail with 10c. for 160-page Poultry Book

PRATT FOOD CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
Dept. 23 Toronto.
P-15



Excellent Profits from Poultry and Eggs

THOUSANDS of others have made a success of raising poultry and eggs for market—you, too, can be successful by giving a part or all of your time to it.

Right now the demand for high grade poultry and eggs in Canada and Europe is much greater than the supply. This is your opportunity.

Those who make the greatest profits are those who begin earliest. Your first step is to

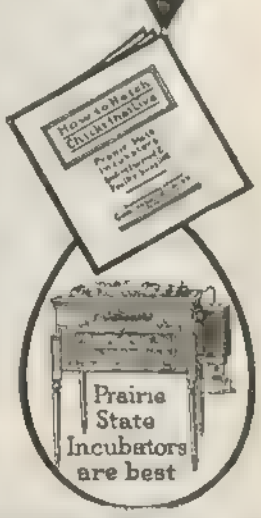
Send for our Free Book

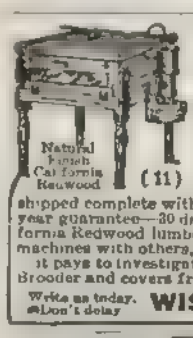
"How to Hatch Chicks that Live"

It tells about the kind of incubators and hovers that have been endorsed by all our Canadian Agricultural Colleges—it shows how to build your own brooders at small cost—the kind of feed that produces quick, healthy growth and winter eggs, and how to obtain the experiences of successful poultry raisers.

We will help you to begin and we will pay you top prices for all the poultry and eggs that you can produce. Write today.

GUNN, LANGLOIS & CO. LIMITED
33 St. Vincent Street, Montreal



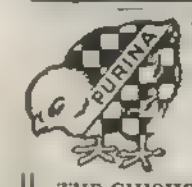


130-Egg Incubator and Brooder Both For **$13.90**

If ordered together we send both machines for only $13.90 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped complete with thermometers, lamps, egg testers—ready to use when you get them. Five year guarantee—30 days trial. Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used—not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money. It pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of $13.90 is for **both** Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today, or send in your order and save time.

FREIGHT AND DUTY PAID

Write us today. Don't delay. **WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 184, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.**

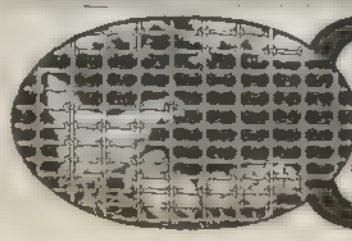


SAVES BABY CHICKS

PURINA CHICK FEED will save your baby chicks and make them grow rapidly. Feed Purina Chick Feed to your newly hatched chickens and avoid dangerous bowel trouble. Also feed Purina Chicken Chowder, the wonderful growing feed. Feed it from box or hopper in addition to Purina Chick Feed

Send us your dealer's name and ask for latest Purina Book. It will help you greatly and it's free!

THE CHISHOLM MILLING CO., LIMITED - - 76B Esplanade, TORONTO, ONT.



PEERLESS POULTRY FENCE

A Real Fence—Not Netting

Strongly made with closely spaced—tight lock joints—complete barrier against small animals as well as poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediates No. 14—galvanized by the Open Hearth process which time and other tests have proven to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our farm and ornamental fencing. Agencies nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.

The House Beautiful is the House Sanitary

when Alabastine is applied to the walls. This beautiful modern flat-toned wall finish is sparkling alabaster rock, ground to a fine-grain powder. It has natural antiseptic qualities that destroy disease germs and banish vermin.

Alabastine can be put on by anyone, skilled or unskilled, covers well and spreads evenly without brush marks. Painters and decorators like to use it because of the pleasing effects obtained and all 'round satisfaction it gives.

Modern standards of taste require soft, flat tones—that walls constitute what they are intended for, suitable backgrounds. Here Alabastine is ideal and gives results superior to the most expensive methods at far less cost.

We furnish users of Alabastine with complete plans of interior decoration and stencils, free. Our artists also advise individually when desired, without charge.

Let us tell you more about Alabastine. Just send a postcard with your name and address and we will mail you our booklet "Modern Wall Decoration" free. Do it to-day.

The Alabastine Co., Ltd. Paris, Ontario

CHURCH'S *Cold Water*

Alabastine

24

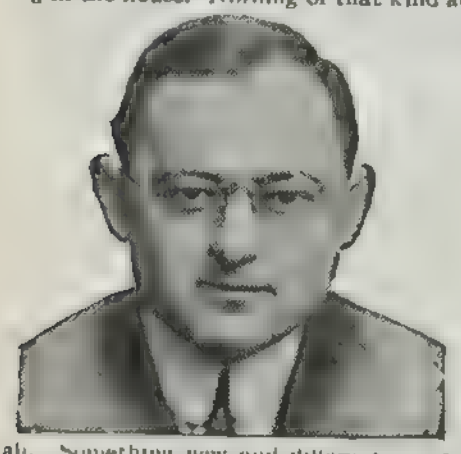
CATARRH TRUTH

Told in a Simple Way

No Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity

Heals Day and Night

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at



all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it overnight—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking coughing spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand and I will write to you with complete information. FREE at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter to-day. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

SAM KATZ, Room B 2779

142 Mutual St. Toronto, Ont.

WANTED—All kinds of names and addresses. We pay 25c each. Send dime for contract (silver). P-Sun, LeRoy, Mich.

Money For You

We have a big money making opportunity for you if you can look after the renewals and take new subscriptions to Everywoman's World in your spare time. Ask about it to-day. Address

Division 27

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

Use O-Cedar Polish

(MADE IN CANADA)

The O-Cedar Polish Way

JUST dampen a piece of cheesecloth with O-Cedar and water—half and half—and go over your furniture. The polish cleans and polishes at the same time. Slight rubbing with a dry cloth will quickly produce the desired lustre and bring out the original beauty of the grain.

Quick—Easy—Economical

You will be surprised how quick you will get the desired result. You will be more surprised at the small amount of rubbing necessary. You will be pleased at the little polish used.

O-CEDAR POLISH cuts work in half—it cleans as it polishes.

O-CEDAR POLISH is most economical—use one-half water and one-half O-Cedar.

O-CEDAR POLISH gives a hard, dry, durable lustre—never gets gummy nor collects dust.

O-CEDAR POLISH is guaranteed—satisfaction or money back.

Ask your dealer

Sizes 25c to $3.00

Channell Chemical Co., Limited

369 Sorauren Avenue

TORONTO, CANADA

Do Your Washing the "EASY" way. SUCTION—not Friction

NO woman needs to be informed as to the body strain and hard work, caused by the old fashioned method of washing. Don't you dread the extra house-cleaning wash, and put it off until it must be done? You may take a chance on some of your lace curtains, woollen blankets, heavy quilts, comforters, etc., but you know you take the work out of yourself. Imagine if you can, the man of the house in the back breaking operation of washing by means of the washboard. Washing has to be done at least 52 times in a year. Is there not some easier and better way of doing it?

30 Days FREE TRIAL

The "EASY" Washer differs radically from all others. It will not wear the clothes, and will wash anything from the finest to the heaviest. Like a vacuum cleaner, it sucks the dirt out of the mesh of the garments. In fact it washes on the vacuum principle forcing the suds through the clothes by means of air compression and vacuum suction. The "EASY" Washer can be furnished for your relief either for hand power, gasoline engine, or to attach to the ordinary electric socket.

Simple, strong, and not liable to get out of order. All metal and must do well, it will give better results and last quite as long as five wood en washers irrespective of make or price. The body is of copper or galvanized steel. By a simple arrangement at the handle the basin can be operated into a clothes rub without being detached for rinsing, blueing, washing flannels, etc.

THE Easy WASHER

MADE IN CANADA

WASHES BY VACUUM

EASY WASHER COMPANY 4 Clinton Place Dept. E. Toronto

Write us to-day for particulars, and let us know the kind of machine you want.

THE WAY TO MAKE A BOOK

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Author of "Anne of Green Gables", etc.

AN old joke will probably be familiar to all who read this article. A woman who had one child was anxious to train it properly. Feeling herself to be very ignorant of such a subject, she appealed for instruction to a friend who had seven children.

"My dear," said her friend, "there is no use asking me how to bring up children because I really don't know anything more about it than you do. But just ask the first old maid you meet and she will be able to tell you all about it."

And it is just so in regard to the writing of books. Those who never write books can so easily tell how it is done and how it should be done. It is as easy for them as rolling off a log. For those of us who *have* written books it is an exceedingly hard thing.

My own experience is that books—real "live" books—are *not* written. Like *Topsy*, they "grow." The function of the author is simply to follow the growth and record it.

"Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

Never mind what it turns out. As long as it grows out of your life it will have life in it, and the great pulse of humanity everywhere will thrill and throb to that life.

Before attempting to write a book, be sure you have something to say—something that *demands* to be said. It need not be a very great or lofty or profound something; it is not given to many of us utter

"Jewels five words long
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle for ever."

But if we have something to say that will bring a whiff of fragrance to a tired soul and to a weary heart, or a glint of sunshine to a clouded life, then that something is worth saying, and it is our duty to try to say it as well as in us lies.

A book to be worth anything, must have a good central idea. I do not say a plot, for many very successful books have little or no plot. Certainly, a logical and well-constructed plot adds strength and charm to any book and increases the chances of its success. But a central idea—a purpose of some sort—a book must have. It is not to be flung in the reader's face; it is not to be obtruded in every paragraph or chapter; but it must be there, as the spine is in the human body, to hold the book together; and all that follows, characters, incidents and conversations, must be developed in harmony with this idea or purpose.

One should not try to write a book impulsively or accidentally, as it were. The idea may come by impulse or accident, but it must be worked out with care and skill, or its embodiment will never partake of the essence of true art. Write—and put what you have written away; read it over weeks later; cut, prune, and rewrite. Repeat this process until your work seems to you as good as you can make it. Never mind what outside critics say. They will all differ from each other in their opinions, so there is really not a great deal to be learned from them. Be your own severest critic. Never let a sentence in your work get by you until you are convinced that it is as perfect as you can make it. Somebody else may be able to improve it vastly. Somebody will be sure to think he can. Never mind. Do *your* best—and do it sincerely. Don't try to write like some other author. Don't try to "hit the public taste." The public taste doesn't really like being hit. It prefers to be allured into some fresh pasture, surprised with some unexpected tid-bit.

An accusation is often made against us novelists that we paint our characters—especially our ridiculous or unpleasant characters—"from life." The public seems determined not to allow the smallest particle of creative talent to an author. If you write a book you *must* have drawn your characters "from life." You, yourself, are, of course, the hero or heroine; your unfortunate neighbors supply the other portraits. People will cheerfully tell you that they know this or that character of your books intimately. This will aggravate you at first, but later on you will learn to laugh at it. It is, in reality, a subtle compliment—though it is not always meant to be. It is at least a tribute to the "life-likeness" of your book people.

But no true artist ever draws exactly from life. We must *study* from life, working in hints gathered here and there, bits of character, personal or mental idiosyncracies, humorous remarks, tales, or legends, making use of the real to perfect

(*Continued on page 26*)

UNFAITHFUL TO HIS TRUST

(Continued from page 10)

On entering his office an hour later she found him in a brown study.

"Dearest," he whispered, leading her to a chair, "you should not have exposed yourself to gossiping tongues by coming here."

"But I'll go insane if I stay home brooding. Floyd"—she stopped short and gazed at his troubled face—"they say you have prepared a strong case against my father."

He patted her cheek tenderly.

"I know, dear. They are saying everything they can think of, while I am simply doing my duty. I can't run away."

"But they say your interest results mostly from your own loss," she said, and immediately regretted her speech.

"Eugenia!" he cried. There was an accusing tone of reproach in his voice.

"Is it true?" she inquired, hurt by his tone.

"Would you believe me guilty of such?"

"I'd hate to," she answered, as a strange impulse seized her. "But you could resign."

"Resign—resign!" he repeated, pressing his palm to his forehead. "I couldn't shirk my duty, even if it were my own father. Gene, Gene, don't be a hard task master! I'll find some way to save your father!"

Eugenia felt hurt and militant. Self-preservation swept logic and reason to the winds. She rose from her chair and levelled her chin with his shoulder.

"Your ambition is stronger than your love. And if my father is convicted I shall never speak to you again."

"Gene, Gene!" he cried. She turned her back and hurried from the room.

The following Friday the trial was held and the two men were convicted. Joynes received a ten-year sentence, while the banker, as the result of a strong plea by Floyd, had sentence suspended, with a pardon promised, provided he made restitution. When the verdict was brought in Eugenia uttered a scream and fell backward. Willing hands caught her and assisted her to another room. Her father tottered in shortly after and dropped into a chair. Floyd came in and offered his hand, but she ignored him. He bit his lips in chagrin and left the room. Eugenia saw nothing but her ruined parent, and her one thought was to flee far from the scene.

When the tenseness and excitement of the trial had worn away she began to realize the false position she had taken, as well as the unreasonable demands she had made, but her pride prevented her from taking any steps to bring about a reconciliation. Her father's mind had been poisoned by Joynes, and he was in no mood for sober reflection, which might have changed his views.

As soon as the old banker had put his business affairs in shape he and his daughter started for the south, where he had a bungalow, telling only Dr. Andrews, the family physician, and the housekeeper, of their destination.

Three weeks of exercise with rod and gun among the southern woods were sufficient to restore the rose bloom to Eugenia's cheeks and the lustre to her brown eyes, but they could not erase the past with its painful pleasure. Occasionally while in the woodland, with the joy of living expanding her heart she would delude herself that the past was past; but at twilight, when solitude brought memories with a handsome face hovering near, she knew that she would never forget. And if she required additional proof it came in the form of a newspaper item, which stated that Floyd had broken down under the strain of work and worry. The tears that trickled down her pretty cheeks were concrete evidence of an aching heart. To her father she said nothing.

One bright morning as she was about to start out with her gun she received a letter from Dr. Andrews. The physician wrote that he was sending Floyd down to his bungalow to recuperate, which was a short distance from that occupied by Eugenia, and closed his letter by suggestion that she might be of some service in restoring Floyd to health. With a palpitating heart, she read the letter several times, and then broke the news to her father.

"The best thing we can do is to clear out of here," her father frowned.

"Oh, no, Daddy. No use running away like little children. Much as we have turned against him we must at least credit him with being a gentleman, not likely to intrude. There is no reason for our having to meet him, and perhaps, after all, we have been a bit harsh."

Her father looked at her knowingly and smiled.

"All right, girlie, have it your own way. Women are all alike."

Floyd came into her life again quite unexpectedly. She was seated at the window that afternoon gazing dreamily at the distant valley when she was suddenly startled by seeing him come from behind a row of bushes and make toward the house. Acting on a wild impulse, she ran to the kitchen and instructed the colored boy to show him to one of the spare rooms.

"Tell him that you have been told to show him to his room and to look after his wants, but don't say anything about father or me."

Her father on being told of her action, simply shrugged his shoulders and said she was becoming too sentimental, but that she could follow her own dictates. She did not share his views, and returned to her room. The colored boy found her there shortly after.

"Miss Genee," the boy grinned, "that man wouldn't come in here when he found out it wasn't the doctor's place. I told him he could have a nice room here, and the other things you said, but he wouldn't come in nohow. He done gave the cook two bits to show him to the doctor's bungalow."

Eugenia sighed and swallowed hard, but the boy's primitive mind divined nothing. Floyd having no knowledge of her presence, could not have declined on her account; nevertheless, she felt hurt and disappointed. Her father, on hearing of it, smiled in a pleased manner.

The following morning, while she stood talking to a neighbor, with whom she had an appointment for a hunting trip, she saw Floyd go down a hill and disappear, closely followed by a guide. Her companion at that moment was paying a compliment to her nymph-like beauty, but his words fell on deaf ears, for her thoughts and eyes were following another's trail. Then, to her companion's surprise, she said she had a headache and postponed the trip.

When Floyd had been at the bungalow two days the colored boy turned in his first report.

"He's sure gettin' to look nicer all the time," the boy grinned. "And he sure am a fine lookin' man. But there's somethin' 'bout him, so sad like, just like he lost his bes' friend. Yesterday he looked at me like I was his father, and asked me if I ever lost anybody I loved more than all the world."

Eugenia colored a deeper red and bit into her lip.

"I done told him, Miss Genee," the boy resumed, "nobody ever let me love him so much, and he kinder laughed."

"How does he spend his time?" she queried.

"He just reads, and dreams, and hunts—just like he was waitin' for judgment day. Once when I went in he was lookin' at the picher of a beautiful lady in white—looks somethin' like you."

Eugenia felt the blood rushing to her temples, and sent the boy on an errand. She heard nothing more of Floyd for two days, but he was never out of her dreams. A hundred times she had pondered over the outcome. Would he, as soon as he had regained his health, leave and end all, or would Providence step in?

While she was lingering over her breakfast the following Monday the boy came in and told her that Floyd's guide had been taken ill, and that he had been sent in search of a substitute. Eugenia stared at Sambo as a wild plan began to take root in her brain.

"You go back, Sambo, and tell him that if he will be at the end of the road that leads to the lake, a guide will be there to met him in half an hour."

As soon as the boy had gone she disguised herself as a boy in her own guide's clothes, turning the coat collar up so that it would conceal her hair at the back of her head. Then she started out for the lake, nervous and trembling. On reaching the lake she sat down to await his coming, wondering if she would be able to conceal her identity by keeping her back constantly to him and using arm motions to guide him. She knew that she had taken a wild and foolish step, but she had been unable to resist the temptation.

While she pondered over future possibilities she saw a flock of ducks circling over a clump of shrubbery a short distance to her left. The target was a tempting one, and she raised her gun. To her amazement the weapon went off unexpectedly, and the shot lodged in the heart of the shrubbery. As the noise died away she heard a groan, like that coming from a wounded person. Dropping her gun, she dashed toward the shrubbery and came upon the unconscious form of Floyd.

"Floyd, oh, Floyd!" she cried, wringing her hands in anguish as she fell to his side.

As her fingers came in contact with his brow he opened his eyes, and a strange look crept into them, as if he had recognized her. He attempted to speak, but the words died on his lips, his eyes closing involuntarily.

Eugenia, trembling and desperate, looked about wildly for assistance. Two passing hunters gladly offered their aid, and carried Floyd to his bungalow. A doctor was summoned and pronounced Floyd's wounds painful but not dangerous. Eugenia explained the accident, and offered to act as nurse, assisted by her cook.

Left to herself, she questioned the wis-

(Concluded on page 29)

BIGGER CROPS
BETTER PROFIT
STEELE BRIGGS
FAMOUS GARDEN SEEDS
GARDEN SEEDS
SOW THE SEEDS OF UNEQUALLED PURITY AND HIGH GERMINATION
STEELE, BRIGGS' SEEDS
THEY INSURE BOUNTIFUL, HEALTHY CROPS FROM ALL CLASSES OF SOIL
ON SALE BY LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE IN CANADA
"CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE"
STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO. LIMITED
HAMILTON - TORONTO - WINNIPEG

$60.00 a Week and Expenses

That's the money you should get every week. I mean it. I want county sales managers who will accept a liberal, square partnership. No experience needed. My folding bath tub is the finest thing ever. Solves the bath problem in every home, without plumbing or water works—full size, movable, and folds up like an umbrella. I tell you it's great! GREAT! Rivals $100 bath room. Everybody wants one AT SIGHT! Listen to the big money in this for you! I want YOU to handle your county. I'll furnish demonstrating tub on liberal plan to any energetic, honest man or woman. Why not YOU? There is big money in this chance. Opportunity only comes once in a lifetime.

Two Sales a Day-$300 a Month

That's what you should get. Why? Because so easily bought, so badly wanted. Modern bathing facilities at last for any home! Quick sales and immense profits. Mr. Smith took 18 orders first week. Mr. Meyers made $250 first month. Mrs. Newton made $50 in three days. You should do as well. The work is very easy, pleasant, permanent and fascinating. Look into my offer.

DEMONSTRATING TUB FURNISHED

Little capital required. I grant credit. Run your own business. —I back you up and help you out. Believe—accept—act right now—you must win big money, like my other agents. Get your own bank account like the others. Act quick. Send NO money—just name on post card for particulars of free tub offer. Hustle!

H. S. Robinson, President
THE ROBINSON CABINET MFG. CO., Ltd.
201 Walker Bldg., Walkerville, Ont.

Stop and Consider—2c a Day!

You can economize and cut down every day expense when you will see to it that your boys and men folk daily wear

ARLINGTON CHALLENGE Waterproof Washable Collars

Other thrifty women are doing it, and YOU will too, if you will but stop and consider what 2c. a day saved will mean to your monthly allowance—and how much labor and worry you have been saved from these washable collars. Arlington Challenge Collars simply require to be rubbed with soap and water and they are immediately as bright and fresh as when new out of the store. They are always ready to wear.

Should your dealer be unable to supply you, write us direct, enclosing 25c., and we will send you one of our Arlington Challenge Collars, any size or style you say. When writing, we will appreciate your mentioning your dealer's name.

Made in Canada by

The Arlington Company, Ltd.

Toronto Ontario

War Special Post Cards

ALL THE RAGE NOW

Boys! Girls!
Make Big Money

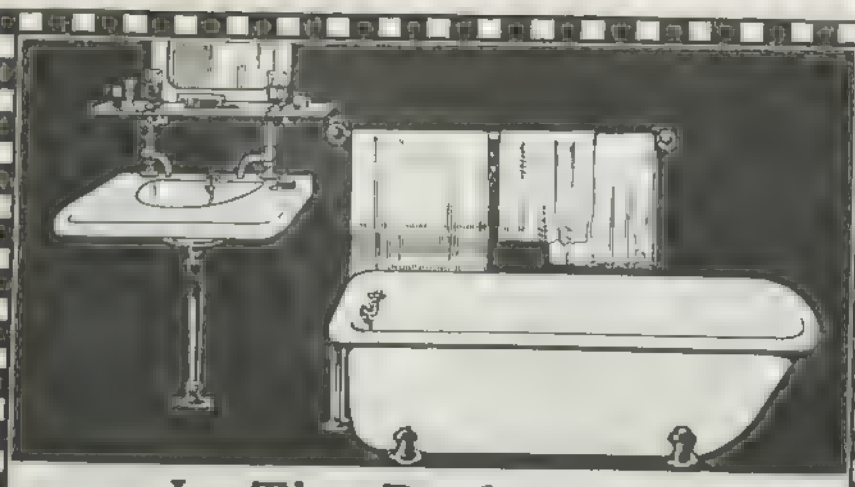
Our post cards sell themselves at 3 for 5c; you just hand them out and take the money.

ONE BOY HAS CLEARED OVER $200.00 SELLING OUR CARDS. Lots have sold over $100.00 worth. A GIRL SOLD $10.00 WORTH IN AN HOUR AND A HALF. A boy sold $8.00 worth in an afternoon. Our War Cards go like wild-fire. Patriotic Cards, Battleships, War Cartoons, etc., etc.; also Easter Cards, Birthday and Greeting Cards, Scenery, Studies of Children, etc., etc.; hundreds of kinds, all the latest and best, and fastest selling.

DON'T SEND ONE CENT IN ADVANCE. We trust the readers of Everywoman's World with our cards. Just say you will do your best; YOU CAN'T HELP SUCCEEDING.

SEE WHAT YOU GET: We send you $3.00 worth to start with. You sell these, and keep $1.20 and send us $1.80; or if you send us the whole $3.00 we will send you $3.00 worth of Cards, which you sell and then keep the $3.00. DID YOU EVER HEAR OF AN EASIER WAY TO MAKE MONEY? Almost like finding it! for our cards sell like hot cakes. Don't forget, "THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM." Order to-day.

The Gold Medal Card Co., Dept. W4, Toronto, Ont.



In The Bathroom—

on the bathtub, wash-basin, linoleum, woodwork, mirrors, lavatories and all metal fixings, use Panshine. It is perfectly wholesome, has no disagreeable smell and leaves nothing but absolute cleanliness behind it.

PANSHINE

A pure, white, clean powder that doesn't scratch and positively will not harm the hands.

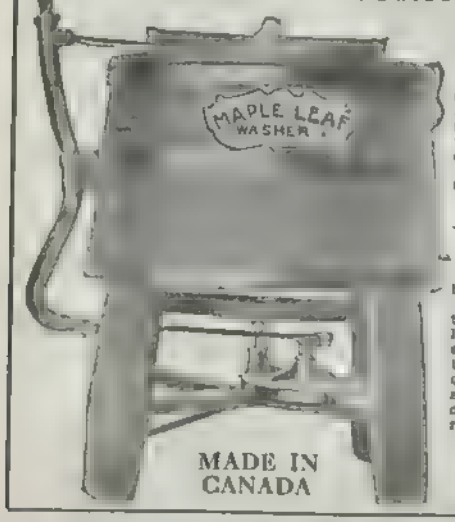
Large Sifter Top Tin, **10c.** At all Grocers

P-5

Get this Superb, Silent, Easy Running

Maple Leaf Washer

and You'll be More than Satisfied



THIS is our newest Made-in-Canada Washer using steel cut gears packed in heavy oil. It runs smoothly and silently at a touch of the hand, forcing suds and water through and through the clothes till they are spotlessly white, and washed in five or six minutes. Blue Monday's terrors are over. Quickly done washing, little fatigue, no torn clothes, a beautiful machine to look at, a lifetime kind your wash may trouble us for ever with this excellent new Maple Leaf Washer.

SPECIAL OFFER

Just now we give housewives who get the Maple Leaf Washer at once, a coupon offer by which they may

Save Up To **$3.00**

You Can Get It This Way

Write us for our "Coupon Refund Offer" to every cash buyer of the Maple Leaf Washer. This refund offer saves you up to $3.00 on your machine. Even at that without this refund the price is based on nobody paying for the losses on dead beat customers or costly selling plans. As a consequence you get the Maple Leaf Washer at about two-thirds the price you would pay for a machine of equal quality. On top of this you can get our $3.00 refund privilege as well. Send us a letter or postcard and we will explain our special offer by return mail, by which you can get a refund up to $3.00. Write to-day.

MADE IN CANADA

ONE MINUTE MFG. CO., Limited
10 Logan Ave., TORONTO

Part of a bottle of

MAYPOLE

STRAW HAT POLISH

15c postpaid

brushed evenly over that soiled old shape will give you a hat that's just as fresh and pretty as new, in almost any color you fancy. Dries in a few minutes, and makes a lasting, protective finish for the straw.

Use the rest of the bottle for brightening up fancy baskets, wicker trays and household decorations.

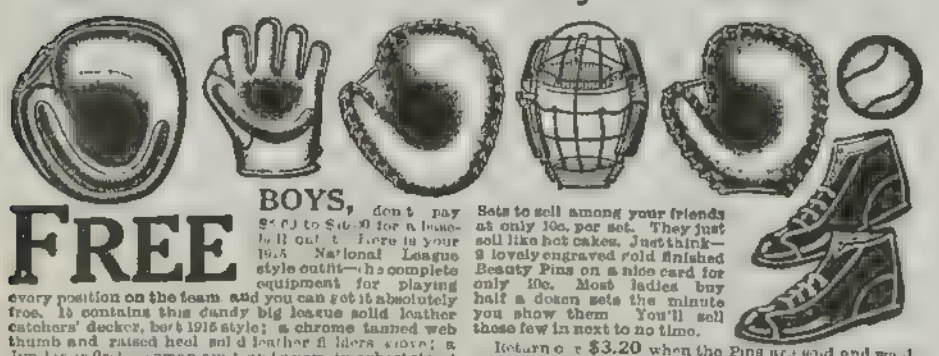
Twelve colors—Cardinal, Poppy, Red, Pink, Lemon Yellow, Brown, Heliotrope, Dark Blue, Light Blue, Green, Moss Green, Jet Black—and Transparent.

Buy a bottle from your dealer, or postpaid for 15c. from 120

FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO., - - MONTREAL.

GRAND BASEBALL OUTFIT

Given to Boys



FREE BOYS, don't pay $5.00 to $10.00 for a baseball outfit. Here is your 1915 National League style outfit—the complete equipment for playing every position on the team, and you can get it absolutely free. It contains this dandy big league solid leather catchers' decker, best 1915 style; a chrome tanned web thumb and raised heel solid leather fielders glove; a Jumbo safety first baseman mitt in the newest short stops' decker, both these mitts being round all around just like you see the big league players using. They're beauties. Then you get a new 1915 steel catchers mask, a strongly sewn full sized baseball, and there's a dandy pair of baseball shoes for every boy who earns an outfit. Get this outfit, boys, and you'll be the pride of the team.

Just write to-day for 32 of our magnificent Beauty Pin Sets to sell among your friends at only 10c. per set. They just sell like hot cakes. Just think—a lovely engraved gold finished Beauty Pins on a nice card for only 10c. Most ladies buy half a dozen sets the minute you show them. You'll sell those few in next to no time.

Return our $3.20 when the Pins are sold and we'll promptly send you, all charges paid, the complete baseball outfit just as you see it, and the dandy rubber soled baseball shoes, guaranteed to fit and give satisfaction are yours to, if you will show your gang baseball outfit to your friends and get only ten of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premium as you do. Get busy and write us quick, boys. Be the first to own the grandest baseball outfit in your town. Address

THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. B 44 TORONTO, ONTARIO

THE WAY TO MAKE A BOOK

(*Continued from page 24*)

the ideal. But our own ideal must be behind it all. A writer must keep his eyes open for material; but in the last analysis his characters must be the creations of his own mind if they are to be consistent and natural.

Right here, let me say that a writer of books must cultivate the "note-book habit." Keep a blank book; jot down in it every helpful idea that comes your way, every amusing or dramatic incident or expression you hear, every bit of apt description that occurs to you. Be all eye and ear in your daily walks and social intercourse. If you meet a quaint personality write down its salient characteristic. If you see a striking face or feature describe it for future use; if you hear a scrap of native wit or unconscious humor or pathos, preserve it; if you see some exquisite, fleeting effect in sky or sea or field, imprison it in words before it can escape you. Some day you may create a character in whose mouth the long-preserved sentence of fun or absurdity may be appropriate—you may stage your story in a landscape where the bit of first-hand description furnishes exactly the necessary touch of reality. I have, time and again, evolved some of my most successful tales or chapters from the germ of some such 'bit,' hurriedly scribbled in my note-book when I heard or saw or thought it.

Write only of the life you know. This is the only safe rule for most of us. A great genius may, by dint of adding research and study to his genius, be able to write of other ages and other environments than his own. But the chances are that you are not a Scott or a Cooper. So stick to what you know. It is not a narrow field. Human life is thick around us everywhere. Tragedy is being enacted in the next yard; comedy is playing across the street. Plot and incident and coloring are ready to our hands. The country lad at his plough can be made just as interesting a figure as if he were a knight in shining armor; the bent old woman we pass on the road may have been as beautiful in her youth as the daughters of Vere de Vere, and the cause of as many heartaches. The darkest tragedy I ever heard of was enacted by people who lived on a backwoods farm; and funnier than anything I ever read was a dialogue between two old fishermen who were gravely discussing a subject of which they knew absolutely nothing. Unless you are living alone on a desert island you can find plenty of material for writing all around you; and even there, you could find it in your own heart and soul. For it is surprising how much we are all like other people. Jerome K. Jerome says: "Life tastes just the same, whether you drink it out of a stone mug or a golden goblet." There you are! So don't make the mistake of trying to furnish your stories with golden goblets when stone mugs are what your characters are accustomed to use. The public isn't much concerned with your external nothings—your mugs or your goblets. What they want is the fresh, spicy brew that Nature pours for us everywhere.

When you have shaped out your central idea and brooded over your characters until they live and move and have being for you, then write about them. Let them have a good deal of their own way, even if it isn't always your way. Don't try to describe them too fully; let them reveal themselves. As somebody has said, "Don't tell your readers that a certain woman growls; just bring the old lady in and *let her growl*." See to it that your incidents and chapters grow out of one another naturally, as they do in real life. Don't drag some event in, however dramatic or amusing it may be in itself, if it has no real connection with your plot or your idea. This doesn't mean that you must never indulge in any pleasant little

(*Concluded on page 27*)

Easter

As pearl shafts pierce the shades o'er yonder night
Slowly the King of Earth's glad life appears
And with his radiance doth dispel the fears,
With all the shapes of terror and affright,
That wait upon the sombre steps of night.
And still from dawn to dawn, thro'out the years
Echoes the Word that yet the spirit hears:
God said, "Let there be light," and there was light.
So from the blackness of the grave's dark skies
Gleams the sweet radiance of the coming day;
Behold the Sun of Righteousness arise,
And with His beams drive Death's wan fears away.
Again the Word: "I am the Light," He saith,
"Behold, I vanquish the dread night of Death."

—*Florence T. Robinson.*

BRIGHTEN THE HOUSE

by giving the furniture and floors a glow of freshness with

IOCO
LIQUID GLOSS

It polishes, cleanses, and disinfects. A few drops of Ioco on a piece of cheese-cloth gives the lustre of newness to everything it touches.

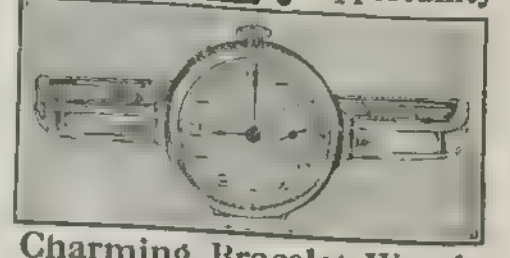
Ioco Liquid Gloss is unexcelled for the polished surfaces of motors. It keeps the varnish from cracking and makes your car look like new.

Dealers everywhere.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY
LIMITED
BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

Made in Canada

FREE! A Lifetime Opportunity



Charming Bracelet Watch

Given to Ladies and Girls

Don't pay $15.00 to $75.00 for a Bracelet Watch. By a fortunate opportunity we have just secured 100 of these magnificent bracelet watches and we will give them away absolutely free to ladies and girls while they last. These lovely bracelet watches are the latest fad of fashion. Many of them are of solid gold, platinum and set with precious stones sold for $100.00 each and upwards. Our handsome watch is exactly the same in style and appearance as the most expensive ones. It has rich gold finished case, accurate, reliable, imported movement and the genuine expansion bracelet that goes easily over the hand and fits snugly on any wrist. You'd be delighted with it.

Simply write to-day and we will send you, postage paid, without any money in advance, only 40 sets of our exquisite Beauty Pins to sell among your friends at only 10 cents each. It is easy. Just think, two lovely engraved gold finished beauty pins on a nice card for only 10 cents. They are so handy and pretty that most ladies want to buy five sets the minute you show them. They sell like hot cakes. Return our money, only $4.00 when the pins are sold and we'll promptly send you this exquisite wrist watch all charges paid. We absolutely guarantee that this watch will surprise you and please you beyond measure, so write for the pins quickly as this offer will be withdrawn as soon as the one hundred watches are gone. Address

THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO.
Special Bracelet Watch Offer - Toronto, Ont.

THE WAY TO MAKE A BOOK

(*Continued from Page 26*)

by-way excursion to pick primroses. But your by-ways must always lead back to your main road. They must not stop short, leaving you and your readers to jump back.

Write, I beseech you, of things cheerful, of things lovely, of things of good report. Don't write about pig-sties because they are "real." Flower-gardens are just as real and just as plentiful. Write tragedy if you will, for there must be shadow as well as sunlight in any broad presentment of human life; but don't write of vileness, of filth, of unsavory deeds and thoughts. There is no justification of such writing. The big majority of the reading public doesn't want it; it serves not one good end; it debases a God-given talent. Never mind if some *blase* critic sneeringly says that your book will "please the Young Person." You may be justly proud if it does. The Young Person's taste is well worth pleasing because, thank God, it is generally pure and natural, delighting in simplicity, not demanding salaciousness to spur a jaded appetite that has been vitiated by long indulgence in tainted food.

Don't spin your book out too long. The day of the three-volume novel passed with the crinoline skirt and the stage-coach. Don't make anybody too bad or anybody too good. Most people are mixed. Don't make vice attractive and goodness stupid. It's nearly always the other way in real life. Don't be content with writing pretty well; do your best; if you are only describing a stone wall, make your readers *see* that wall, see it yourself first; cut and prune, but don't make things *too* bare. If you were a genius of the first rank you might present stark facts fascinatingly; but ordinary writers need a few branching sprays of fancy. Study and observe life that you may paint it convincingly; cultivate a sense of dramatic and humorous values; *feel* what you write; love your characters and live with them—

And Keep On Trying!

When you have your book written—what then? Send it to any publishing firm of good repute and standing you prefer. Don't worry over the fact that you are unknown and deduce therefrom the conclusion that your manuscript won't be read. It will be read; it may, and—if it is your first—very likely will, be sent back to you. Don't throw it in the fire; don't sit down and cry; just do it up and send it to the next firm on your list. If there is anything in it, it will find acceptance finally. Don't have anything to do with firms that offer to publish your book if you will pay half the expenses. Arrange to have it published on a royalty basis. On your first book you can't expect more than a ten per cent. royalty. Some firms offer to purchase a manuscript for a certain sum cash down. It is rarely advisable to accept this. If a book is anything of a success it will bring you in more on the royalty basis, and publishers seldom offer to buy a book outright unless they are strongly convinced that it will be a success.

When the book is published your publishers will send you half a dozen copies free. If you want more to present to admiring friends you have to buy them, same as everybody else. But what a day it is when your first book comes to you between covers!

"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print—
A book's a book, although there's nothing in it."

But if you have written it "for the joy of the working" there *will* be something it in, and the praise of the Master of all good workmen will be yours.

Each in His Own Tongue

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,—
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And the caves where the cave-men dwell,
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod.—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God,

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high,—
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,—
A mother starved for her brood,—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions, who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

LUX
Pure Essence of Soap
WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS
Something different!
LUX is the very essence of the finest soap, in flakes. Its use adds to the life of woollens, flannels, filmy laces and all dainty fabrics.
LUX
dissolves readily in hot water and breaks into a foamy, cream-like lather which cannot injure the finest garments or the smoothest hands. It coaxes rather than forces the dirt out of clothes and adds a new note of refinement to wash-day work.
LUX softens the hardest water — makes the bath a luxury and the shampoo a delight. Sold everywhere at 10 cents.
Sample FREE—write to Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.
2
Made in Canada.
FREE
PLAY BALL
BOYS you're going to play ball soon. This is the time to get after your outfit. A little of your spare time will bring you this dandy without a cent of cost. Just take this issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD to the best homes in your district, show it to the lads and let them see what a grand magazine they can have for only 5c a year—less than 6½ cents a month. Secure our five subscribers, send their names and addresses to me with 75c covering each one, and we will at once send you this Grand Baseball Outfit, just as shown, all charges paid. Each Outfit contains—One Genuine Reach Solid Leather Catchers' Decker, one Solid Leather Chrome Tanned Fielders' Glove, carefully padded, one new style Short stops' Decker, a First Basemans' Mit, regulation design and style, just as you see it here. A fine Catchers' Mask, and last but not least a well made strongly sewn Baseball. 8 Pieces 8 count them. Try it today boys—Write and we'll send you free sample copies, order blanks and receipt forms. You can win this fine outfit if you try. Address.
Box 24, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, TORONTO, ONT.

Illness wages war with the "utmost ruthlessness." Defend yourself with Bovril

IT MUST BE BOVRIL

Of all Stores, etc., 1 oz. 25 c.; 2-oz. 40 c.; 4-oz. 70 c.; 8-oz. $1.30; 16-oz. $2.25. Bovril Cordial, large, $1.25; 5-oz. 40 c.; 16-oz. Johnston's Fluid Beef (Vimbos), $1.20.

S.H B

SAVE YOUR CARPETS!

Keep Your Floors Clean

Put a PAGE "2 in 1" FLEXIBLE STEEL MAT at your door. No muddied carpets nor "tracked-up" floors. Very stylish. Saves house-work. Keeps home bright and clean. YOUR HOME needs one. WRITE for particulars to-day.

Better Than Coco Cheaper Than Rubber

Only 2-sided steel mat made. Can't curl at corners. Biggest scraping-surface for size. Lasts a lifetime. Out-wears a dozen rubber or coco mats. Handsome—stylish—durable. Large Size (18" x 30") $2.00 postpaid. MAIL CASH WITH ORDER OR WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE.

PAGE 2 in 1 MATS

Page Wire Fence Company, Limited, 1139 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Why Don't You Get 7%?

ARE you interested in getting 7% interest on a perfectly safe investment? Then investigate the securities offered by this Corporation—Bonds of a successful, efficiently managed company, which for more than *ten years* has been paying 7% interest per annum, credited and paid half-yearly.

These Bonds are issued in denominations of $100.00, $500.00 and $1,000.00—or may be purchased by instalments. Your investment with us is as safe as a mortgage. We invite your investigation.

If you are interested in receiving 7% on your investments—bigger and better value for your Dollars than you are at present securing—write us for full particulars of the Bonds and Securities, which we have for you.

National Securities Corporation
LIMITED
Confederation Life Building
TORONTO - - ONTARIO

FREE Two Big Life Size Dolls with their Complete Outfits, and this Handsome Wrist Watch **FREE**

Girls—No doll you ever had in your life will please you like Dotty Dimple and Lovey Mary, these beautiful big Dressing Dolls with all their lovely clothes and handsome hats. You can win them over so easily, without spending a single cent, and get as well the most exquisite Imported Wrist Watch that any girl or lady would want to wear.

Dotty Dimple and Lovey Mary are almost life size—over twenty inches high, and each one has a complete wardrobe of three lovely dresses and three lovely hats to match just as you see them above. There are handsome party dresses, sailor suits, school dresses, play suits with coats, etc., and each suit has a hat to match. For instance a sailor hat with three floral trimmed feather hat for the party dress and so on. There are six dresses and six hats in all, and it is such great fun because both dolls can stand up straight just as you see them in the picture and you can change the clothes and hats in a jiffy. You'll just love Dotty Dimple and Lovey Mary and get no end of fun out of them. The Dollies and all their beautiful hats and clothes are ever so cleverly made of beautifully lithographed card board, all in magnificent rich colors and so beautiful that they'll surprise you and all your friends. Every hat and dress is ready to put on the minute you get it.

The lovely wrist watch that is your extra present is a little beauty. It has rich gun metal case, porcelain dial, gilt hands, and is a guaranteed time keeper. You can either wear it as a wristlet or take it off the bracelet and wear it with a chatelaine or charm.

You know, girls, these wrist watches are so very fashionable now, and we guarantee that a watch the same as we will give you would sell in the stores for from $3.00 to $5.00.

Girls—if you want these lovely dolls with their grand outfit and the fine watch too, write us to-day and we will send you postage paid just 25 of the loveliest Beauty Pins, as you have ever seen to sell for only 10c. a set. They just sell like hot cakes. Just think, two beautiful, engraved, gold plated Beauty Pins on a nice card for only 10c. a pair. They are so pretty and so handy that many ladies buy two or three sets as soon as you show them. We want to introduce these beautiful new Beauty Pins to every lady in the land and will spare no expense to reward you if you will help us. Immediately when the Pins are sold, and we will promptly send you both lovely dolls with their complete outfits as above, and charges paid, and the fine wrist watch you see at once without sending any more goods. Show your grand dolls to your friends and getting only four of them to sell our jewellery and earn our lovely premiums as you sold.

Don't miss this chance grab. Write for the Beauty Pins to-day and you can soon have both the dolls and watch.

Address THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. D. 20 TORONTO, ONT. 10

WHEN A BUSINESS GIRL MARRIES

BY FRANCES E. GALE

"I DON'T know what it should do," grumbles an employer of women, "I know what it does do," and his disgusted expression tells without further words the direction of his thought.

Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, girls? That is, if the gentleman is right. But is he right? Does the possibility, the very strong probability in fact, of your being called in a few months or years to manage a branch of the most important business existing on earth make you now neglect not only the work you have undertaken to do to-day but an invaluable opportunity of training for that future position?

No, I'm not a bit crazy. Right here, in front of your ledger, or desk, or typewriter, or counter, you have an opportunity of training for the business of managing a home that you could get in no other way.

Do you realize that the office, shop, factory or professional waiting room exists for no other purpose than the maintenance of the home? Marriage is a business partnership as well as a social partnership, and a man's wife is more closely his business partner than is the man whose name appears beside his upon his letter-head. The latter may have in charge the expenditure, may do the "financing" of the money making end of the business, but practically all the fruits of his labor are finally turned over to the money-spending partner of each individual member of the money-making firm, and the accomplishment of the real object of all the work begins. For, leaving aside the favored—or unfavored—few, of means so vast that outside occupations and pleasures leave no time for the enjoyment of home, the man who is representative of manhood as a whole finds in his home the completion of all his toil, the reward or condemnation of every effort, the success or failure of his life.

It is not the mere possession of money for which men strive. It is the satisfaction which that money ought to purchase that is the purpose of their effort; and when that purpose fails, of what use has been the effort?

In the hands of the home-maker—the money-spender—lies the final disposition of the greater part of all that is accumulated in the ordinary business; therefore in her hands lies the final success or failure of that business, and therefore is she the most important partner in the firm.

If women realized this, and if men realized it before they asked women to be their wives, there would be fewer domestic failures. Of the money-spender in a life partnership it is perfectly fair to expect the highest degree of satisfaction possible to be obtained from the disbursement of the funds that the money-maker provides. She deliberately assumes that task when entering the marriage partnership and her failure to perform it should be regarded in the same light as would the breach of trust of that other partner of her husband who shares with him the burden of the money-making end of the business.

When one thinks of it soberly it is almost past belief that a man will toil for years, lay his plans with foresight, choose his business associates with the greatest care, will amass by hard struggle sufficient to start a home, and yet will overlook the fact that in the partner with whom he then allies himself for life must rest the real success of all his efforts; that it is more needful for her brain to be shrewd, her judgment clear and her conscientiousness strong, than for these attributes to exist in the male partner from whom, if necessary, he may separate without the total destruction of the undertaking in which they are both engaged. Yet it is true that he frequently makes this stupendous mistake and spends the rest of his life regretting it.

Nevertheless, a good many men, even before marriage, are "getting wise" to the advisability of placing their income, be it small or large, in competent hands for disbursing, and the business girl who realizes that marriage is not escape from business, but promotion to a business partnership in which her responsibilities will be much greater than in any position she has formerly occupied will not call forth the criticism so often aimed at less far-sighted young women that the expectation of marrying renders them negligent and unambitious in what they regard as mere temporary work.

Now, consider in detail why a period in a practical place of business may be made fully as effective training for home management as the same time spent in the study of domestic science. A bold statement that, isn't it, when so many people are insisting that the entrance of women into business means the deterioration of the home?

In business punctuality is insisted upon. Willingly or unwillingly you must be on time in order to do your work satisfactorily. No less necessary is punctuality in household affairs, but it is not forced upon the housekeeper except by her own recognition of its necessity, and it is a habit not easy to acquire without compulsory training. Suppose then, that instead of thinking: "I must do everything on schedule time now, but I'll be late or early as I please when I am mistress of my own house," you were to think: "If I get the habit of punctuality now it will come easy when I have my own home and upon my punctuality depends the comfort of a whole household."

Then there is the systematizing of work in business houses, the entire principle of which and many of the methods can be carried with advantage into every household. Perhaps you find it irksome to have to follow in the rotation and execution of your tasks a system mapped out by someone else who by experiment and experience has found such system profitable. But look at it this way! In your future position of house manager you will be required to map out a system for yourself and others to follow, and although that system will form the framework for tasks of a different nature, the principle will be precisely the same.

You are not very much interested in checking the bills or making entries in the books that record the transactions of this money-making business you are engaged in. An error here and there won't matter much seeing that before long you expect to be where books and bills will cease from troubling. Oh, you are going to take care of the disbursing end of some other business without keeping accounts of any kind? Well, some women do it, and some homes are in constant turmoil over the discrepancies between income and outgo, and some husbands become bankrupt; but do you want to be in that category? The keeping of accounts is easy when you are trained to it, but mighty hard when you are not.

And the little matter of managing a bank account. Haven't you often pitied the poor, puzzled woman who shrinks before the lordly eye of the bank clerk as she clumsily essays to draw a check or make a deposit slip, and stuffs her monthly statement into her hand-bag with only the vaguest notion of what it is given her for? The thought may console her that she is more "feminine" and lovable for her ignorance, but her embarrassment is none the less real and her "femininity" won't protect her from her husband's impatience when her check stubs and her bank book are fifty dollars at variance. No such troubles as these need be yours.

But the thing that is going to help you most in your home life is the study of men and the life of men during their working hours that you now have the opportunity of making. For in that business in which you are anticipating a partnership your partner will be a man, a business man of some sort, and the more intelligently and sympathetically you can enter into his trials and triumphs in the money-getting department of your joint business the more intelligently and sympathetically he will enter into yours in the money-distributing department. Women often say that men know nothing of household economics and are unreasonable through ignorance, but unless the wife has before her marriage

(*Concluded on page 34*)

A man will toil for years, lay his plans with foresight, choose his business associates with the greatest care, will amass by hard struggle sufficient to start a home, and yet will overlook the fact that in the partner with whom he then allies himself for life must rest the real success of all his efforts.

BENGER'S FOOD for Delicate Infants.

When infants are weakly from birth or through illness the digestive strength is naturally sub-normal, and, as there is failure to extract full nourishment from ordinary food, malnutrition results.

Benger's Food is specially recommended for developing delicate infants into strong robust children.

BENGER'S Food

For INFANTS, INVALIDS and the AGED

is obtainable from all Stores, Grocers, etc. in sealed tins, price 60 c. and $1.

A sample with instructive Booklet on Infant and Invalid Feeding—post free from—

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

or from their Wholesale Agents in Canada:— The National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal or any of their Branches at

Halifax, N.S. Toronto, Ont. Calgary, Alta.
St. John, N.S. London, Ont. Nelson, B.C.
London, Ont. Victoria, B.C. Ottawa, Ont.
Winnipeg, Man. Regina, Sask.

CAN BE SAVED AND CURED OF DRINK

Good News to Mothers, Wives, Sisters.

To have seen one you love, going down this road to ruin, and to have heard him try to laugh and joke away your fears, while you watched the drink habit fasten on him, is to have known suffering and to have borne a sorrow to which physical pain is nothing. And when at last he comes to that turn in the road that, sooner or later, must come, and wakes to the fact that he is a slave to the drink, you think everything will come right. He will fight the habit and you will help him escape it; but he can not do it. Drink has undermined his constitution, inflamed his stomach and nerves until the craving must be satisfied. And after you have hoped and then despaired more times than you can count you realize that he must be helped. The diseased condition of the stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the inflamed stomach and quiet the shaking nerves, removing all taste for liquor.

My marvellous remedy—Samaria Prescription—has done this for hundreds of cases in Canada. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge, as it is tasteless and odorless and quickly dissolves in liquid or food. Read what it did for Mrs. G., of Vancouver:

"I was so anxious to get my husband cured that I went up to Harrison's Drug Store and got your Remedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for all the peace and happiness that it has brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The curse of drink was putting me into my grave, but now I feel happy. May the Lord be with you and help you in curing the evil. I don't want my name published."

FREE—SEND NO MONEY

I will send **free trial package** and booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, etc., to any sufferer or friend who wishes to help. Write to-day. Plain sealed package. Correspondence sacredly confidential.

E. R. Herd, Samaria Remedy Co., 1426 Mutual Street, Toronto, Can.

MUSIC TAUGHT IN YOUR HOME FREE

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America.—Established 1895

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Etc. Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for **FREE** booklet which explains everything in full.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC
4 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

UNFAITHFUL TO HIS TRUST

(*Continued from page 25*)

dom of remaining there, fearing that a sudden sight of her might prove injurious to him in his weakened condition. She sent for Sambo, and when he arrived, she said:

"You stay here and attend to him. The doctor will call twice a day. If he asks about the accident you tell him that you heard a strange guide accidentally shot him. And don't say a word about my being here. Do you hear?"

Shortly after this talk, while Eugenia was in an adjoining room preparing to go home she heard Floyd address the boy:

"Who shot me, Sambo?" Floyd asked.

"I done shot you—no, no, I mean I'd like to shoot the feller who shot you."

"Wasn't there a beautiful young lady mixed up in this in some manner?" Floyd quizzed.

"It reminds me—yes, yes—there was a woman; but, Lordy, you wouldn't call her beautiful—must have been Liza, the cook. Guess she must been fixin' things 'round here and you thought she was white and beautiful. She's black as the ace of spades. And if she hear you call her beautiful she'll strike for more money and quit that fisherman she thinks she loves."

"And you're sure you didn't see a beautiful young lady around here? She looks like that picture you saw the other day."

"Mister, I don't see how any beautiful white lady would want to live in the woods for. To-morrow I'll ask the people 'round here 'bout her."

Feeling that she could rely upon Sambo's ingenuity she went home. Her father, on hearing of the accident, surprised her by expressing sympathy and suggesting that they might be of some service to him.

On the fifth day Sambo entered, his eyes all aglow.

"He's up and walkin' 'round, Miss Genee!" he exclaimed. "He keeps the peppered arm in a sling, and with the good one he holds a picher—looks just like you—just like you."

She blushed and sent the boy off on a pretext.

Eugenia kept herself indoors as much as possible, reading most of the time. Her thoughts, however, insisted on roaming to another bungalow not far away. At the end of a week the confinement and strain began to tell on her, and she sought the woods with her gun, hoping the open might bring her some ease of mind.

The result of two hours of hunting was one pair of ducks. The tramp had brought back some color to her cheeks, but it had failed to banish the loneliness and the heartache that seemed to be her constant companions.

On reaching the pathway that led to her bungalow she saw Floyd and her father on the porch chatting as if nothing amiss had ever occurred. Floyd caught sight of her at that instant and immediately hurried down the pathway. As he came within ten feet of her he stopped abruptly and gazed longingly into her eyes. Her arms became limp and the gun and fowl dropped to the ground. Extending his uninjured hand he said:

"Gene, dearest, your dad has told me all. Can you forget the past and begin life anew? I have obtained a full pardon for him."

With tears of joy welling up in her eyes she rushed forward and found new happiness in his fond embrace.

TO WHOM TO SAY "YES"

(*Continued from page 8*)

case, he is going out of his way to please you.

He is constantly on guard to do nothing that will frighten you—to say nothing that will offend you.

But take this man whom you are now considering: if you would like to know how he would treat you ten years or twenty years after marriage, you can get a probable idea by finding how he treats his mother and sisters.

Is he good to them? Then why shouldn't he be good to you?

Does he consider their comfort? Do they smile when he speaks to them? Is he gentle with them, respectful to them, thoughtful of them, proud of them?

Then here again you have an indication that he is a man worth while

But if he snaps at them, beware!

Some day he would snap at you.

If he frowns at them, grumbles at them, makes work for them, keeps them on the run, contradicts them, sulks at them and runs them down behind their backs—if he does any of these things, look out for him.

Some day he would probably do the very same things to you.

He is not worth while.

Nor for another question.

This young man whom we are considering: Does he believe in good?

Is he a sincere admirer of those old-fashioned qualities which are generally described as the virtues?

I am far from suggesting that he should be a goody-good. Some of the best men I know like to smoke, or to rave at a ball game, or to play cards, or to tramp the woods all day to shoot a squirrel.

No man is perfect.

But I never yet knew a man worth while who didn't try to do the right thing by everybody.

I never yet knew a man worth while who didn't try to be honest, truthful and just in all his dealings.

It is an unfortunate fact that of late years, so-called "cynics" have found it profitable to preach perverse paradoxes.

In the stationers' shops we find "The Cynic's Calendar," with a smart and dangerous saying for each day of the year. We have Cynic's Dictionaries, Cynic's Sayings, Cynic's Columns, Cynic's Reminiscences, until we might begin to think there was a cynic under every woodpile, a cynic hiding in every drain.

These cynics are sometimes merely insincere, but at other times they are simply vicious.

And even as birds of a feather flock together, so are these cynical sayings only enjoyed and repeated by those who have kindred tastes.

Does your young man say, "Be good and you'll be lonesome?" Does he believe this, either wholly or in part? Then if I were you, I would drop him.

Or, if he says, "You're all right if you don't get found out," "A little grafting now and then is relished by the wisest men," "Do others or they'll do you"? If he says such things as these, it will pay you to give him his walking papers just as quickly as you can make them out.

For a cynic not only preaches insincerity. He also confesses himself to be a failure and a man who has adopted a perilous viewpoint of life.

Most decidedly he is not worth while.

At this point I am going to touch upon a delicate subject, but in my opinion the following topic is one which should frankly be taken into consideration.

Every girl who reads these lines should remember this well: The man who is worth while will treat you with respect.

He will never do things which you would not want your mother to see.

He will never say things which you do not want your mother to hear.

On the contrary he will pay you the same deference which he would expect his own sister to receive.

He will be honorable, straightforward and respectful, for these are the hallmarks of a gentleman.

But if a young man tries to maul you around, you will know he has no respect for you.

If he begins to act spoony the second or third time you meet him, you can immediately make up your mind that he is a trifler.

If he says things which have an obvious double meaning, you will know he's a cad.

On either of these counts, you should eliminate him at once from your list of friends.

For he's not only not worth while. He is absolutely no good at all.

In conclusion I am going to lay emphasis upon this: the man worth while is almost invariably a normal man.

There is nothing freakish about him.

He doesn't favor yellow gloves, or strangely shaped hats, or loud waistcoats, or openwork hosiery.

In public he never makes himself so conspicuous that people turn to look at him.

His hair doesn't grow over his collar.

His socks don't hang over his shoes.

And he isn't writing a play, or inventing a new explosive, or floating a million dollar company or doing anything else calculated to take your breath away.

No. The man worth while is a natural man of regular habits, and the woman who marries him will always know that she can count upon him, that he will always be there in the old reliable way to take care of her.

But if a young man is abnormal, if he is eccentric, if he shows signs of genius, beware of him.

I am free to confess that success will sometimes come to such a man, but more often he will spend the best years of his life on some impossible quest, and only meet with disillusion at the end.

If you are willing to share such an existence, that is one thing.

But if you want a reasonable amount of comfort and happiness in your life, you must think twice before marrying a man who shows marked signs of being a genius.

Summarizing now, the desirable man has the following qualities:

He is sincere, ambitious, full of ginger, good to his mother and sisters, he is normal, he respects you and he believes in good.

If you love a young man who has those characteristics, your future happiness should lie in your own hands.

You are among the fortunate women.

You love a man worth while.

Chippendale—Style 75.

Would You Refuse A Present of $100?

Of course, nobody in their right mind would refuse a present like that!

Well, that's just what we are doing—making you a present of $100—when we sell you a

Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano

This instrument, with every known feature of betterment and several exclusive improvements of our own, is sold to you straight from the factory. We hand you all the profits of the several middlemen who usually come between factory and buyer, and guarantee to save you fully a hundred dollars on your purchase. Surely you won't refuse to accept this present of $100!

We claim, and are ready to prove that the **Sherlock-Manning** is

"Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

and every piano shipped from our factory carries a broad ten-year guarantee

For full particulars and handsome art catalogue E write Dept. 10

The Sherlock-Manning Piano Co.
LONDON, CANADA
(No Street Address Necessary)

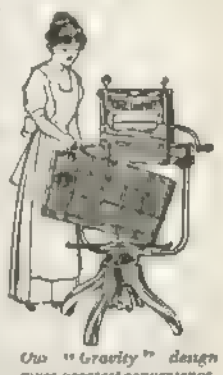
THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse on me. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.



Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, *before they pay for them*, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally,

W. A. MORRIS, Mgr.,
The Nineteen Hundred Washer Co.
357 Yonge Street Toronto, Ont.
(Factory 79-81 Portland St., Toronto)

SONG POEMS WANTED for publication. You may write a big song hit! Experience unnecessary. Publication guaranteed if acceptable. Send us your verses or melodies today. Write for free valuable booklet. **RAKER-GOLDSMITH CO., Dept. 140, Washington, D. C.**

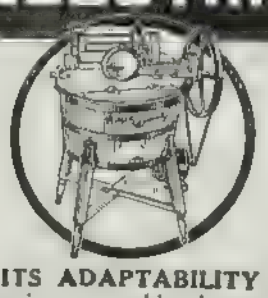
SEAL BRAND

COFFEE

As near perfection as you can get in this world.

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL

SEAFOAM ELECTRIC



ITS ADAPTABILITY

There is no combination power washer and wringer on the market that adapts itself to such varied conditions in the home. Whether you are in the city or on a farm, you can use your Seafoam. It is designed to be operated by gas, gasoline, steam engine, electric or wind mill power. Full information on request.

Cummer-Dowswell, Ltd.
Hamilton, Ont. 20-14

MADE IN CANADA

BULL DOG

WILL HELP YOU

All Bull Dog preparations are dependable and can be relied on to always give satisfaction to the busy housewife and relieve her of the drudgery of spring cleaning.

Bull Dog products comprise such specially useful household articles as:

Ammonia Powder, Liquid Ammonia, Benzo (Dry Cleaning Soap), Lye, Borax, Chloride of Lime, Floor Wax, Cockroach Killer, Metal Polish, Liquid Blueing, Shoe Polish, Dyes (16 shades) Kid Glove Cleaner, Grease Spot Remover, Rust Remover, etc., etc.

When you are buying any of these household requisites, insist on having "Bull Dog" Brand—Made in Canada by Canadian workmen.

JOHN B. PAINE CO., Limited
65 Pearl Street Toronto, Ont.

Write for list of valuable premiums that we give away FREE.

FITS CURED

Send for Free Book giving full particulars of **Trench's Remedy**, the world famous cure for Epilepsy and Fits—Simple home treatment 25 years success. Testimonials from all parts of the world; over 1,000 in one year.

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Limited
425 St. James' Chambers TORONTO

LEARN TO EARN

Learn ladies', children's **hairdressing** (incl. marcel waving), **complexion** improvement, **manicuring**, etc., by home correspondence courses easily. Many women all ages, are earning $15 to $50 weekly. Book, 100 pages, **FREE.** ELIZABETH KING, 123C, Station F, New York.

BY AND ABOUT WOMEN

What is Being Said the World Over and Who is Saying It

What Women Want

FEW women, except under pinch of want, care to devote their activities to money making. The pursuit does not interest them. A woman would rather have ten people to love and cherish her than ten thousand dollars any day. She likes to work hard; for pure motives of service, if she be a very good woman; for mixed motives, in which ambition and vanity may play a considerable part, if she be an ordinary person like most of us; but the craving for material profit is not instinctive to her. Only in circumstances where her nature has been warped will she gloat over economic success or feel her depths satisfied with it. The rewards she craves are in affection, not in metal, and the incentive which anti-socialists consider essential to the protection of progress hardly affects her at all.

Therefore, if we are really advancing towards an order which must depreciate that old motive of personal profit, and depend for its success on other forces, we should find reinforcement in the habitual play on half the race of just the sort of impulses we shall require, and its response to the inducements we have to offer. This is the half which precisely now is socializing its activities and its ideals, and emerging from semi-Oriental seclusion to assume a full share of public duty. And we may notice with interest—since the development of the new order calls in a peculiar sense for wise foresight and long patience—that it is also the half which lives for the future, ever lavishing its devotion and fixing its vision on the welfare of the generation to be.—*Vida D. Scudder.*

* * *

Life Always the Same

Women as well as men are reacting to the new vision of the possibilities in human life. Under the quickening power of this vision women are casting off old forms of restraint which the belief that the mass of human beings could not be trusted to look out for themselves had spun. They are putting their hands to new tasks, their heads to new thoughts. But the human heart does not change. It always demands its mate, always has, always will; and the mated will find a corner to themselves where they can sit by their own fire and rear their own brood. Their corner may be a flat and not a cottage, their fire may be a gas log and not a bundle of sticks, their dinner may come in from the corner in cans and be heated and not cooked, the wife may vote and the husband may give himself a score of liberties an earlier generation would have frowned on, but what has all that to do with the foundations of life? These are but the fluctuations in ways and expressions which each succeeding generation surely brings.—*Ida M. Tarbell.*

* * *

Woman and War

Who takes care of the women who suffer for lack of food and shelter when they are driven from their homes, either by the invader or the eviction agent? No one. Women are facing slow deaths from sorrow and privation, and babies are dying from lack of food and warmth. Ponder the question as to who actually bears the brunt of the war and the answer will present itself to you. It is the women, the mothers and the babes.—*Emmeline Pethick Lawrence.*

How Women Can Help

All down the ages, ever since the writing of *The Trojan Women*, men have known what war in its brutal savagry costs to women. But what is comparatively new is the general recognition that war makes a call upon women along with other non-combatants, not only for suffering, but for service.

In days of old, when women served their country in war, they undertook the same service as men; they went into the field and fought; in some cases they were born commanders. Deborah, Boadicea, and Joan of Arc must have had military genius of a high order, for men followed them willingly; and in every country there are tales of bands of heroic women who have taken part in fighting, generally in defence of their own cities and homes. But the world is not in that stage of evolution now, when women can best serve their country in the field. They are no longer called upon to take part in the physical conflict. Their task is different from that of combatants, but none the less real; and it has been very striking during this war how not only women themselves are conscious of their national responsibility, but that the whole community has been conscious of it also, and has encouraged women to shoulder it courageously and firmly. The general recognition of the national value of women's services in war time is comparatively new.

How can we help? This is what women are everywhere asking, and the reply has been manifold. We can help in an almost infinite variety of ways, by preventing waste: waste of the spirit of helpfulness by letting it run into wrong channels; waste of precious lives, the lives of soldiers, lives of young girls, lives of mothers, lives of infants. We can help to prevent waste of health through alcoholism and immorality, and through diseases which follow poverty and semi-starvation. We can check waste of charitable impulse, which when wrongly directed curtails the volume of employment at the very moment when there is so much necessity for extending it. As housekeepers and managers we can set our face against waste of food in all its many ramifications.—*Millicent Fawcett.*

* * *

Is It True?

Women, due to the fact that for centuries she has been almost a benevolent parasite, has in her very little natural instinct for order. To her, religion has brought the necessary element of stability in her various attitudes toward the duties and responsibilities of life. For ages this has been her bulwark, her defence against the world, and her protection from herself. The effect of the rising wave of agnosticism among women, I believe, will be much further reaching therefore, than in the case of men.—*Owen Johnson.*

* * *

No Life is Ungifted

Strictly speaking, there are no untalented people. When we envy the gifts of others we do but forget our own. You may tell me what you please about your life being ungifted. *No life is ungifted.* There is no personality which has not its own peculiar and rich talents. If our lives seem to us untalented, ungifted, let us be sure it is only because we have allowed our natural, our native gifts, to lie uncultivated, unused, perhaps altogether ignored.—*Susan B. Wright.*

CINDERELLA—SCIENTIFIC MANAGER

(*Continued from page 20*)

from a burst boiler. The fire was out, drowned out. A stream ran over the floor to the cellar door and cascaded merrily down the cellar steps.

In dire dismay, Lu opened all the faucets—to lessen the pressure, then raced to the front hall for rubbers and umbrella. Hastily, on returning, she mixed a big dab of dough, and, standing on a chair, with umbrella over her head, packed the dough firmly over the leak in the top of the boiler. Then to the front hall again to telephone Public Service Corporation.

"O Van, is that you?" for it was "Van" by this time. "*Please* send a man at once—leak in boiler—kitchen flooded—fire out and I have to get breakfast."

Now Van Dieu had no man at that early hour, for it is only the headmost heads who go to the office at 7 a.m. Your real aristocrat—the plumber—comes at 8. So Prince grabbed a few tools, got into the Public Service auto at the door, and in three minutes was at Lu's kitchen door. Through its glass he saw a bent figure with dress pinned up and covered by a huge checked gingham apron, head tied up in a white cloth, one hand holding up an umbrella and the other ineffectually trying to mop up the floor, for the malicious dab of dough had only temporarily held back the flood and it was raining merrily again.

Lu lifted her tear-stained face—she couldn't see any fun in this—yet! Prince rushed in.

"My Hungarian Cinderella!" he exclaimed.

"Yes—yes—yours or anybody's that will stop this flood," cried Lu, taking him under the protecting umbrella, where he was gladly permitted to kiss the tears away.

"I'll run down and turn the water off," he said, starting cellar-ward.

"I never thought of that," laughed Cinderella, scientific manager.

Together they wiped up the flood, built the fire, cooked and served breakfast to the sympathizing paying guest, the amazed Mrs Ashton, and the most excited, delighted pair of twins ever blest with a Cinderella step-sister.

Simultaneously they whispered each to the other:

"She found her Prince mighty *near* the ash-barrel," and:

"Let's begin at once to study scientific management."

DIAMONDS $1-2-3 WEEKLY

Save money on your Diamonds by buying from us. We are Diamond Importers. Terms 20% down, $1 2-3 weekly. We guarantee you every advantage in price and quality. WRITE TO DAY FOR CATALOGUE IT IS FREE.

We send Diamonds to any part of Canada, for inspection at our expense. Payments may be made weekly or monthly. We allow a special discount of 10% for cash.

JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers
15 Toronto Arcade, Toronto, Canada

It Pays to be an Artist

We will teach you drawing in YOUR OWN HOME and train you to be successful. Our 16 years of experience prove that our method is practical.

WE GUARANTEE YOU A POSITION OR REFUND YOUR MONEY

Our Graduates are filling High-Salaried Positions.

Earn from $25 to $100 per Week

Artist's outfit free to each student. Write today for Handsome Art Year Book, Free.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART
Dept. 29, Battle Creek, Mich.

Anyone who can learn to write can learn to draw

STAMMERING or STUTTERING

positively and permanently over come. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Successful pupils everywhere. Write for free advice and literature.

The ARNOTT INSTITUTE
BERLIN, ONT.

RENNIE'S Garden Seed BOOK

Now Ready For 1915

For 46 years the leading authority on Vegetable, Flower and Farm Seeds, Plants and Bulbs. You need it. *Send for free copy—to-day.*

ALACRITY TOMATO
An Extra Early Red Variety

Developed by Experts at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. Reported to be the earliest variety in existence and especially adapted for Canada, being Northern Grown. Full size packet, 15c.

Wm. RENNIE Co. Limited,
Adelaide and Jarvis Streets.
TORONTO

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!

Brooks Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draw the broken parts together and hold them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. It is made to your measure and sent to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. The price is so low that anybody rich or poor can afford to remember it is made to your order and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back and your money will be refunded. The banks or any responsible citizen in Marshall will tell you that is the way we do business. Always satisfactory. Required we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past 30 years. Remember we use no springs, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

C. E. BROOKS, 1783A State St., Marshall, Mich.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

everywhere to ride and exhibit a sample 1915 Hyslop Bicycle, with all latest improvements.

We ship on approval to any address in Canada without any deposit, and allow **10 DAYS' TRIAL.** It will not cost you one cent if not satisfied after using bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY *a bicycle, pair of tires, lamp, or sundries at any price* until you get our latest 1915 illustrated catalogue and learn all about our special proposition. The low prices will astonish you.

ONE CENT is all it will cost to write us a postal, and catalogue with full particulars will be sent to you **Free, Postpaid,** by return mail. **Do not wait.** Write it **now.**

HYSLOP BROTHERS, Limited
Dept. TORONTO, Canada

100 Post Cards Given Free

IF YOU SEND 25c FOR 25 HIGH GRADE BEAUTY EASTER CARDS

In crosses, greetings eggs rabbits, floral, scenery, etc., no two alike, handsomely colored, raised gold and silver designs, superior quality, American make. Ring pillow top included in every order. The greatest 25c worth you ever saw. Send today and mention this paper. We make this grand offer to introduce our Post Cards to new customers. Everything POSTPAID. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Post Card Co., Beebe, Que.

Will You Show This Copy Everywoman's World

Canada's Great Home Magazine, which you like so well to ten of your friends and neighbors? Get ten to subscribe and let us send you a rich reward. Write for free catalog of beautiful and valuable rewards we give.

A GIRL AND HER SPENDING MONEY

BY SARAH CANTWELL SMITH

MANY a girl, who feels that her place is in her own home and who really is needed there, to play or sing for father at night—or to help her mother in the day time, and who besides has no actual need to become one of the women wage earners of the world, is sometimes dissatisfied with her home life and spends much of her spare time envying the business girl and wishing she could make some spending money of her very own.

As one of you wrote me a few weeks ago, "there are so many little things one could do with pocket money, little birthday treats for friends and for one's little brothers and sisters. Oh, lots of things." Another writes that she is in school, yet has some spare hours and would like to earn some money for herself.

It is to this girl I want to write this month, and tell her that not only do I sympathise with her desire but I think it can be accomplished. What has been done can always be done again, and many a girl has solved this very problem for herself and has found often that at the close of the year she has more money on hand than her business sister who has had her board and room and clothing to furnish out of her too often meagre wage.

I have always considered the ideal arrangement for the girl who really takes her share of duties in the home and fills a needed place, to be the monthly allowance which she can spend for clothes—or just as her fancy dictates, but sometimes the state of the family exchequer does not permit of allowances after all the necessary items have been met; but even here the girl need not be discouraged; there are many ways of making some money for oneself, if one only has energy ambition and a strong enough desire. Most dreams in our life can come true if they are not too unreasonable ones, and if we only want them badly enough to overcome the obstacles that lie in our path.

Mrs. Sarah Cantwell Smith

Mrs. Smith extends a cordial invitation to readers to correspond with her. All her life she has been interested in girls and their affairs and wants to be a friend and guiding hand to all. All correspondence is treated strictly confidential and a personal reply always given when a two-cent stamp is enclosed.

There are one or two general rules that we can always apply in starting out to make money for ourselves and the first one is:—Take whatever comes to your hand, if the thing you most desire isn't offered, and do that thing with enthusiasm. We are not often asked what we want, choice of work comes only as a result of successful accomplishment. The opportunity at hand may not even be the one for which we think ourselves best fitted. Never mind if you are really in earnest and can do the thing at all—seize it that very moment and say "Thank you." Other things will open up in unexpected and unlooked for ways and your future goal will not be put the further off. In fact, one can get a great deal of inspiration to effort and endeavor along any line in thinking of the goal before their eyes. Are you desirous of a course in stenography or music or even a coveted year at some school or college? Work toward that end by putting your level best into the thing of the moment. These lesser things will drop out of your hand as it closes upon a larger duty.

Second—Don't be ashamed of the work that you can secure for the time being. Work of any kind is good and no work is belittling unless we ourselves make it so. If we do what our hands find to do with enthusiasm, energy and genuine interest, the larger field and the higher opportunities will open up before us as we go along. Too many girls make the mistake of dividing work into two classes, menial and superior work, and they permit chances to go by because they fear doing such and such things might hurt their social position. Remember that you yourself are the big thing and social position the little. If we are too anxious about the latter, we are liable to lose this very thing we are searching for. While, on the other hand, tact, ambition and womanly grace will win recognition anywhere. No one will admire you the less because you have the ambition to gain something for yourself, which requires money in its accomplishment, and you refuse to calmly sit down and let the days go by because no work that is "fitting for one of your position" turns up. Many and many a University girl helps herself through by housework, mending, or in any way she can; often waiting table in some restaurant or summer resort in her vacations or in the college dining rooms during the school year.

Social charm and recognition depend eventually upon ourselves and our personalities and not upon the work we have done to help ourselves along. That this rule is a needed one, I know, for several girls have told me they could not take up certain lines of work because it was beneath them. One, to whom I suggested being a mother's help—because that seemed the only thing open at the time, replying, "But people would consider me a servant."

Now as to ways of earning money from one's own home. I shall suggest a very few, all of which I know have been tried and found successful by certain girls. Any one of you can probably think of several more and each one can best decide what will best help out in her own case.

Helping backward children in their school work has always been a favorite method with the girl to whom knowledge comes easy. The teacher could help you out in this, and either advise the parents concerning your plan, or you could personally see the parents. Even in a country school there must be mothers who would be glad to have their children have a little intelligent help say two or three hours a week. A bit of help for twenty minutes daily will clear up the path for many a boy who can see nothing whatever in arithmetic, and the pay need not be much—fifteen or twenty cents an hour—will help out quite a bit and not be a burden to the parents.

Taking care of young children, either in their or the girls' own home has often proved quite a success, for it gives the mother opportunity to go out, knowing that her little ones are safe and happy. One girl sent out cards, stating that on certain afternoons—Tuesdays and Fridays in her case—she would care for and amuse the children of the neighborhood for ten cents per hour. As she often had half a dozen or more in an afternoon this helped out considerably in purchasing the library she wanted for herself.

For older children, say from six to eight, a course in really good literature could be offered, either by being told or read—giving them actual cultural value as well as entertainment. I tried Stories of the Early Greeks" once for a young boy of seven and kept him interested all through the summer.

Work with the hands—plain or fancy sewing, knitting and the like, is usually profitable and there are several firms willing to send it even into the country, and if one is really good at hand embroidery, one can often procure work from the larger stores.

If one lives in a town even though it cannot boast of being a city, clerking can often be secured for the rush seasons and not only is it a way of earning some pocket money, it is very interesting in bringing one into touch with pople. One girl with college training wrote me that she had gone into a department store merely for the Christmas rush and she was liking it so well she thought she would stay for a while. Her people are very well to do, and she herself is to be married to a mechanical engineer, and all this extra money comes in useful for her many little desires.

Going out as mother's help for even a very few hours a week will prove very profitable and make one of real service. Almost any housewife is glad to know of some one she may secure for an hour or so in an emergency, and her friendship and admiration for the one willing to help out will in no way be lowered. Only remember that here, most of all, self respect doesn't mean you must feel yourself above your position of that moment, even if the position be in the kitchen. I myself secured a little maid for Christmas week (whose father was out of work and who had four younger sisters, all too little to help out) only to be told that she must eat her dinner at the same time as my guests, since she was as good as any one. I did not doubt her moral goodness, but I did very much doubt her common sense. I was not needing at the time an extra guest—what I wanted was some one to help with the serving. Such a girl as that has much to learn before she will be a success in any line at all.

Another girl of much higher social rank asked my advice about going in with a group of college girls to wait table at a summer resort for six weeks, as she needed some extra money. As she, upon graduation was intending with her fiancee to go to one of the East India Islands as missionaries, I thought the experience was just what she needed, for knowledge of books alone will not make one a success in working with humanity; but she gave it up in

(*Concluded on page 34*)

WHEN ordering state Bust, Hip and Waist measures; skirt, sleeve and Coat lengths; measures over wrist and above elbow. You cannot give too many details, they will enable us to fulfil your requirements.

The
TREND of FASHION
shows an appreciation of the requirements of the Times and is decidedly simple

LADIES
never look smarter than when dressed in a neat well-tailored costume, and with the advent of Spring's bright days TAILOR-MADES will be the VOGUE

We are prepared to supply a made-to-measure costume (coat and skirt) in either Black or Navy Blue Serge—*Just for Spring Wear*—for $6.00.
Tweed Mixtures supplied if preferred.
Workmanship and Material Guaranteed.
—Money Refunded if not satisfied.—

The
DUCHESS SPORTS COAT
is an ideal addition to your wardrobe. It is very fashionable and just the thing for chilly evenings. Honestly worth $5.00
It is now offered at ... $3.50

SEND instructions with Express Money Order or Canadian Bills by Registered Mail. We pay postage and duty, there are no extras.

B. CAMERON & CO.
"THE SCOTCH HOUSE"
164, Howard St. Glasgow, Scotland

Our Catalog should be in your hands, send for a copy to—
B. CAMERON & CO.
200, Adelaide Street, W.
TORONTO, Ontario.

SEND Bust measure, length of Skirt and Back and Colour [illegible] Coat. In fact we [illegible] Close [illegible] and well finished can be had in Fango and [illegible] the leading colours

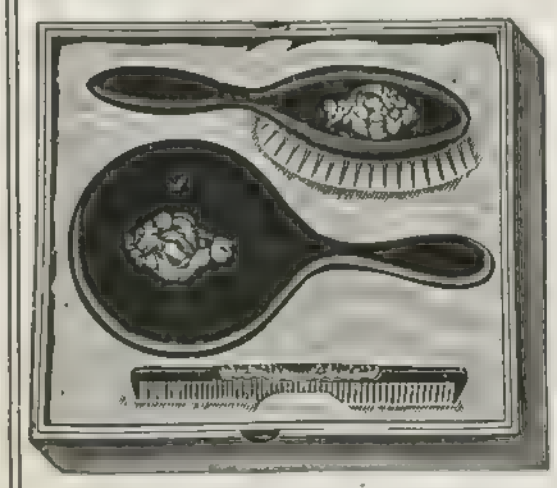
Everywoman's World
Wants To Send You This
Handsome Illustrated
GIFT CATALOGUE

IT contains dozens of photographic reproductions of many things you need and want for your home, your personal use, and for your family. All can be obtained

Absolutely Free From Everywoman's World

Dinner sets, tea sets, curtains and drapes, books, clocks, watches, jewellery, wearing apparel, as well as dozens of toys, games, and special premiums for boys and girls—a veritable storehouse of valuable merchandise—all to be had in return for just a few minutes of your spare time. Hundreds of our readers are earning Everywoman's World premiums every month. You can too. We supply you with everything necessary for your success.

Here is one of the Splendid Premiums offered to You in our New Catalogue



This Comb, Brush and Mirror Set given for securing only three yearly subscriptions to Everywoman's World. We pay all delivery charges right to your door.

This handsome set consists of a high quality circular mirror of British plate, an imported bristle hair brush, and a fine dressing comb with coarse and fine teeth. All are in rich Ebony finish and both brush and mirror have handsome nickel silver mountings. Simply show this issue to three friends. Send us their subscriptions at the regular price of 75c. per year and you will receive the handsome set at once.

All delivery charges paid.

BEAUTIFUL RINGS

Our Catalogue shows over 20 different beautiful rings. Your choice of the eight beautiful designs shown here given for securing only two yearly subscriptions at 75c. each.

216—Three stone ring the stones are fine diamond ruby, sapphire or emerald copies.

214—Beautiful ruby, emerald or sapphire copies with two small imitation diamonds a lovely ring.

2126—Beautiful three stone ring, colored stone centre, and two small imitation diamonds on either side.

2128—The popular solitaire. Richly engraved sides, imitation diamond, ruby or sapphire settings

210—Is a handsome stone ring having five beautiful "Parisian" diamonds in a new and novel setting.

211 Richly engraved signet ring, the centre set with a small ruby or sapphire doublet.

213—The ever popular engraved band or "Keeper" ring, a very rich design.

240 Beautiful engraved signet.

These handsome rings are genuine gold shell—that is, the outer part or shell of the ring is solid gold and the inner portion cheaper metal. These rings cannot be sold from solid gold even by experts—they are sold by the best jewellery houses in the country, and thousands of them are being worn every day and give the best of satisfaction. We guarantee these rings to give satisfaction,

Every reader of Everywoman's World should get a copy of this Catalogue. Premiums are given for securing two or more subscriptions. Every woman you know will be glad to send a subscription to Everywoman's World, Canada's Great Home Magazine. Its cost is but 75c. a year—less than 6¼c. per month. Your friends simply cannot afford to be without it. Do not delay—there are subscriptions in your neighbourhood that can easily be obtained now.

CLIP THE COUPON
AND MAIL TO-DAY

COUPON To the Gift Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.
Please send me, postage paid, your Illustrated Catalogue of Premiums and Free Outfit for taking subscriptions to Everywoman's World
Name
Address

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA

Anaemia and Palpitation—Striking Success of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the All-British Remedy of World-Wide Popularity.

Those dyspeptics in Canada who read this true story cannot fail to get new hope from its perusal. Mrs. Rogers, of 243 Whitehall Road, Bristol, England, had suffered from acute nervous Dyspepsia for eleven years. Ordinary treatment had failed to do her any good, yet Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured her completely. Could more convincing proof of the value of this great medicine be offered?

Mrs. Rogers says: "It is quite eleven years since I first began to be troubled with pain and wind after food, and all that time I was never quite free from Dyspepsia. Frequently I had frightful attacks of pain in my chest, and wind in such quantities that it almost choked me. My heart would palpitate till I went quite faint. I was very nervous too, so nervous, in fact, that my husband has actually stopped the clock because I could not bear the ticking. The result of all this suffering was that I became quite thin and anæmic, and so weak that if I tried to do my housework I simply fainted. I had to pay to have it done for me. Latterly I could not get about the house without support, and I used to turn the broom upside down and use it as a sort of crutch. At night I always had peppermint by my bedside to relieve the wind.

"Of course, I had the best treatment, but I got no better. They told me to have my teeth out, and that I didn't want to do. But when I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, what a change! They relieved me almost at once, and as I persevered with them, all my pain, wind, headaches, and other troubles gradually disappeared and now I am in splendid health. I can eat any kind of food and am stronger than I have been for years."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

What is explanation of these cures? How is it that Dr. Cassell's Tablets can restore health so surely. It is because they act as a health force, renewing vitality of nerve and body, and compelling healthy action of every life process. They are a reliable remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	**Neurasthenia**	**Kidney Trouble**	**Malnutrition**
Nerve Failure	**Sleeplessness**	**Dyspepsia**	**Wasting**
Infantile Weakness	**Anæmia**	**Stomach Disorder**	**Palpitation**

and are specially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching womanhood. All Druggists and Storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents, for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, H. F. Ritchie and Co., Limited, 10, McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.

BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA

Chronic Coughs, Nasal Catarrh, and Difficult Breathing are Cured Completely by Veno's, the Great All-British Remedy of World-Wide Reputation

Mr. Churchill, of Dowlish Wake, Ilminster, Somerset, England, the subject of the following remarkable cure, is head of the firm of J. Churchill and Son, General Smiths and Manufacturers, who are well known for their important inventions in connection with apparatus for dairy farming. Mr. Churchill is also a church-warden, and collector of rates over three parishes. His testimony, therefore, is such as is not lightly given and sufferers in Canada will do well to profit by his experience.

Mr. Churchill says: "I don't think it would be possible to find a more wonderful cure than that which Veno's Lightning Cough Cure effected in me some years ago. My illness began with a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs. That was so long ago as 1878, and from that time I suffered continually with bronchial asthma of the worst kind. I could hardly get my breath at times, and my cough was so hard and hollow that people used to say if ever there was a churchyard cough mine was. Nobody believed I could live, I was so ill. When the paroxysms were on, I positively could not stand; I used to sink down on my knees from very weakness and the frightful struggle to get my breath. Soon I could not go to bed for breathlessness, I dared not lie down for fear of choking, and so had to sit in a chair by the fire all night trying to get a little sleep that way. I have gone three weeks hardly closing my eyes at all. I think I coughed more at night than during the day, but I coughed at all times. My wife was afraid she would come down one morning and find me dead in my chair. This went on for about thirty years, though I had good advice, and bottle after bottle of medicine.

"But at last I came to hear of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and after a time—for I was very doubtful—decided to try it. You cannot imagine how amazed I was to find that my breathing became easier and my cough less troublesome. I improved rapidly and soon—I cannot say exactly how long—I was completely cured. Everybody marvelled at my recovery, and none more than myself. Now I take Veno's as I feel the need, and it always does me good."

Veno's is the Old Folks' Friend

Awarded Grand Prix and Gold Medal, Paris Health Exhibition, 1910

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for—

COUGHS AND COLDS
BRONCHITIS
LUNG TROUBLES
INFLUENZA
DIFFICULT BREATHING

50 cts. A BOTTLE

ASTHMA
NASAL CATARRH
WHOOPING COUGH
OLD-AGE COUGHS
BLOOD-SPITTING

Sold by all Druggists and Stores throughout the Dominion.
Manufactured only by the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.
Sole Agents for Canada: H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont.

WHAT TWELVE CANADIAN WOMEN HOPE TO SEE AS THE OUTCOME OF THE WAR

(Continued from page 7)

of general disarmament may be adopted and an international tribunal established on neutral ground.

"But no matter what policy may be adopted, the trend is towards a broader democracy.

"Whether this war had as its real cause the ideas and ideals of a brotherhood of man, these ideas and these ideals must be evolved out of the war. An androcentric culture with the combative male element dominating has proved over and over again inevitable destruction, and he who runs may read that this suicidal policy of might must end as civilization grasps the necessity of the female constructive force being added to the body politic to make a true balance.

"Women are not to blame for this war, but a century hence they would be equal criminals with men were another such war to take place.

"A tremendous burden of responsibility will now be placed upon women and with this war as an object lesson no woman should rest until she is able to have her say, equal with man, as a freeborn responsible citizen with equal rights, political and economic.

"And so the most that I can reasonably hope is that the world at large may see the folly, yes the criminality of the present policy of might, and that an international policy will be adopted that will allow any people the privilege of governing themselves, that co-ercion will be a thing of the past, and that there shall be established in this world an 'All for each' policy which will develop into the greatest liberty possible for individual growth compatible with the 'greatest good for all.'

"For women in particular, I believe that they will learn to be wiser and know that their privilege is not only to bring living beings into this world, but that their place is ever at the helm to see that the world is a fit place for living human beings to be in.

"The constructive mind of woman, the maternal instinct to care for and conserve must be used with the knowledge that these attributes are necessary to complement the combative initiative of man.

"What a splendid world this could be to live in a few years from now if we will only profit by the lessons taught by this most terrible of all wars."

Lesson of War

Nellie C. McClung, the popular writer and speaker, says:

"Humanity learns its lessons hard. The path of wisdom has ever been beset with thorns, and has ever been travelled by bleeding feet. Humanity is now learning, and paying full rate for its tuition.

"One lesson that is almost learned now is that armed men and battleships do not bring either peace or safety; that a great nation cannot be built on hatred; that unless love and good-will and honor and honesty are woven into the social fabric, it will some day, suddenly, and without warning, fall into hopeless tatters.

"This war is showing us that human ingenuity and cleverness, unless it is permeated by the love of God (which is another name for the love of man), is a devilish thing! Think of man's achievement in overcoming the air having resulted in bombs being thrown on churches and hospitals! We are learning something we should always have known—that it is not so important that people should be clever as that they should be good! We had not thought very seriously on this before, and the attitude of the world was to worship cleverness, and sneer at common, unobtrusive, mouse-gray goodness!

"There will also come out of the war a new idea of empire, clear as the sunlight and wide as the earth! We will cease to think locally and to boast of a narrow patriotism. We will not sing 'My country, 'tis of thee—of thee I sing." Germany has plenty of that sort of patriotism which teaches that love of country means hatred of other countries. Our citizenship will be world citizenship—our neighbor will be every man, of whatever race, or creed, or color, or tongue. There will be no trade barriers between nations to breed distrust and jealousy or suspicion between men. There will be no war lords with the iniquitous power to plunge innocent and inoffensive people into warfare! Women are going to come into their own. We will hear less about woman's unfitness for public life. Man's pride in masculine statecraft has received a jolt, and they are not so sure of things as they were four months ago! There can be no true democracy where one-half of the race is ignored, and this war, if it has any significance at all, is a war against autocracy. The mother's point of view will be represented in the days to come—the good days to which our longing eyes are turning in hope and faith."

Home Guards Always

Helen M. Merrill, Honorary General Secretary of The United Empire Loyalists Association of Canada, sees the outcome of the war somewhat differently, and particularly mentions the desirability of military training:

"Replying to your question, 'What do you as a woman hope to see as the outcome of the war, (1) for the world at large, (2) women in particular?'

"The replies obviously expected are, 'Peace' and 'Votes for women.' There is evidently malice aforethought in the latter question, but I have not yet become interested in woman suffrage. However, glancing casually at the subject, it seems that the welfare of the country at large may depend to a considerable extent on the contentment of women. If they would feel better satisfied in their routine at home and in public life having the right to go to the polls, it would be in the interest of the government of any country to grant women this right. Woman suffrage is bound to come eventually, and it will be a fine feather in the cap of the first Provincial Government having courage to give votes to women.

"Returning to the former question: The greatest factor in establishing permanent peace in the world will be to continue the friendly relations which now exist between Great Britain and the United States. It is remarkable that a hundred years have passed without conflict between these nations, and that for this length of time Canada and the United States have dwelt side by side with indifferent military defence, the American army itself being so small that on the militia going to the front in the war with Spain, billions of dollars worth of property along the east coast were left unprotected.

"I hope that universal peace will not mean the abolishing of military training, and that there will always be Home Guards or their equivalent. I hope, too, that the day will soon arrive when every boy and girl will become a Scout, and that provision for such instruction will be made in all schools. The Scout movement I consider the most important ever inaugurated for the training of the young. I should also like to see both girls and boys at a suitable age train as cadets if, largely, only to cultivate obedience, order and for physical benefit, and if girls form no more menacing corps than Broom Brigades.

Courageous and Cheerful is the Note from the West

Mrs. R. R. Jamieson, Judge of the Juvenile Court, Calgary, with the optimism which makes her popular with everyone, writes:

"You ask my opinion of the outcome of the war from a woman's viewpoint.

"I believe the war has already done away with 'sets' in social circles. The rich and the poor are to be found working together with the same purpose in mind, consequently sympathies and kindred feelings will form which will be bright memories to us all; while the object we are working for is brought about by the cruel war, still the bond of sympathy among the women is sweet.

"I believe women will have more voice in national affairs, will be placed on church boards and numerous other public offices where heretofore she has had no voice. I believe the much talked of suffrage will be granted us, by virtue of our organizations to do our own part in this time of distress—the militant suffragettes are working to keep the franchise for our men of Great Britain and Canada.

"The war has brought out many points of value, such as sympathy, charity and loyalty, which we have not had an opportunity to show before, which will be instilled in our rising generation."

The Law of Christ

Katherine Hale, poet and essayist, whose booklet, "Grey Knitting," published this season, is itself in part prophetic about the war:

"It is quite possible, if we may judge the future by the past, that this most terrible of all wars may, in its termination, become the agent for a sweeping reconstruction in governments, in commerce, and in social life. As I see things from the woman's standpoint, it seems to me that one's greatest hope for the world at large, as a result of the present war, must surely be a determination in the minds of men and women towards the necessity of individual self-control as the first step in a world-wide education which shall teach both sexes alike the rudiments of national self-government. I would wish for the world a swinging of the balance of power from the hands of the few into the hands of the many, provided that humanity—through the very stringencies of the poverty and exhaustion that follow such a war—is capable of learning at last the simple law laid down by Christ: 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.'

"For women in particular surely the outcome is already assured. We are learning, and we shall learn more fully in the years to come, that 'militancy' and

The True Safeguard of Baby's Health

The Allenburys Foods

The milk of a healthy mother confers a degree of immunity to infection to the young infant. Many mothers, however, though willing, cannot nurse their babies for various reasons. In such cases the greatest care should be taken in selecting a proper substitute. Ordinary cow's milk cannot be regarded as a safe food for infants; it is acid, contains indigestible curd, and is almost invariably contaminated with harmful germs. By using the "Allenburys" Foods, which are free from all dangerous organism, and effectually replace human milk, security for Baby is ensured and vigorous growth and health are promoted. The "Allenburys" Foods are largely used and recommended by the Medical and Nursing Professions; they have stood the test of time and have become a household necessity all over the world.

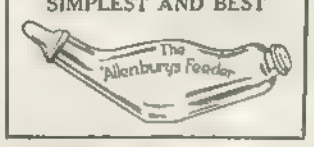
Milk Food No. 1. From birth to 3 months. In tins at 50c. and $1.

Milk Food No. 2. From 3 to 6 months. In tins at 50c. and $1.

Malted Food No. 3. From 6 months upwards. In tins at 30c. and 60c.

Write for free book "Infant Feeding & Management"—64 pages of valuable information for every mother.

SIMPLEST AND BEST



The Allen & Hanburys Co., Limited

66 Gerrard Street East, TORONTO

52

Of Course You Eat Bread!

You eat bread every day and you can always have the very choicest of bread to serve on your table when

REINDEER FLOUR

—our Special Bread Flour, is used for your bread-making. Reindeer Flour assures you of purity, and the full strength of the finest Western Wheat being in your bread. Reindeer Flour makes dainty, delicious, wholesome bread and buns, that delight both guests and home folks.

Reindeer Flour is sold by all good Grocers. If your Grocer cannot supply you, write us sending his name, and we will see that he gets it for you

THE PETERBORO CEREAL CO., Simcoe Street, PETERBORO, ONT.

Feet and ankles so swollen, she could not walk up stairs

Every woman and every man, who suffers with Rheumatism—who has acute attacks of Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago—whose Kidneys are weak and whose hands and feet become swollen and painful—should read carefully these two letters of Mrs. Salsbury about the magical effects of

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

On February 14th, last, Mrs. J. A. Salsbury wrote about Gin Pills, "I can certainly say Gin Pills have done a lot of good for me. Some six years ago, I could not walk upstairs, my feet and ankles were so swollen, but I took three boxes of Gin Pills and the trouble has never returned. My mother, 82 years of age, is taking them and feels fine". Writing again on April 22nd., in reply to a request for permission to publish her letter, Mrs. Salsbury says, "You may do so, as I think it was Gin Pills that cured me, as I have not had the Rheumatism since and it is six years this spring since I was so bad".

Swollen hands and feet are a sure sign of Kidney Trouble. So is Mucus or brick dust deposits in the urine. So is incontinence or suppression of the urine. So is Gravel (or Stone in the Kidneys.) If the urine is hot and scalding, the Bladder is irritated or inflammed. In all these cases you need Gin Pills at once. Take them as Mrs. Salsbury did and cure yourself.

Gin Pills are sold in every part of Canada at 50c. a box, six for $2.50—and every box is sold with our spot cash guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Sold in the United States under the name 'GINO' Pills.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto

22

WHEN BUYING YEAST INSIST ON HAVING THIS PACKAGE

DECLINE SUBSTITUTES

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL
THE DAINTY MINT-COVERED CANDY-COATED CHEWING GUM

Make a Corner Cosy

Collect the Cushion Cover Coupons with every Chiclet Package.

Spots

We take out spots and stains by science—not by force.

No injury to delicate, fragile fabrics when Laces, Silks, Satins, Gowns, Blouses, Gloves are sent here to be cleaned. 6

Parker's DYE WORKS TORONTO

Test It Yourself

THE Pride of Youth is a clear, smooth skin, free from roughness, unsightly redness and chapping.

PRINCESS SKIN FOOD

enables you to regain and retain that desirable childhood complexion, removing lines and wrinkles. It will soothe, soften and freshen your skin and give you that much desired healthy appearance.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE BOX

Send us 5c. to cover postage and packing and we will immediately send you a trial box of Princess Skin Food and our new Beauty Book, "For Appearance Sake" describing our method of removing superfluous hair by electrolysis. Our Beauty Book also gives valuable hints on the care of the hair and complexion

HISCOTT INSTITUTE
63 College St. Toronto, Ont.

COUPON

Kindly send me free sample of Princess Skin Food. I enclose 5c. to cover postage and packing

NAME

ADDRESS

Druggist's Name

'parasitism' are alike a sort of insanity. Women at the beginning of 1914, regardless of the environment into which they were born, were largely divided into two classes: the nerveless and the nervous. Harold Begbie's astounding article on 'The Average English Woman,' which appeared a year ago in a London magazine, in no way exaggerated the truth. He suggested that 'schools for mothers' was the crying need of this generation. I believe that the war will make such a movement imperative all over the world. It seems to me that the hour has struck in which not only Canadian women but all women must awake to the fact that in the new world which will surely replace the old she must learn to know the needs of her country, and in and of herself must not only make but teach the new race of sons and daughters what the power of the spirit is, what the power of a sane and healthy life, what unity and brotherhood, and the politics that is to be divorced from personal gain or graft will mean.

"The cataclysm which has overtaken the most 'intellectual' portion of the entire world has come almost directly through a lack of education on the part of German women. Submission to established conditions is no real part of life. To be a good Haus-Frau has no relation whatever to the education of a son or daughter. Germany has been man-made for generations and it is this lack of balance, mental and spiritual, that has thrust the world into the throes of hell. Thinking men realize, as they never did before, the need for the co-operation of women in the government of nations. Until there is more of man in woman, and of woman in man, such a terrible situation as the present is destined to occur."

WHEN A BUSINESS GIRL MARRIES

(*Continued from page 28*)

been a business girl the husband cannot be so densely ignorant of her concerns as she is of his. He is bound to spend a good many hours of every day in the home which she manages, and must learn something of her methods as well as the results obtained therefrom; but what does she know of the routine of his life in a realm in which she does not set her foot once a month? If he talks to her about his business at all she must accept his statements with a child-like faith or a bored ignorance that are perhaps almost equally irritating to an interested, perhaps a worried, man; and can he be much blamed for occasional yielding to the temptation to "put over" on her some information that facts scarcely warrant?

Now, do you not glimpse your opportunity to increase your efficiency as a wife by being an efficient business woman while you are in that position? There is nothing you can learn now regarding the conduct of a man's work that may not prove a bond of sympathetic understanding between you and your husband, and later on, perhaps, your sons. Should wealth be yours in the marriage partnership, the tricks of social usage will readily be acquired; should poverty come, necessity will teach how to relinquish and to pinch; but you have the opportunity now of acquiring knowledge and training that in no other way could be gained. If you miss it, you have yourself to blame.

Now, please don't say that according to this a married woman ought to be a business man. Heaven forbid! On the contrary never forget that you are a WOMAN, and a woman is a very big thing. You may at the present time be head of a department at two hundred dollars a month, or running a typewriter at ten dollars a week, or addressing envelopes at a dollar a thousand, but don't for a moment suppose that the wage you are earning, although it may be ample for the task it pays for, represents *your* value to the world. If you attain to your best possibility you will become an equal partner in a firm engaged in the biggest business on earth—the business of home-making in its broadest sense. But even if you miss that, if you are a real woman you will always be a home-maker in some degree. No matter what her business or profession may be, the woman without love of home in her heart and some skill at home-making in her head and hands is a poor, anchorless creature, floating merrily enough upon smooth waters and under sunny skies but without means of clutching at the solid bottom when overtaken by the inevitable storms of life. In that the woman has the advantage of the man. He must depend upon her to create a home for him; she can create one for herself and for others even if those others do not include husband and children. To continually strive to make a home atmosphere even though it is in a hall-bedroom, is the instinct of every normal woman, and it is her best safeguard against utter despair no matter what distress may come upon her. It has been said that a woman with a baby and a broom can create a better home in a hut than a man can in a palace. The baby indeed adds illimitable light and sweetness, but with the broom alone it is surprising how many troubles a woman can sweep away.

So, while you are making of yourself the best business woman you can, do it always with the thought that the best business woman that ever lived is still small enough to be absorbed with all her talents into a really first-class home-maker; and that, should the chief occupation of your life always remain that of a business woman your efficiency in that line should not preclude efficiency in developing some sort of home-life bright enough to send rays into dark and chill corners where less wise *or* less fortunate people reside.

Should the possibility of marriage make the business girl a worse workwoman? No; it should make her a better workwoman, because it should make her a better *WOMAN*.

A GIRL AND HER SPENDING MONEY

(*Continued from page 31*)

disgust, because forsooth, she had to talk to the colored servants just as if they were ordinary people. It was no surprise to me when she found her life as a missionary a disappointment, both as to her capability and the joy she was expecting from it, for how is one to exemplify and teach the brotherhood of man, when they have neither the human quality nor the depth of vision to enable them to see that it is not the work but their own attitude that is belittling.

One girl took an agency for guaranteed hosiery and kept it up until she had secured for herself the pony she wanted so badly, only even now she keeps it up, for with her horse and saddle she is able to go much further afield, and so secure many more orders.

Securing subscribers for magazines is a way of making spending money that has always appealed to me for it takes one out in the open air, brings them into conversation with people and if they are really interested in and enthusiastic about the paper they are representing, they can usually make quite a success at it. Most of the good magazines make very good offers to their agents in percentage and salaries. I was quite interested in finding the liberal terms offered by our own paper Everywoman's World. In offering a subscription to a good paper you are not only benefitting yourself, but the person whom you interest thereby to read the current magazines of the country.

These are only a very few of the many ways that may suggest themselves to you. If any one has found out some expecially successful method of making money in her own home, will you not write me that it may be shared with others. Also I shall be glad to do all I can for any one of you that seems to have special difficulties in getting started.

Remember that work, just for itself is a lot of fun and having some sort of an object in life besides mere living, will be a great help in building up that character which is the essential factor in each of our personalities, and it is not so much what we do but how much of our real selves we put into a thing, that makes it a failure or success.

WHAT AMERICANS THINK

The people are supposed to make the laws for the people, but half of the people are excluded from that privilege. The laws of the land are enforceable against all alike, women as well as men. The women are neither above nor below the laws, but are subject in every sense to the laws of the land. This being the case, why should they not be permitted to help make the laws?—*Representative Towner of Iowa.*

* * *

If politics is a dirty pool, then for God's sake admit women to clean it up.—*Representative Foss of Ohio.*

For the solution of our great social questions we need all the brains and all the moral devotion our people possess.—*Representative Stevens of New Hampshire.*

* * *

It is true that in suffrage States husbands and wives vote together for the most part, and it is a high tribute to the condition of American home life that they do. But it is equally true that the wife has an intellectual partnership with her husband in the matter of public affairs which was not formerly hers.—*Representative Murdock of Kansas.*

Advertiser's Guarantee

We guarantee the absolute reliability of each and every advertiser in this and every issue of "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD." It is to your advantage to write to our advertisers. You will receive a square deal from them, or your money back from us. You will save money and gain satisfaction by dealing with the advertisers who are permitted to use the columns of "EVERY WOMAN'S WORLD."

FREE

THE "HUG ME KIDDIES" AND THEIR BABY BEAR

Girls—Here is your Great Opportunity to obtain FREE OF COST the cutest sweetest "Hug Me Kiddies" ever seen and a lovely chubby, woolly Teddy Bear, with the funniest little grunt imaginable. You know these "Hug Me Kiddies" are the very newest babies in Doll land. They are really unbreakable and are dressed in fine baby clothes and rompers, with hat, shoes, stockings and fine underwear, all complete from head to toes. Each doll is fully jointed and can move around, sit down and do many fancy stunts. Besides they are full 12 inches tall and the Teddy Bear is over eight inches.

Girls simply write to us to day and we will send you postage paid just 25 "Hearts of Flowers" the delightful new Paris an Perfume to sell among your friends at only 10c each. Eight lovely sweet odors, French Carnation, Lilac, Wood Violet, Beauty Rose, etc. It will be no trouble at all as ladies want three or four of these lovely Perfumes the m nute they see them. Return our $2 50 when the perfumes are sold and we will promptly send you your choice of the lovely "Hug Me Kiddies" (either boy or girl) and the dandy Teddy Bear too just as you see them in the picture. They will surely delight you. We pay all delivery on your presents, they don't cost you a single cent. Address at once

THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO.,
Doll Dept. 36 TORONTO, ONTARIO

You Be A Nurse!

Earn $15.00 to $40.00 A Week

STUDY at home and train yourself in ten to twenty-five weeks, to become a qualified Nurse. Our correspondence course in General Nursing is especially prepared for Home Study, and is most complete. Your lessons are given by a competent staff in daily practice.

Write to-day for full particulars of our Correspondence Course. They will be sent you free.

Address: Superintendent
ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE
709A Spadina Avenue Toronto, Ont.

Two Colleges of Note

INGERSOLL BUSINESS COLLEGE
S SHAVER, Principal Ingersoll, Ont.

STANDARD BUSINESS COLLEGE
J SWINTON, Principal Lister Chambers Opposite City Hall, Hamilton, Ont.

All Commercial subjects taught. Positions guaranteed. Write for prospectus.

Ferguson's High Grade Seeds

are great favorites with thousands of Canadian women gardeners. We supply all the "worth while" kinds and our stocks are especially selected and tested for us by the most careful growers in the world.

Our Big Seed Annual sent FREE for the asking.

DUPUY & FERGUSON,
60 Jacques Cartier Sq., Montreal

SOW SIMMERS' SEEDS

ESTABLISHED 1856

Confidence is the greatest factor that enters into the buying of seeds, since you are buying not a finished product, but only the means by which your garden may be either a success or a partial or complete failure. You will make no mistake in placing confidence in SIMMERS' SEEDS.

CATALOGUE FREE on application.

J. A. SIMMERS, LIMITED
Bulbs, SEEDS, Plants
TORONTO, ONT.

FOR BEST RESULTS

A BOOK YOU WILL SURELY WANT

Pollyanna Grows Up

The sequel to Elenor H. Porter's POLLYANNA, the book you laughed and cried over, and then read over again.

Pollyanna Grows Up

takes up the "glad" girl where she was left off before, stays with her awhile, then jumps ten years, finally marrying Pollyanna off. Good prospects, surely.

Ask your Bookseller to let you know when

Pollyanna Grows Up

comes in. He should have it *shortly after March 25th.*

WILLIAM BRIGGS
Publisher
TORONTO, CANADA

McDonald's TESTED SEEDS

Are all of the highest quality, hundred of varieties especially suited for Canada, all described in our handsome

FREE CATALOGUE

just off the press. McDonald seeds mean sure crops. Send name and address to

Dept. A
Kenneth McDonald & Sons,
Limited, Ottawa.

NEW BOOKS

By KATE STANDISH

Are You In It?

The Canadian Woman's Annual and Social Service Directory. E. P., A. E., and E. C. Weaver. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

WHO is the head of the Women's Institutes in Prince Edward Island?

Who is the president of the Women's Civic League of Winnipeg? I want to know about the Local Council in Victoria. To whom shall I write?

And more questions, and still more; wherefore this excellent directory, which begins with a calendar, Canada and the Royal Family, and before the last page, takes in every woman in the country. There is simply nothing left out; from coast to coast it tells everything that Canadian women have done in 1914 and are going to continue to do in 1915 for Canada. More than in any other book, in this annual, you will get a comprehensive picture of Canadian life—from a woman's point of view, of course, but when you get it from that, you have about all there is. There are the National Council of Women, the Daughters of the Empire, Labor Organizations, Women's Institutes, Housewives Leagues, Teacher's Associations and Press Clubs and 100 more, representing women organized, within ten years, it seems to me, to do things and get things done.

However, the book is not arranged according to clubs; these just come in. According to the table of contents, the field covered deals with the political status of women, women in the home, child welfare, education, professions and employment, journalism and literature, art, music and the drama, agriculture and country life, community work, health, recreation, temperance and purity, reformatory and correctional agencies, socializing agencies, and social training. We knew our women were busy, and that they were doing a great deal for their homes, for Canada, for life generally; we knew this and needed just such a book to let us see how wide and deep their activities and interests were. The Canadian Woman's Annual is vividly alive, because it gives all the facts, written by the women who know what is going on. It will interest all Canadian women, even if they are not members of some of the clubs or societies written about; although, judging from the number of women's organizations represented, there can hardly be a woman in the country who does not belong to some club or society.

What Paper Do You Take?

"The Clarion," by Samuel Hopkins Adams. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

"The Clarion" has been on my table for some months and I had not thought particularly of recommending it to you, thinking that the evils of newspapers with which it deals form a peculiarly American Problem.

But the other day an incident was brought to my notice which would go to show that our papers labor under the same business and social difficulties as "The Clarion" did; and so Canadian newspaper owners and you, their readers, will also likely find "The Clarion" of interest.

Young Mr. Hal. Surtaine went up against the wishes of the girl he wanted as his wife, his father, the whole town; stuck to his business as he saw it to tell all the news, the whole news, all the time—that being what a newspaper is for. He won out—got back the girl, his father and the town. It's very nice, and so is the girl. I I think you ought to read it, and I know you'll like it.

The Why of a Recipe

"Principles of Food Preparation," by Mary D. Chambers. Boston: The Boston Cooking School Magazine Co.

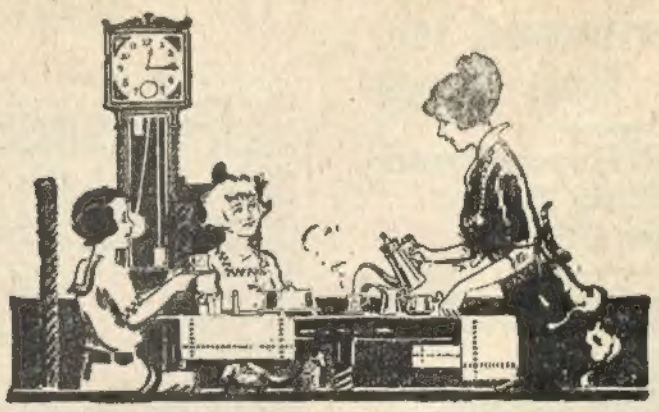
If you're interested in knowing the "why" back of your favorite recipe, it's here. If you can't tell "why it didn't come out right," this book can tell you. I asked it a number of questions and it answered satisfactorily.

"The Principles of Food Preparation" takes up in successive chapters foods in their uncooked state, and describes the effect of heat applied in different ways—that's cooking. Does your butcher sell you tough steak? Perhaps the toughening occurs in your own kitchen; and you can find out why in this book.

As a number of experiments and questions are given in each chapter, the book would be very useful to a teacher of Domestic Science, or to any woman who wanted to teach the principles of cooking to a class of girls. It must not, however, be thought that recipes are omitted. On the contrary, the number given would be enough, I should judge, to last an ordinary housekeeper's housekeeping time.

Books Received

"The Last Shot," by Frederick Palmer. Scribner's. $1.35.
"Sweet Apple Cove," by George Van Schaick. Small, Maynard and Company. $1.35.
"Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich," by Stephen Leacock. Bell and Cockburn. $1.25.
"Land Marks," by E. V. Lucas. Bell and Cockburn.
"The Eyes of the World," by H. B. Wright. The Book Supply Co. $1.35.



COWANS PERFECTION COCOA

Mothers are glad to see the children enjoy Cowan's Perfection Cocoa, because they know it is so good for them.

Pure Cocoa is rich in food value and is so easily digested. 286

"Made in Canada."

Quarter-pound
Half-pound &
one-pound tins

I Show Boys How To Make Big Money

Let me show you how—

I've started more boys making big money than any other man in Canada. Right now I can point with pride to over fifteen hundred boys, who are making steady incomes every month all the year round. They have all the spending money they want—they have their own bank accounts—some of them are even helping to keep their families on the money they are making on my plan.

If you're a live, go ahead boy with enough spunk in you to want to make money for yourself, I will show you how to make more money than you ever thought you were capable of making. I don't ask you to invest a cent of money. I don't ask you to buy anything. I supply everything necessary for your success. All you need to give me is a little of your spare time after school and your promise to deal fairly and squarely with me when I trust you. Boys, I am the Manager of

THE BOYS' MONEY CLUB

The Great Money Making Club for Canadian Boys

It is run under the auspices of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and already it is the largest Club of its kind in the World. There is a membership for you—A membership that means money in your pocket every month you live. Will you write and ask me about it today?

The Members of "The Boys' Money Club" all sell EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Great Home Magazine, on our grand "Cash Reward" plan. The demand for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is so great; this magazine is so bright, so interesting, so entertaining and instructive, and such wonderful value at only 10c per copy, that it is as easy as fun for any live boy to sell it. My boys sell more and more copies every month—they work up big steady lists of customers and their earnings are increasing every month they live.

You never tried anything in your life that is as easy to sell as EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Right in your neighborhood their are from fifty to one hundred ladies who will be glad to buy copies from you at only 10c each and will thank you to bring it to them every month. You make a big cash reward on every copy you sell.

Join the "Boys' Money Club" today and try it at my risk.

Write and get full particulars of my great "Money Club" Cash Reward plan. If fifteen hundred other boys are enthusiastic about it you will be too. Remember I trust you—you don't invest anything—not a single nickel. I will send you by Express all charges paid the number of copies you think you can sell. I will trust you with them until you sell them. Then you just keep your cash reward out of your sales and return the balance to me.

Look alive and write to me today and you can make $5.00 clear profit this month.

Give your full name and address plainly and also tell me your nearest Express Office, if it is different from your Post Office address. Address:

H. GROVER ALLARD, Box 62, Manager, "The Boy's Money Club"
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD - TORONTO, ONT.

Every Blemish Removed In Ten Days

I Will Tell Every Reader of This Paper How FREE.

Your Complexion Makes or Mars Your Appearance.

PEARL LA SAGE, former actress who now offers to tell women of the most remarkable complexion treatment ever known.

This great beauty marvel has instantly produced a sensation. Stubborn cases have been cured that baffled physicians and beauty specialists for years. You have never in all your life used or heard of anything like it. Makes muddy complexions, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions vanish almost like magic. No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is a "fright" whether your face is full of muddy spots, peppery blackheads, embarrassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "porey," and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment, in just ten days, positively removes every blemish and beautifies your skin in a marvelous way. You look years younger. It gives the skin the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly-blown rose. In ten days you can be the subject of wild admiration by all your friends, no matter what your age or condition of health. **All methods now known are cast aside.** There is nothing to wear, nothing to take internally. Your face, even arms, hands, shoulders are beautified beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror in ten days. This treatment is absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin, and very pleasant to use. No change in your mode of living is necessary. A few minutes every day does it.

To every reader of this paper I will give full details of this really astounding treatment. Let me show you. You do not risk a penny. Send me no money—just send your name and address on the free coupon below and I will give you full details by return mail.

FREE COUPON

PEARL LA SAGE, Suite 58
2120 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I am a reader of this paper and am entitled to know full details of the sensational, harmless, scientific method for giving marvelous beauty to the complexion and removing every blemish in ten days. There is no obligation whatsoever on my part for this information.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Dry Your Clothes This Way

75c Post Paid

Hang your clothes in the air, or dry them indoors this new way.

Indoors, your clothes line is quickly strung and quickly taken down. It means a line strung only when you need it. Just a simple, quick adjustment of the Saturn Reel, and you are ready to hang your clothes without props, or trouble from a dusty line.

Hang the Saturn on any nail, anywhere, and attach the two rings to any nails or hooks. When you are through, wind up and put away. Once used, a necessity in any household. Forty feet of strong line in the reel will hold 180 pounds. The Reel itself is strongly made, aluminium, and will not rust. Keeps the clothes line perfectly clean.

We will send it to any address, postpaid for 75c.

WILSON SPECIALTIES
Room 23, Manchester Bldg. - Toronto
AGENTS WANTED

SWEET PEAS

No matter how high the price asked or what is said. Keith's Sweet Peas are second to none.

KEITH'S MIXED SPENCERS
Post Paid oz. 15c: ¼-lb 50c: ½-lb 90c: 1-lb $1.75

KEITH'S STERLING MIXTURE
Post Paid oz. 10c: ¼-lb 20c: 1-lb 70c

Ask for Catalogue

Geo. Keith & Sons
124 King St. East Toronto, Canada
Seed Merchants since 1866

TRICKS Puzzles, Jokes, Magic Goods, Cards, Dice, Sensational Escapes and Illusions. BIG CATALOGUE FREE.
Oaks Magic Co. Dept. 166 Oshkosh, Wis.

WOMEN WORTH KNOWING

(Continued from page 13)

Now all this importance, while it excites the admiration, is apt to convey the misleading impression that Miss Hind is indifferent to women and their interests, engaged as she is with matters mainly mannish. On the contrary, her friends of the Press Club and other women's organizations have learned her worth, not only as co-worker but also as a friend they can rely on. She is energetic, purposeful, plain-spoken, but withal so able, so true, and so loyal, that even women who fear her a little, like her.

At all events her purpose is accomplished. She has reached a position where nation-builders look upon her as a helper with the harvest. So she has her joy, like Diomede of the ancients, in the springing blade and the full-eared wheat-head and the Future West of which these are the emblem.

The Mother of the Hambourgs

THERE was once a mother of sons in Rome who might have won fame on her own account had she preferred that to greatness in her children. Cornelia, known as the Mother of the Gracchi, was a type not peculiar to her day and generation, but more or less common to all ages, including the present age of feminism. However, the mother of a family of artists—such very largely through her mentality and labors—is sufficiently rare to-day to attract attention. Such a mother is Mrs. Hambourg, wife of Professor Michael Hambourg, whose eldest son, the pianist, Mark Hambourg, has just paid a visit to Toronto.

"Cornelia's Jewels," said the discriminating Romans, referring to the sons of that careful mother whose training of them suggested the lapidary. And the world to-day, if it talked as picturesquely, would use some similar phrase in approval of the mother of the great world pianist, Mark Hambourg, and of his younger brother musicians, Jan and Boris. Mark, as Toronto recently heard him, flashes, a great Pitt Diamond of music, rayed to reach the earth's remotest cities; Jan is jacinth when he plays his violin; and Boris a glowing ruby of the 'cello. The mother wears her jewels like Cornelia, proud that the world should behold their lustre but, for herself, neglectful of the public. She is prone to attribute to Professor Michael Hambourg the praise that asks for an explanation of three rare musicians in one family. Her husband, however, on these occasions, expresses volumes in his prompt, devoted protest, "Their mother—it is she. She is a wonder!"

It was from the Professor and not from Mrs. Hambourg that one learned her splendid attainments as a linguist; how she mastered English in just two weeks, and how she is proficient in five other languages: Russian, the tongue to which she was born, and German, French, Italian and Arabic, all of which to her were easy conquests. It was from Miss Luba, the daughter who draws and displays in addition much talent for the drama, that one heard how her mother directs the office and how the success of the big Conservatory which the Hambourg family has established in Toronto, is due, in no small measure, to her methods. By way of a pupil, small Max Fleischmann, one discovered what Mrs. Hambourg means to a child possessed of a passion for music, and of vague ideas pertaining to deportment. Indeed, her kindness to children is a proverb and Mrs. Hambourg's recent concert, in which the performers were Conservatory children and the object was relief for poor children in Toronto, was characteristic of her spirit. Visiting artists and local musicians are warm in their praise of a sympathetic hostess whose hospitality is very home-like.

As for Mrs. Hambourg herself, she is apt to say to the interviewer, "Perhaps you would find this interesting"—and "this" will refer not to her but to her children. With her, things happened "when Mark was a baby," "when Jan was six," or "when Galia had the measles"—a quaintness shared by many other mothers. She may be persuaded to show a letter, written by the great Russian novelist, Stepniak, to Marotcka (little Mark) Hambourg who was one time a pupil of that scholar. "Grow then and be strong, young eagle," that the great command in the long epistle. She may possibly undo the brooch at her throat, a three-coin trinket, memento of that moment when Mark make his debut in Vienna after study with the master, Leschetizky; and, if you admire her Maltese lace as it falls free without the pin to hold it, she is likely to confide, with a smile of satisfaction that it was Mark's gift also, one of many. Or, she may relate in her continental accent an anecdote of Jan as a child and his ire at a post which bumped him once as he read with open book on the public highway. He was given to reading while walking abroad, and at all other times when not engaged with music. He learned to read when a mere infant, his first book being a history of Russia.

South Russia produced the Hambourg family, Mark being born in the town of Bogutchar, now on the map for mainly just that reason. An early removal was made to Voronej, where the father, Professor Michael Hambourg, directed a branch of the Imperial Conservatory. Here, Jan and Boris were born and "brought up," to a certain height, in an atmosphere of music, to which they "took," under the guidance of their parents, like larks to a morning sky in England. Mark won notice as an infant prodigy and the family moved to the city of Moscow mainly to advance his education. Here, the critics proclaimed him a wonder, and then London beckoned the parents to let him try his fortune with the English. The result supported the Moscow verdict, and later on, the full-fledged master captured the critics' citadel, Vienna. A spark had become a conflagration. The world shaded its eyes to look on Genius.

Meanwhile, daughters had been added to the family, each possessed of the gift of being charming. The eldest, Galia, resides in England, wife of a son of Lady Katherine Coke, present lady-in-waiting to Queen Mary. The second, Luba, is busy in Toronto with art work and the study of the drama. Mania, the youngest is a fascinating dancer; and a promising boy, Clement, concludes the family.

In all the concerns of all her children, the Hambourg mother is perpetually ready to hear, to suggest, to approve—devoted ever. They all confide in her sympathy and wisdom, and adore bringing their trophies to her, knowing that their mother helped them win them. Terms of endearment are frequent in the household; devotion to one another rules the members. Kindness, spiritual power and patience—these are the forces which the mother of the Hambourgs has wrought to develop in all her children; wherefore three at least are shining artists.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD'S PROVERB PICTURE CONTEST

Sorting and Judging of Answers a Heavy Task—Probably Require a Month or More after Closing Date—Awards will be Announced May 1st

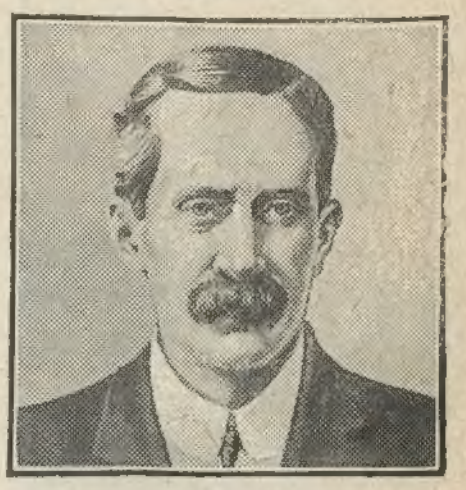
BY the time this issue reaches our readers the closing date of our Great $5,000.00 Proverb Picture Contest will be very near. Then the big task of the Contest Manager and the judges will begin. Many of our good friends went to considerable time and trouble to submit their answers in exceptionally presentable style and qualify them just as promptly as possible. We deeply appreciate the keen interest displayed and the very excellent way in which our contestants succeeded in introducing Everywoman's World to many new readers among their friends and neighbors.

This great contest closes at noon March 26th, but, in accordance with usual practice, ten days' grace will be allowed in order that unavoidable delays may not debar contestants living at a distance from Toronto. At the expiration of the ten days the judging of replies will be begun and it is hoped that the awards will be made by the First of May.

Everywoman's World requests that contestants who have already filed complete sets of answers will be patient pending the announcement of the results of the judging. The task is necessarily a slow one and the greatest possible amount of care will have to be exercised in order to assure a fair and square consideration of every set of answers received. Winners will be promptly advised of their success by letter and the prizes will be sent forward without delay. The names and addresses of the winners and full particulars of the judging will probably be announced in the June issue, out May 15th. Watch for it.

Whole Family Uses Them

"Fruit-a-tives" Keeps Young And Old In Splendid Health



J. W. HAMMOND, Esq.

SCOTLAND, ONT., Aug. 25th, 1913.

"Fruit-a-tives" are the only pill manufactured, to my way of thinking. They work completely, no griping whatever, and one is plenty for any ordinary person at a dose. My wife was a martyr to Constipation. We tried everything on the calendar without satisfaction, and spent large sums of money until we happened on "Fruit-a-tives." I cannot say too much in their favor.

We have used them in the family for about two years and we would not use anything else as long as we can get "Fruit-a-tives."

Their action is mild, and no distress at all. I have recommended them to many other people, and our whole family uses them."

J. W. HAMMOND.

Those who have been cured by "Fruit-a-tives" are proud and happy to tell a sick or ailing friend about these wonderful tablets made from fruit juices.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

This is the Can That Can

YOU simply sprinkle a little dust-holding, germ-killing Dustbane at the edge of the room before sweeping. It rolls up the dust without raising it—kills all germs, and brightens the carpet like new. Three or four things possible at once with Dustbane and the broom. Makes sweeping easier, quicker and better. Saves muscle, time, dusting and doctor bills. Dustbane pays in disinfecting and renovating alone.

ASK YOUR DEALER

He Has Dustbane Or Will Get It For You!

Be Your Own Photographer

No experience needed. No plates, no films, no dark room. Make pictures the new way. Save money. Save work. Thousands now getting picture-taking joys with the

Mandel-ette

A one-minute camera. Makes finished 2½ x 3½ inch photo post cards on the spot in one minute. Loads in daylight. Great camera invention. Simple to operate. A child can work it.

$5 Complete Outfit $5

Add 50c for parcel post. Outfit includes "Mandelettes" Camera and supplies to make 16 pictures. Extra cards 25c per package of 16; tripod $1.00. *Money back if not as represented.* Order now—or write for FREE BOOK.

THE CHICAGO FERROTYPE COMPANY
A527 Ferrotype Bldg. Chicago, Ill. or Dept. A527 Public Bank Bldg. New York, N. Y.

JAPAN ROSE BUSHES

The Wonder of the World. Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we **Guarantee** it to be so. They will **BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS** Winter or Summer, and when 3 years old **Will** have 5 or 6 hundred roses on each bush. **Will grow** in the house **in the winter** as well as in the ground in summer. **Roses All The Year Around.** Package of seed with directions and our guarantee by mail **10 cts.**
Japan Seed Co. Box 37 So. Norwalk, Conn.

To Keep The Dinner Pail Full
and
Provide Work For Canadians

BUY
MADE IN CANADA GOODS
Every loyal Canadian can be counted on to do his and her duty—preference first to home industry.
Let us supplant the old unreasonable prejudice with a reasonable preference for good goods Made-in-Canada.

Take A
KODAK
With You
MADE IN CANADA
BY
Canadian Kodak Co., Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

LUX
Pure Essence of Soap
In Flakes
WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS
An All
Canadian Product
Made By
LEVER BROS., LIMITED
Toronto, Ontario

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP
The Canadian Homeguard
MADE IN CANADA
BY
LEVER BROS., LIMITED
Toronto, Ontario

From Coast to Coast
MARTIN-SENOUR
100% Pure Paint
Is recognized as Canada's most economical and trustworthy paint.
Sold everywhere in Canada by the best Hardware and Paint Dealers.
The Martin-Senour Co., Ltd.
MONTREAL, QUE.

DOMINION
Keep Your Dollars Within the Empire
BUY
RUBBER GOODS
MADE IN CANADA
BY
CANADIAN CONSOLIDATED RUBBER CO., LIMITED

Ask your dealer to show you the new improved
O-Cedar Mop Polish
The New Triangular Mop 75¢ $1.25 | The Round Standard Mop $1.00 $1.50
Take all the drudgery out of the housekeeper's hardest work.

Use
O-Cedar Polish
The O-Cedar Polish Way
25c to $3.00 Sizes

Save Money and have your men folk clean and comfortable with
ARLINGTON
Challenge Brand
Collars and Cuffs
MADE IN CANADA
Look like linen, neat, nifty—clean with soap and water. At your dealers or from us, all styles and sizes 25c., cuffs 50c pair.
The Arlington Co., Toronto, Can.

Maple Leaf Quality
Maple Leaf Quality
Paints and Varnishes
Made in Canada to meet Canadian Weather Conditions.
IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO.
WINNIPEG TORONTO VANCOUVER

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
Corson's
Perfumes And Toilet Requisites
"Made by the only Canadian owned house exclusively engaged in the making of Perfumes and Toilet Requisites."
Sovereign Perfumes, Limited
TORONTO

"Wear Ever"
ALUMINUM UTENSILS
Made by Canadians
Largest and Most Modern Factory
Of its Kind in Canada
NORTHERN ALUMINUM CO. Limited
Sterling Road Toronto

Taylor's
Infants-Delight
TOILET SOAP
For Mother
The Others
And Me
JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LIMITED
TORONTO

The Parsons and Parsons Canadian Co.
Manufacturers of
KANT KRACK Coated Linen Collars
MADE IN CANADA
Neat, dressy and comfortable. Get them for your men folk. Ask your dealer, or send to us direct. Send for our free book on Collars and Dress.
DUNDURN & HOMEWOOD AVENUE
Hamilton, Ont.

Old friends and new in Canada welcome
Richard's Quick NAPTHA SOAP
THE WOMAN'S SOAP
Saves fuel, saves work—use with cold or lukewarm water. Ask your grocer. Save the wrappers for valuable premiums.
Richards Pure Soap Co., Limited
Woodstock Established A.D. 1860 Ontario

COWANS PERFECTION COCOA
Really "Perfection"
MADE IN CANADA

RENNIE'S SEEDS
Always Grow
Write for NEW CATALOGUE
Wm. Rennie Co., Limited
Cor. Adelaide and Jarvis Streets
TORONTO

Would you like a telephone service? The best telephones of all types and highest quality are
Canadian Independent
TELEPHONES
Write for our Bulletin
Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

The 1900 Gravity Washer
Is Made in Canada for Canadian Women
Makes Washday a Pleasure
Write to-day for our FREE Booklet and particulars of our FREE TRIAL.
THE 1900 WASHER CO.
357 Yonge St., Toronto
Factory: 79-81 Portland St

Write for Catalogue of
CANADIAN BEAUTY
Electric Heating Appliances
Renfrew Electric Manufacturing Co. Limited
Renfrew, Ont.

Please Your Men Folk
with a
Gillette
Safety Razor
Made throughout in Canada by Canadians.

Is Your Baby a Glaxo-Baby?

If not it can only be because you do not know Glaxo!

IF your Baby must be bottle-fed, do not rest content until you are *sure* that you have selected the best food in the world, and in making your choice do not overlook this most important point—*you are seeking a substitute for Mother's Milk!* Mother's Milk is the food designed by nature for your Baby, and it is absolutely necessary for you to keep as close to nature's standard as possible. Glaxo is identical in its composition with Mother's Milk. It is made in New Zealand (the finest dairy country in the world), from the purest tested milk and cream, by a process which modifies the indigestible portions of cow's milk to such an extent that they are, in Glaxo, digested with ease by the youngest and most delicate baby. Do not overtax Baby's delicate digestive organs with starchy and unsuitable foods.

Glaxo contains *no* starch, no adulterants of any description—no preservatives. You no doubt realize the grave risks that are run by using ordinary cow's milk as a food for Baby. Apart from its indigestibility, there is the risk of infection, and the probability of contamination before it reaches your home. Therefore, in giving Baby any food to which cow's milk must be added you would be simply defeating your own ends.

Glaxo is prepared for use in a moment by the addition of hot water only.

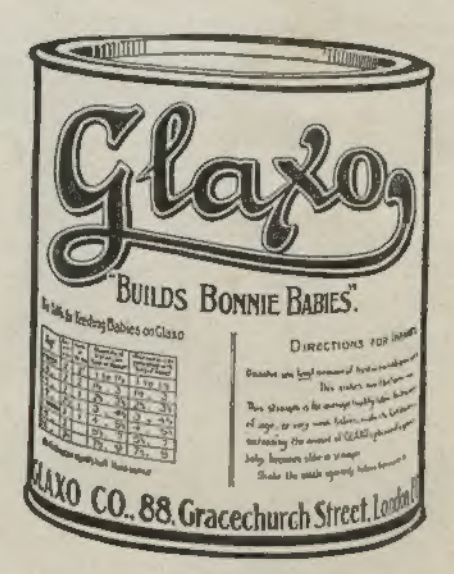
That is Why Your Baby Should Be a Glaxo-Baby!

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

The Glaxo Baby Book and a trial Tin of "The Food that Builds Bonnie Babies"

Do not fail to write to us for a copy of our Free Illustrated Glaxo Baby Book. It is full of valuable information on the care of Baby. If you enclose ten cents in stamps we will send you also a trial size tin of Glaxo.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies of Glaxo, write us direct, and we will see that you are supplied through your druggist. Glaxo is sold in three sizes at 40c, 80c and $2.00 per tin.



Glaxo

"The food that builds bonnie babies"

G. W. DAVEY, Manager for Canada
418 Dominion Bank Building
TORONTO

WESTERN OFFICE
803 Lindsay Building, WINNIPEG, MAN.